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ADDISON COFFIN.

Coffin, Addison
III

Life and Travels

—OF—

ADDISON COFFIN

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

CLEVELAND, O.
WILLIAM G. HUBBARD
1897

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The Girls' Aid Committee of North Carolina
Yearly Meeting of Friends.

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This work was undertaken at the earnest request of several friends of the author, and by him was donated to the Girls' Aid Committee of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, with the hope that in God's hand it might be the means of procuring a comfortable and satisfactory home for girls who are endeavoring to educate themselves. In sending it forth upon its mission we have the assurance that while the cause for which it is published will receive material aid from all who purchase the book, they in turn will find both entertainment and information, and will receive only benefit by contact with the spirit of one so thoroughly good and true as he who here gives us his life's story.

MARY M. HOBBS,
On behalf of the Girls Aid Committee.

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PREFACE.

For sometime past many of my companions of early life have solicited me to write a history of my life, and my knowledge of and connection with the Underground Railroad, as I am now the last survivor of those who entered the service of that mysterious institution in or previous to 1835.

The thought of appearing as an author or writer had not entered my mind at this period of life; I had not kept a diary, or even notes of the passing events, always depending on memory for reminiscences of the past. My memory has become a wonder to many people, and it is the impression it has made that prompts the request of many for me to write a biography. In regard to memory, it is but just to say that it is not universal in its capacity; things in which I am interested, things that are striking, things that touch and arouse sympathy, sorrow, joy, anger, disgust, hatred, hope, and fear; things that arouse, excite, or deeply impress; things that inspire, exalt, and refine, etc., require no effort on my part to remember; willing or unwilling they fix themselves upon my memory,

and cannot be forgotten. This peculiarity has come down to me through a long line of tribal heredity from pre-historic times, known in the past as second sight, and the gifts of the bards. My ability to locate and remember places was also very good, which made me peculiarly fitted for the dangerous position of conductor on the Underground Railroad. I was not above the average in the athletic sports of the time, but had great powers of endurance, could "out wind" in running any boy or man in the neighborhood, was stout, but lubberly till nearly grown, then became active and swift on foot, which gave me marked ability for my dangerous life. I also found it necessary to assume and cultivate odd ways and odd ideas, in order the better to conceal my real character and dangerous employment. To some extent I was cut off from much of the social enjoyment common among my fellows, my peculiarities sometimes made me unpopular with my lady associates and school mates; this was wounding to inner sensitiveness and caused me to shed many bitter tears, but above all and through all there was a conviction and o'ermastering impulse in my heart that always said, "Go forward, fear not, I am with thee." The threadbare escapes, the feats of agility in running, the doors that were opened for escape when all seemed closed in, and it appeared as though I would pay the forfeit by a vio-

lent death, are too startling for even this generation, and as they are not essential to the upbuilding of humanity, will soon be buried with me.

Now that age and infirmity are weakening my faculties, the memories of childhood come back with startling vividness; whole chapters could be written about the little family, incidents of every day life, and the details of one day at school would fill many pages; with the memory of the incidents come back the faces, forms, dress and voices of the children, making a wonderful panorama. It was so with my mother; in her ninety-third year she could call up the names of her childhood associates, give their history, where and when they died, etc., etc., etc. So it is no great wonder that my memory is retentive and distinct; yet all through life I have felt a conscious defect in many ways, and many times would gladly have exchanged my memory for other abilities that I lacked.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

It is becoming popular in writing biographies to give the genealogy of the person and family. Accordingly I will give a brief sketch of my ancestry as kept in the family record on the Island of Nantucket, and as found among the old records of Southern Sweden in Northern Europe. My father, Vestal Coffin, was the son of William, who was the son of Samuel, who was the son of John, who was the son of Tristram Coffin, who was one of a company of nine who, in 1660, purchased the Island of Nantucket from the Indians, the deed being signed by two chiefs, Wanackmamack and Nickanoose.

Beyond Tristram Coffin the line is unbroken back to Sir Richard Coffin, who came to England from Normandy with William, the Conqueror. Then still back beyond Sir Richard it can be traced to the arrival of the Danites in Denmark in the second century, and through the Danites through the wanderings of the ten tribes of Israel to Samaria in 720 B. C., and then back to Abraham.

From the sixth to the tenth century the Coffins

bore an active part in all the conquests of the old Viking kings and rovers who terrorized Western Europe for many centuries.

My mother's maiden name was Alethea Fluke, a direct descendant of the Albanoids (White Race) of Ireland, the last of the prehistoric race. When the first colony of Hebrews came to Ireland 1200 B. C. the Albanoids were in possession of the island, and had been for an unknown period; they were highly civilized, had a regular alphabet and written language, and knew many arts unknown to the Hebrews—who were supposed to have known all the civilization of Egypt at that time.

Soon after the landing of the Hebrews, strife arose between them and the Albanoids, which resulted in open war, which continued much of the time for 2000 years, when the latter were almost exterminated in a sanguinary battle, followed by an indiscriminate and merciless massacre. In 1784 there were but fifteen of the Albanoids alive in all the earth. They left Ireland and came to America. When my grandmother, Mary Fluke, died in 1827, my mother and her four children, even the last of one of the surviving families who ever had any children, and one other, lacks but two of being extinct to-day.

Here I will say that when in Ireland in 1892 I found the ruins of the last stronghold of my ances-

tors. Thirty-six centuries ago there was a large Druid temple in what is now County Down, or Doon, built for worship and defense; when St. Patrick came he turned it into a Christian church. Successive sieges had destroyed nearly all the outer defenses and its final capture and destruction 800 years ago left none to rebuild; yet a portion of the walls were too strong for the destroyers and remain to tell a story of blood and death not excelled in all Ireland.

The Albanoid language was distinct from any other in Europe and had legendary traditions that go so far back that one could easily suspect Ignatus Donnelly of drawing largely from it, in weaving his pleasing, plausible, wondrous story of "Lost Atalantis" that carries us back into the antediluvian world and to Adamic time.

With such ancestry it is little wonder that I inherited peculiar traits of character, and managed to hold a place amid surrounding difficulty. On my father's side the spirit of adventure manifested itself in the Underground Railroad business and love of travel; on my mother's side a wonderfully retentive memory and fluent tongue, with the singular second sight, or mind reading.

My father died in 1826, leaving my mother with four little children, one daughter and three sons; my sister Elizabeth was the oldest one, Alfred next, then

myself; Emory was the youngest. My sister was gifted and beautiful above the average of her associates. My brother Alfred V. is living yet in Kansas, broken in constitution and almost helpless. His life has been one of unceasing storm, struggle and conflict. He entered the Underground Railroad service early in life and was one of the chief managers in North Carolina, from 1836 to 1852, when he had to flee for his life, being betrayed by one whom he least suspected, in aiding fugitive slaves to escape. He reached my home in Indiana where he and his family resided till New Year 1863, when he was called into the medical service of the government, for he was a physician. He was given charge of the refugee tribes of loyal Indians in Southern Kansas, where he finally settled. During his connection with the Indians he had some terribly narrow escapes and desperate struggles for life. On one occasion he was assailed by bushwhackers twice in one day, and saved his life each time after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. The first assault was by two men who suddenly attacked him, the next time by three; he had no firearms, but his only weapon was a picket stake, like a policeman's club, which he wielded with such frantic energy that he saved his life. For three years he was in the midst of murder, assassination and bloodshed. By riding through what seemed certain death he saved

the lives of 250 Union soldiers and a valuable convoy of supplies. For all of which he was never recognized or rewarded by the government, and he scorned the idea of asking for that which should have been given as doubly due, and he will go to his grave with bitterness of heart toward a thankless government, which pensions deadbeats and frauds.

Brother Emory died the Fourth of July, 1863, at my home in Indiana. He was on his way to Kansas to look for a new location. He left a widow and seven children. He was the most gifted in judgment and business ability of any of the family, could read the character of a man almost at sight, but was unusually kind and generous, especially to those in distress.

The day of his death was a dark day at my home. William Thomas, who married my niece, Miriam A. Henly, died in the early morning, and he in the evening, and I was worn out and broken down with watching and loss of sleep; and as I look back to that time I feel that a special Providence alone carried me through.

I was born January 22, 1822, consequently was not four years old when my father died, yet I can remember his form and face, sometimes with striking vividness, and in my dreams am still a child as when he was alive. He and my mother little thought

that my memory was at that time taking impressions of words and deeds; many times in after years mother would be astonished at my reciting events with unerring precision that happened when a mere infant in age; but dwelling on this part of my life seems bordering on the supernatural, so I will only mention one other item here. I learned to read looking at the words as my sister would read in a book; learned the words before I knew how to spell the most simple ones, and the result was I never did learn to spell anything like ordinary people, and in our literary societies it was next to impossible for any but my immediate associates to decipher my compositions.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Events of Early Life.

My father was born near New Garden, Guilford county, N. C., in 1792, and died in 1826 in the house in which he was born, and on his birthday, October 10th. His mother, Elizabeth (Vestal) Coffin, was left a widow with four small children, one daughter and three sons, who grew to man and womanhood under many privations common to the lot of the widow and the fatherless of that age of southern civilization. At an early age my father entered the anti-slavery movement, and his ready, natural ability soon brought him to the front. When Benjamin Lundy visited North Carolina in 1816 he was among the first to join the Manumission Society organized by that celebrated man. In 1818 he was the only man who had the courage to attack the then domineering slave power in the South. It came about in this way. A young free negro, named Benjamin Benson, was kidnaped in the State of Delaware, and brought to Greensboro, where he was sold to a very wealthy and influential slave-owner named Thompson. A slave owned by

General Hamilton learned the facts concerning Benjamin Benson, and gave the information to my father, who interviewed Benson, then wrote to Delaware, and got sufficient evidence to get out a writ for Thompson requiring him to produce Benson and show cause why he should not have his freedom. The officer who served the writ gave opportunity for Thompson to conceal Benson, and on the hearing denied ever having such a negro in his possession. The case was dismissed and that night Benson was run off secretly to Georgia and sold. This notorious outrage on law and justice caused much excitement and intensified the spirit of opposition to slavery.

My father was now joined by Dr. George Swain and Enoch Macy, and determined to push the case to the end. They wrote again to Delaware and enlisted the anti-slavery men there to the extent that the State Legislature made an appropriation of money for expense, and made my father and his two friends legal agents to push the case, and sent a man to identify Benjamin Benson. In the meantime, the slave of General Hamilton, known as Hamilton's Saul, had been secretly listening and learning all the plans of Thompson and the slave power, which information was invaluable in the case.

When all was ready, another writ was served, in which it was ordered that Benson should be pro-

duced in open court. This brought things to a crisis. Thompson had to go to Georgia, where the man to whom he had sold the negro made him pay $1600 before he would give him up. At the trial Benson was mixed up with a score of negroes to test the man from Delaware, but he identified him at sight. The evidence was so conclusive that the negro was set at liberty at once, and he returned to his home and corresponded with my father up to the time of his death.

This case naturally placed my father in the front rank of anti-slavery men, and he was an object of hatred among the more violent and vindictive slaveholders. Seemingly, without being conscious of how it came about, he was expected to do all the dangerous work, to take all the responsibility and leadership; others were ready and willing to share the cost, do all the business, fetch and carry, if he would be the leader in the hours of trial.

In my History of Friends in North Carolina I give the origin of the Underground Railroad, and will not repeat it here, excepting to say that father originated and operated the first of the kind in America, in 1819. His cousin, Levi Coffin, who in after years became famed as an Abolitionist, took his first lessons under my father, and many were the secret conferences they held after night, never meeting in the

same place the second time, to prevent espionage or betrayal.

A negro named John Dimery was freed by his master in the lower part of the State; he married a freed woman who had been owned by a neighbor. They came up to New Garden for safety, where they lived in peace for several years, and had seven children. The old master of John died; immediately two of his sons came secretly to New Garden on pretense of buying stock; they located John Dimery's house, stopped over night at a near neighbor's; sometime after midnight they slipped quietly out, went to the house, called Dimery out and pretended to have been hunting and were lost. No sooner was he out of the house than he was seized and a desperate struggle ensued; the wife, Aunt Sally, ran out, but was knocked down, almost senseless; then Dimery shouted to his oldest daughter to run for Mr. Coffin, my father, which she did like a wild deer. Father had just stepped out to get wood to start a fire; without stopping for coat or hat he ran at full speed, providentially meeting Isaac White, a special friend. He just said, "Come," and they both ran like the wind. The kidnapers had finally overpowered Dimery and taken him to the neighbor's, bound securely. In spite of threats, Dimery told the neighbor that Mr. Coffin would soon be there and begged their protection. The kidnapers

and neighbor were ready to come to blows, when father and Isaac White rushed in; then the scene changed; the kidnapers were told that they would be taken before the nearest magistrate and prosecuted for their crime. This brought them to a standstill, and while they were debating the case, the lady of the house had been quietly untying the rope, and before any one knew it Dimery sprang out and made for the woods; the kidnapers rushed after him, calling a large dog and setting him after the fugitive, but when the dog came near, Dimery clapped his hands and hallooed as though there was game ahead; the dog went tearing into the woods, and the fugitive close after, when they both disappeared. Father and Isaac White now renewed their threats of arrest, which so alarmed the men that they soon mounted their horses and galloped out of the neighborhood and were seen no more. John Dimery was started on the Underground Railroad that night and soon landed at Richmond, Indiana, where he worked and sent money to his family for their support for two years, and then had them sent to him.

There was more of this kind of business done at that period than in assisting real fugitive slaves. In 1772 the friends of North Carolina freed their slaves, as did many Methodists and other conscientious people. The number amounted to thousands thus lib-

erated, and it was frequently the case that heirs would try to re-enslave those freed people; this constant harassing and kidnaping finally drove thousands of the negroes across the Ohio river into free territory. The mountaineers in Virginia were so used to seeing negroes going westward that it was less dangerous for fugitives to escape that way than through Kentucky.

After my father's death many fugitives continued to come to the old home, and my mother would advise and counsel with them as time and opportunity offered, until brother Alfred and I were old enough to take the post of danger our father occupied; but this is anticipating history, and we will go back to earlier days.

My mother died November 3, 1891. Soon after her death, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall of Guilford College, wrote a short account of her life for the "Guilford Collegian," which was copied in "Christian Worker" for January 14, 1892, which may come in place here.

"Alethea Coffin was born at Big Spring, two miles west of Greensboro, Guilford county, N. C., on the 16th of April, 1798. Her husband's name was Vestal Coffin; her marriage with him was on the 27th of November, 1817. In the fall of 1826 they were both sick, and upon his death she was left with four small children, the oldest eight years old, the young-

ALETHEA COFFIN.

est two. Greatly weakened by sickness and the shock given by her husband's death, the fall work not done, the winter clothing not prepared, corn not gathered, the prospect before her was, indeed, a gloomy one. Some of her children yet remember many a sad day of that winter; many a time of shivering by a small fire, the mother sick, the oldest boy hardly able to carry wood, the daughter not able to do much in the way of cooking, no wonder that sometimes they all cried until late at night.

"It was in this dark winter that the Lord answered her prayers for help. Ever after she never doubted, never faltered, never stopped for any misfortune, failure in crops, loss of stock or betrayal of trust. She never hesitated to divide her scanty means with the poor and homeless; many a sick and homeless boy was taken in, washed, nursed and cared for, clothed with the garments of her own children, while she washed and mended his.

"Her own faith and trust in God were the means of drawing to her for advice those in darkness and discouragement, especially the widows, the fatherless and the motherless. Her education was in advance of the women of her generation, and the severe schooling of necessity made her a wonder of economy and business management, hence she was consulted by her neighbors in making calculations in warping, striping,

reeling and all the arts of cloth making and household matters; and to this advanced education and home ability, her children were indebted for much of their education; they were started early in general reading; all had read the Bible through before they wer sixteen.

"The nullification excitement in 1830 caused many of her neighbors to move to Indiana. She and her children entered into the spirit of the emigration, and measures were taken to secure a home in this 'Far West.' With her limited means it seemed a hopeless task to save $100 to pay for 80 acres of land. The matter was presented to the Lord in prayer; the answer was, 'Go,' and by rigid economy $50 was saved in two years, and Job Coffin (brother-in-law), furnished the other $50 on long time, so in 1833 in company with Elihu and Jane Coffin and Aunt Rhoda Gurley—she putting in a horse as her part of the outfit—she started to Indiana. Among the mountains everything was so grand and new, she and Rhoda Gurley walked more than half the time, preferring it to being jolted in the wagon over the rough stones. At Richmond, Ind., she borrowed a saddle, took her horse, and set out to find her old neighbors 100 miles away. Alone, following the roads and by-ways, she found her old friends settled at Spiceland, in Henry county, Walnut Ridge in Hancock, and in White Lick,

in Hendricks counties, and finally reached her old neighbor, Asahel Hunt. He and other old neighbors turned out through the thick, tall forest, and soon found a lot of good land still vacant. Early next morning in a continuous rain, she set out for the Land Office at Crawfordsville, 25 miles further on. She entered the land, remained over night and the next day returned to Asahel Hunt's. Her journey was now accomplished, and she was the owner of a home in the free West. In the ride to Crawfordsville there were no roads, only a blazed horse path, with settlements sometimes five miles apart; yet the trip was made in safety with no fear of danger or accident, for she felt the presence of the Lord with her all the time. Resting and visiting a few days, she was ready to start on her long journey home.

"On arriving at Richmond she found Elihu Coffin ready to return but anxious to buy a very fine, large horse if there was any way to get him home. She told him if he would get a good saddle she would ride the horse; this he did at once, and she rode all the distance from Richmond, Ind., to New Garden, N. C., over 500 miles. She enjoyed the ride and stood the trip better than in the wagon. When it rained she put on a waterproof overcoat and was safe from storm and blast. It was springtime, and to the day of her

death, that grand overland mountain ride was one of the bright spots in her memory.

"She died on the land then purchased, and it was the only tract in Hendricks county that had not changed hands. The last tax receipt bore date a few days before her death in her own name. Her intention was to move to Indiana in two or three years, but in the fall of 1833 at North Carolina Yearly Meeting she was appointed on the committee to consider and perfect a plan for New Garden Boarding-School, and becoming deeply interested in the school determined to stay and give her children some of the benefit of the school. Of this school she subsequently was matron for some time, in which capacity her management was a model of carefulness and economy. After moving to Indiana in 1852, she was for nearly nine years assistant matron of Earlham College. This connection with the two colleges gave her a very large acquaintance, and at Earlham the children of the New Garden Boarding-School pupils were often under her care, and she would give them reminiscences of their parents, and tell more about them than they had ever known.

"Though she attained a great age her hair did not turn grey, nor did her sight fail, as is usual with age. Up to ninety she could read ordinary print without glasses, and large print up to the time of her

death. She could not bear to be idle; if nothing else could be found for her to do, she would get some wool or flax and sit down and spin thread and yarn, and then knit it into stockings for presents to her grandchildren. She would at other times take the pruning-shears and go among the fruits and grape vines, or into the orchard, and take delight in trimming and pruning for hours at a time. Her long life as a farmer made her an expert at all kinds of work within her strength.

"She was not a birthright member of the Society of Friends, but joined them soon after her marriage. She attended Sandy Spring Meeting till 1817, when she removed to New Garden.

"About a year ago, when called upon by the Historical Society of Henry and Wayne Counties, Ind., she was able to give the names of more than 300 families that had moved from Guilford county to Indiana between 1805 and 1835. Did time and space permit, many interesting and thrilling incidents of her life might be dwelt upon; as of the handkerchief given her in 1852, on her departure for Indiana, as a keepsake by her friend Asenath Clark, which she sent to her son, Nathan H. Clark, with the message, 'The two mothers will soon be together again.' Also of the photograph, hundreds of which have been called for, and more still in demand, a photograph

of herself sitting at work at her little spinning-wheel. Of the family reunion a year ago in which a great-great-granddaughter was presented to her by the child's grandmother. A grandmother presenting her grandchild to her grandmother, a rather impressive scene. Again, of the discourse which in her 90th year she made to a large company of small children on Children's Day; when she stepped out before them, she drew from her pocket a primer about four inches square; holding it up she said: 'This is my first primer, bought in 1804;' then gave to the little folks a deeply interesting account of education from that day up to 1890, the whole discourse a surprise, not only to others, but herself, for she was carried back to childhood again, and looking along the life journey saw herself, now old and worn with age, standing before the little children and saw herself restored to childhood in them; but this sketch must come to a close.

"Her greatest objection to moving West was a wish that her remains might repose in New Garden burial ground beside those of her husband, mother and daughter. Her son, Addison, promised her that if practicable her wish should be complied with. She gently passed away on the 3d of November, 1891, and her son with filial love and true to his promise made 40 years ago brought the remains and saw them deposited by those of her husband. The burial on the 5th was attended by the students and officers of Guilford Col-

lege and her old neighbors who still survived. Testimonials as to the excellence of her character were given by Mary C. Woody and Rufus P. King (and Nereus Mendenhall, added), and the latter part of the 31st chapter of Proverbs was read as appropriate to the occasion."—Nereus Mendenhall, in Guilford Collegian.

In spite of hardship and privation, my sister and brother were strong and healthy, and we grew like other children, and mother's fund of knowledge helped to keep us interested and thus our minds were taken off the unpleasant struggle to make ends meet. We soon made common cause in all home interests, and resolved within our young hearts that we would make a living and one day be independent, not dependent; and this resolve our favorite guardian, Uncle Job Coffin, always encouraged us in, and let no opportunity slip to fire our zeal on that line of aspiration, and with his care, counsel and help we succeeded.

As heretofore stated, my memory was a part of my inheritance, an inseparable part of myself, and in early infancy was active and grew with my growth; but that other inheritance also manifested itself at an early date. At six years of age the first clear, distinctive manifestation came. I was alone in the orchard, when suddenly I seemed surrounded by a soft, warm influence that seemed lifting me up in the air,

then all at once an infinite expanse opened to my eyes, so full of wonderful, and to my young mind awful things, that I was terrified, and ran screaming to the house. Mother met me and at first sight comprehended the terrible reality. Second-sight had come upon me, and it filled her with sadness and suffering, for she knew too well by the tribal tradition that all who inherited it went to an early grave, unless they had an iron constitution. From that hour life to me was full of hidden terror; I was too young to comprehend the situation; every effort was now made by the few who knew about this condition to arrest the further development, and I had a sore, sad life of it until I was twelve years old.

This strange clairvoyant state came more vividly upon me in sleep; then there was no limit; space and distance vanished, and for a time I could not shut out the awful scene. One time, when eight years old, mother went to see a dear friend, Naomi Stephens, who had just been left a widow, leaving us children at home. After playing outdoors until tired, we went in to the fire; my younger brother and I lay down on the floor and went to sleep. Suddenly a vision opened to my mind; I saw mother sitting weeping by Naomi Stephens, who was wringing her hands as if her heart would break. It was over two miles away, yet I saw every feature, every movement and gesture of both.

I sprang to my feet and started to run in a straight line to mother, and it was all my sister and brother could do to overtake and hold me from running on, and the vision would not fade until mother returned and took me in her arms. That vision has never faded, it was as I saw it; the two were sitting as I described at that very moment.

In after years I took the bearing of the line I started to run, and it was as unerring as a surveyor could run a line, and yet I had not seen the place. Efforts were now redoubled to watch me at all times, and Uncle Job was untiring in filling my mind and taking my attention with stories of hunting, fishing, pioneer life, and getting me interested in learning to shoot at a mark, etc., etc. Uncle Joseph Hubbard, then quite old, did much in telling stories of hunting and travel, and with my own intense desire to escape such fearful things, the visitations became less frequent, and ceased altogether in their first intensity, though there has not been a year of my life in which I did not feel the influence, in what some would call hours of inspiration; to-day it is called mind-reading, and at times when these clairvoyant visions would have come, a remarkable consciousness comes over me that gives the mind-reading ability; but enough of this; this materialistic age has no faith in anything that it does not know; yet with my experi-

ence I can understand what gave rise to the belief in the supernatural, and the power to the seers in the old Runic times, that became hereditary in the course of many centuries. I inherited the condition, or gift, or what it may be called; if it had been cultivated, it would have increased, and could have been turned to good or evil.

My first day at school was in the spring of 1828, and it was a bitter day to me, for all seemed strange and unnatural; the result was I cried nearly all day. A girl, some older, Betsey Portis, took pity on me and took me under her care and protection, for which I thanked her ever after. She lived until a few weeks ago (October 15, 1894), and died in peace. There were thirty-two children at school that day, and but three are now living, Elam Benbow, Phebe Ross, and myself. The larger number emigrated West, and I have met their children in every state and territory north of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi River.

I could read in a little primer, and it was some days before the teacher, Lewis Hobbs, found I did not know the letters of the alphabet, and he had hard work to get them fixed in my mind as at all essential to reading. From that time on through boyhood I attended school two to three months each year, and as much of the teaching at that time developed memory more than thought, I had no difficulty in stand-

ing well to the front in all things but spelling; was always foot in that; other boys and girls felt safe from being foot the "last day of school," for they knew I would be there in my regular place. There was one branch I excelled in, that was geography; it was no trouble to locate and remember places and boundaries, and I early began reading histories in which I soon became interested, and have never grown weary up to this day.

One time mother and a neighbor woman were talking on Scriptures and spoke of Caleb and Joshua as being the only men of six hundred thousand who reached the promised land; it so interested me that I began asking questions. Mother told me to read the Bible and I would find may things far more wonderful. I began reading at once, and read every word before the summer ended; though I could not pronounce half the names and many of the words correctly, I got the substance clear and distinct, and that summer's reading was the foundation of my success in life, such as it has been.

The home life had its peculiar and special features; mother went out with her children to work on the farm in the day-time, and then all joined in the housework at night, sometimes working till a late hour. When fruit drying was in season we would peel and cut the fruit at night and work in the fields in

the day. The first crop of corn we cultivated ourselves, my brother held the plow, and I rode the horse; the horse knew as much about driving as I did, and more than one time I fell asleep and fell off. At nine years of age I began plowing alone, and did more or less of it for sixty years. In like manner necessity required me to learn all kinds of work at an early age. Thus in my youth, yea almost infancy, I partook of the bitter lessons of life, for there seemed nothing ahead but hard labor; other boys of my age who had fathers, could go hunting, fishing, swimming and enjoy other amusements, while with me it was work, work, work. At the end of forty years I was astonished and thankful to learn that those bitter lessons were blessings in disguise; for the schooling in childhood had prepared me to meet and overcome opposition, had made me an expert in many kinds of farm and mechanical labor, which gave me confidence and self-dependence, while my childhood associates, who had an easy time, were not prepared to meet the stern realities of everyday life, and many of them failed and went down in the struggle; though I remember those sore days of trial and heartache, and the bitterness is all gone, and a sweet memory now illuminates the clouds that hung over me then.

In the latter part of the summer of 1835, an event occurred that had much to do with all my after

life. Old General Hamilton had died, and his slave, Solomon, or Saul, was sold to a slave dealer, Ike Weatherby, and taken to Southern Georgia and sold. It was he who had aided my father so much in securing the freedom of Benjamin Benson, and he had also helped Cousin Levi Coffin in many similar cases. When Saul was taken south a heavy iron colar was riveted around his neck, and he was chained in a coffle (a chain-gang of slaves). Saul was looked upon as a dangerous slave on account of his intelligence and judgment, so he was closely watched for a year by his new master, and often chained at night. When the vigilance slackened he began planning his escape, and finally succeeded in eluding the surveillance of the overseer and driver. He had carefully noted the road as he was taken south, had kept the names of rivers and towns and many of the camps. When he escaped he had provision for a few days, so he pushed on each night with all his strength, and was making good headway when one day he was startled at the sound of bloodhounds, and he knew the danger at once. He was still strong and active, though past middle life, and was brave to a fault, so he armed himself with a good club and started to run in the hope of reaching a creek or river. After an hour's run he reached a large creek with steep banks, and too deep to wade, so he swam across and ran on again with some hope that

the horseman in pursuit could not easily cross the creek, and he could have a fair fight with the hounds. It proved as he thought; the hounds came to the creek and swam across, but the horsemen in pursuit could not cross, so went some distance up stream. In the meantime, the hounds came upon him, but he had chosen his position on a large stump about four feet high, from which he defended himself with the energy of despair. Soon he killed one of the three, but the other two were old in blood, and were both fierce and wary. One time they both assailed him at once, and he was nearly dragged to the ground, but one fell beneath a single blow, and the other was wounded. He was now becoming fearful that the horsemen would come up, so he determined to risk all in a desperate attempt, so he leaped from the stump and attacked the surviving dog; the brute seemed to understand it and also fought for life; for a few minutes the conflict was savage and furious, but the dog soon lay dead. Saul was almost breathless, was badly torn and lacerated about the legs and left arm, but he had no time to lose, so started again toward a tangled thicket not far away, into which he rushed regardless of briars, thorns and bramble vines. In a short time the horn of the horsemen was heard calling the hounds; as their baying had ceased they supposed they had overtaken and killed their victim; after

calling and hunting for some time they found the scene of conflict and the dead animals. Their furious cursing was heard by Saul in the midst of the thicket, where he was safe from further pursuit without hounds.

As soon as twilight fell Saul came out the way he entered the thicket and took the back track to the creek, when he plunged into the water and swam and waded down stream several miles, for he feared a relay of hounds would be brought and the pursuit renewed. At last he landed and pushed on again; his lacerated limbs were very painful and swollen, and but for the bath in the creek, might have been dangerous. It is enough to say that weeks later he startled us by suddenly appearing at our house in a deplorable condition; his wounds were not all healed, but were frightful ulcerated sores; his clothes were in tatters, and he was almost famished with hunger. The sight was too much for me; I found myself beyond the power of restraint. When the tears ceased to flow a new impulse seemed to fill my whole being, and then and there I "vowed eternal hate to Rome." In all my life that vow was kept amid sunshine or storm.

When Saul's master returned from the pursuit he wrote immediately to Greensboro, giving notice of Saul's escape, and offering a large reward for his capture; soon there was espionage in all parts of the

county, and it was dangerous to assist him in any way; so great was the danger that all shrank from it. In this hour of emergency I felt a call to action, and without question or hesitation resolved to take all risk, brave all danger and trust God for help.

From that moment a new life seemed born within, and my young mind began its life effort. Saul was concealed and fed until his strength was restored; then one moonlight night at midnight he gave the signal of his presence and I joined him and started him on the Underground Railroad. At parting he embraced me, with streaming eyes, saying, "God bless you forever for this," then disappeared in the shadows and was gone.

In that hour it seemed to me the whole future of slavery was opened to my mind's eye, and inspiration entered my heart that ever after sustained and guided me in all my contact and conflict with slavery. This act established my fitness for the post of danger, from which I never shrank. My brother Alfred was as brave and determined, but his ability was in the direction of general manager, instead of conductor, and soon we were in council with old men around many a midnight fire in the dark forests, laying plans, devising ways and means and essential preliminaries; even now I see the strong contrast between the beardless boys and the gray-headed men. Yes, and the

eagerness with which the old men would listen to my reports of success, in spite of danger and difficulty.

Though my tendency to second sight had been measurably overcome, yet the spirit of the inheritance enabled me to read the faces and capacity of fugitives with almost unerring certainty. If we saw a fugitive had not the mind or judgment to understand the secret of the business, he or she was sent back to his or her master, for failure and recapture meant "Georgia and the rice swamps." I will say here that at no time or under no circumstance did we solicit or advise a slave to leave his master; that was no part of our business. Others did that, we only looked after those who came to us asking help.

It would fill a large book to give the principal events connected with the Underground Railroad from North Carolina from 1819 to 1852. Mother was familiar with and knew all that transpired up to the time brother and I filled father's place. One of the romantic features was the white slaves that came to us for help, and those put in our hands to be sent away by their father-masters; many of those white slaves grew to man and womanhood ignorant of their parentage, or origin; others were only known by us after they crossed the Ohio River. Some revelations that could have been made would have been more than a seven-days' wonder, but a few years more, and

all secrets will be sealed up forever in death, so far as this life is concerned. Sometimes in spite of facts, of faces and things, in thinking on this part of life, I seem to be living in a new world, walking among a new race of humanity. When I go back to the scenes of those eventful days, and look into the bright, kindly faces of the grandchildren of men who sixty years ago would have shot me down at sight if found on my secret mission, it fills me with emotions that cannot be expressed, and I thank God that my heart is full of love and kindness to those young lives, who are all unconscious of the events of the past. I walk about saying in my heart, thank God, thank God, thank God.

About this period of my life another event transpired that was far-reaching in my memory, and was a severe test in after years. From 1832 to 1835 there was much discussion and excitement about the removal of the five Indian tribes from Georgia and Upper North Carolina. Soon after a "treaty of removal" was agreed upon. John Ross and William Lewis, chiefs of the Cherokees, were deputed to go to Washington to settle the details of the cession of lands for other lands in the Indian Territory, etc., etc. These two chiefs came to New Garden to counsel with Friends, and get Jeremiah Hubbard, who was one-fourth Indian (Cherokee), to go with them to Wash-

ington. When they came to New Garden they attended the regular meeting on the Sabbath; at its close the chiefs went out in the yard, and the people formed a half-circle in front; the object of their journey was explained and discussed at length. During the discussion John Ross drew a paper from his pocket and read a paragraph, which was an expression of President Andrew Jackson's opinions on the Indian question, he being hostile to all Indians. Dr. George Swain asked what paper it was. Ross replied, "The National Intelligencer, published by Gales and Seaton."

Jeremiah Hubbard was an eloquent and gifted minister among Friends, and was then in the prime of manhood, and personally acquainted with President Jackson. The council resulted in Jeremiah Hubbard's going with the chiefs. He proved of great value to the Indians. Jackson recognized him at once, and gave him a kindly reception, and in the end granted all he asked, remarking to some politicians "That it was so eminently reasonable, and at the same time just." The most interesting, important and far-reaching portion of the treaty was the proviso that no spirituous liquors, or any intoxicating drink, should ever be imported, distilled or sold in the Territory, with power to forever enforce the proviso.

More than fifty years passed by. The Cherokee

tribe of Indians proclaimed to the world that they wanted all people everywhere who had Cherokee blood in them, to come home, establish their genealogy and become citizens of their beautiful and fertile country. Among the many who presented themselves to claim citizenship were the descendants and blood kin of Jeremiah Hubbard. In their hunt for evidence it developed that I was the only living person who could give an account of the visit of the two chiefs to New Garden. I was called on to go to Tahlequa, the Cherokee capital, to give evidence before the council of tribal officers. The trip to and from Tahlequa, the strange combinations of events, the experience before the council, and the week's sojourn among the Cherokees, was another closing up of episodes in my strange life.

My memory was a surprise to the Cherokee Council, and they put it to a severe test; they tried to shake me up on the names of the two chiefs; they were brothers and both named Ross, but I persisted in calling them John Ross and William Lewis. After all efforts to confuse my line of memory had failed, the President of the Council said, "We will have to admit that you are certainly correct in your evidence, and I compliment you on your firmness in adhering to what you believe to be true; the names of the chiefs were John and William Lewis Ross." I further learned that the Cherokee records confirmed every

essential fact I had heard from Uncle Joseph Hubbard, the father of Jeremiah, whose first wife was a half-blood Cherokee.

As an item of history it may be proper to add that the Hubbard blood gained the right to citizenship, but not to a share in the annuity from the United States government. They have a very beautiful and prosperous colony at Afton in the northern part of the Cherokee nation or tribe.

There was a free negro named Arch Curry, living near our home, who died a few years after father. His widow's name was Vina; she was the washerwoman for the boarding-school for several years. She was shrewd and discerning, and would suffer her husband's free papers to be stolen. This was done fifteen times to my knowledge. When an intelligent fugitive presented himself, who would fill Arch Curry's standard, and there were one or more families of trusty emigrants going West, the free papers were stolen, and the fugitive sent through as a free man to Levi Coffin, who returned the papers in safety. This was done occasionally with other papers, but none were ever used like those of Arch Curry.

Another secret trick my brother taught the slaves was to take dropsy, rheumatism, erysipelas, etc., and to appear as diseased or unsound, so they would not sell on the market. The dropsy was brought on

by bandaging the limbs until they were swollen and purple; it is true this was quite painful at first, but the slaves were willing to suffer to escape being sold south. Rheumatism was produced by bandaging above and below the joint on arm or leg, and erysipelas by rubbing any part of the body a few times with hot burdock root boiled down to a very strong tea; this latter was the most severe, but most deceptive and effectual. Strange as it may seem, these tricks were never detected nor divulged until after the war, when it caused quite a sensation in some families.

Whether providential or natural, probably both, from the night I started my first passenger on the Underground Railroad, my growth in body, strength and activity was very remarkable. At the age of sixteen I weighed 162 pounds, and have never varied ten pounds since, excepting in long sickness. Ever after that my powers of endurance and swiftness on foot were my distinctive characteristics; I could also stand long privations of sleep and rest, which fitted me more and more for my post of danger.

The establishing and opening of New Garden Boarding-School opened a new world not alone to me, but to all my young associates. All the preliminary arrangements, the beginning of the work, the slow progress and final completion of the building was to us a source of deep and lively interest; it opened up

to us a new field of imaginations, aspiration and ambition. Though the circle of our lives had been very small, we could understand that the school could and would have a great influence upon our future lives, and when the school was opened the first day of September, 1837, we all felt the inspiring influence; imagined in our minds that we too would one day be inmates of the institution, and then enter on a higher and grander life, and the larger portion did live to attend at least one session, but we had to learn that life was still intensely real.

I entered the school midwinter of 1841, and was there three months, until the spring term of 1842. It was, indeed, a new life to me, and my mind was so hungry for light and knowledge, that I studied as a half-famished man devours food; all my time was spent in studying and reading, discussing and speculating. In figures and algebra I was second grade, but geography, chemistry, philosophy, astronomy, surveying, geometry, mensuration, construction, mechanics, etc., etc., it required little effort to master. Brother Alfred and I were the first to study and finish Burritt's "Geography of the Heavens," though we had no help in starting; we soon obtained a thorough knowledge of the system, often staying out until midnight, tracing the constellations and naming the prin-

cipal stars, and we never lost our interest in this sublime study.

After leaving the school, the balance of 1842 and the early part of 1843 was spent at home on the farm. My younger brother had arranged to manage the farm and go to school at the same time, and I worked diligently to get everything in good shape for him, and made especial effort in repairing fences and building new ones. All the time, night and day, I was thinking and planning my future in the great unknown world, for with the exception of one direction, I had not been more than twenty miles from home, and consequently my territorial knowledge was very limited. The life of anxiety and extreme danger I was leading was rendering me nervous, excitable and suspicious of all my surroundings; there was a constant sense of danger resting on my heart, a presentiment of impending peril, that made it clear to my mind that a change must be made; this, with my lifelong desire for travel, made it a matter of serious thought.

During the winter I formulated a program for a part of the coming year, namely, to go to Indiana, spend the remainder of 1843 in that State among relatives and friends; then in 1844 join Col. Fremont's exploring expedition and go with him until he reached the Pacific coast, and from there go to Ore-

gon, and if satisfied with the country, make that my future home, where I would be forever beyond the influence of slavery, and possibly spend the rest of my life in peace; besides, Oregon had a peculiar fascination for me. I had purchased Washington Irving's work entitled "Astoria," or "The History of the Free Trade," in which was related all the adventures, trials, and disasters of John Jacob Astor's attempt to colonize Oregon in 1812 to 1814. I had also read the "Narratives of Captains Clark and Lewis' Exploring Expedition in 1804 to 1806," "Gosses Journal," "Greely's Adventures," etc., etc.

A special friend, George Bowman, who had been to Indiana before, was expecting to go again in May, and to go on foot; this met my ideal, so preparation was made for my departure. Although a momentous event to the family as well as to me, the preparation consisted in making a good suit of home-made clothes, a few extra undergarments, a good pair of shoes and hat, all home production, except the hat. The clothes were put in a little knapsack made of cotton drilling, with straps so as to hang on the back. This, with thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, was my outfit and fortune.

SECOND CHAPTER.

First Year of Travel.

Trip to Indiana—Crossing the mountains—First steamboat ride from Charlestown to Cincinnati—Seeing the first large city—Walking back into Ohio, and then to Richmond, Indiana—First Impressions—Attending first Abolition convention.—Going to and stopping at Spiceland—Trip to State Abolition convention in Grant county—Return to Richmond, and Indiana Yearly Meeting—Going to Bloomfield on the Wabash—Winter school—Going to New Orleans on a flat-boat in the spring of 1844—Return to Indiana—Life program broken up—Return to North Carolina in the fall.

On the morning of May 3d, 1843, I stepped out of my home, with a heart full almost to bursting, with a storm of contending emotions, which I have never been able to describe. My traveling companion was a man of superior ability, kind hearted,

thoughtful and prudent, yet withal a jovial, entertaining character. He at once saw my pent-up emotions and kindly, but wisely, diverted me away from myself by initiating me into the art of traveling, and the reality, as well as the wonder and beauty, that lay in the land to which we were going. The first day and night was a sore trial with me; the second day we came in full view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, which were so wonderful and new that the intensity of my feelings was somewhat relaxed, and the third day I began to let go of home emotions and enter into the new world of beautiful, wild mountain scenery that lay before and around me. My companion, with his kind discernment, still led me on and out of myself, until he had me wholly absorbed with mountains, the mountaineers and our interesting journey. We took the Blue Mountain route as better suited to horsemen and footmen, than to loaded wagons. In crossing Peter's Mountain we left the road and climbed to the highest summit, from which there is one of the finest mountain scenes in the world. I have been to the place since that eventful trip, I have also been in every state, territory, province and county on the continent, and visited every nation in Europe, and yet can say that scene from Peter's Mountain, in West Virginia, is one of the most beautiful and sublime that I have ever seen. There are many

more fearful and terrible, many more sublimely lone and desolate, but they lack the sublimity of beauty.

We also passed through the gorge of New River, known as New River cliffs, which compares well with anything of the kind in any part of Europe. We crossed the Kanawha River at the falls, and went down on the east side to the celebrated salt works at Molden, twelve miles above Charlestown.

Though I have seen many new and interesting places since 1843, that trip has not lost its freshness, nor its events faded from recollection. There were many wayside incidents that were interesting and amusing. It was bright, spring weather, very pleasant for walking, we were stout and healthy, and often indulged in fording creeks and rivers instead of ferrying; we would pull off shoes and stockings, coat and vest, and hold them above water and cross the swift streams, enjoying the cool bath and the excitement of stemming the swift current and stumbling over the sticks and stones on the bottom; a brisk walk in the sun would soon dry our clothes, and we would push on with light hearts and nimble feet. Forty miles per day was our regular day's walk. It was exceedingly interesting to stop over night with the mountaineers, and we often talked until a late hour with them. George Bowman was an old school teacher, with pleasing and winning address, and could charm

the children and young folks with his anecdotes and stories, while I was somewhat speculative and knew how to antagonize their opinions and prejudices in a way to get up a discussion or argument. Many times we were not charged for our night's lodging, our host saying we had more than paid our bills in talk, and invited us to come again. This experience and lesson in talking my way through was not lost on me, but has been improved on up to this date, and I shall ever give George Bowman credit and gratitude for the lesson learned in my first start out in life. We would sometimes become so interested in the grand scenery, the geologic formations, the vast upheavals and displacement of the rock strata that we would forget all about time and distance, and find ourselves at the close of the day without seeming to have been conscious of the day's walk.

At Charlestown we found a steamboat ready to start for Cincinnati; and my curiosity was wrought up to such a point that I wanted to take a ride. It would take me out of my route and make more walking in the end, but would not discommode my friend; so to my intense delight we went aboard. I had never seen anything of the kind, and was worse than an eager child, because I anticipated and could understand more. I was soon running, climbing, scrambling and asking questions, much to the amuse-

ment of the crew, and old river men, yet my unrestrained eagerness, and simplicity soon won the good will of all on board. When night came there was no sleep for me, the night scenes and work was as interesting as those of the day, so my excitement knew no stop until we landed at Cincinnati; and there I stepped off into a still greater wonder, it was the first city I had ever seen; its rush and roar, and the crowds that thronged some of the principal streets was perfectly bewildering. The hundred steamboats moored at the landing, and in motion was astounding to my bewildered senses; the immense piles of merchandise and products of the country, the thousands of pork barrels in sight and boat loads of bulk meat were almost past belief to me. My friend had been to the city before and was much amused at my whole performance and staring about, but he determined to spend an extra day in showing me the Queen City, as it was called, which was adding to my already over-charged head almost more than it could hold; but under his guidance and judgment I came out safe, but well nigh exhausted in body and mind.

At Cincinnati I parted from my friend for a time, he going direct to Greensboro, Henry County, Ind., where his mother and two brothers lived. I started northeast into Ohio to find friends and relatives, who lived there. My walk of one hundred miles was in

vain, for my relatives had moved to western Indiana, where I afterwards found them; but in this walk, new revelations came to me at every turn. Many settlements had been made in thirty years, and many beautiful farms had been opened in the vast forest, the fields were clear of trees and stumps, and were green with grass and grain, presenting a picture of bright home life in such striking contrast with the old wasted sedge fields and gullies of the slave states, that it seemed like walking in fairy land, and gave promise of what it now is. I remember well as I walked along the road between Dayton and Eaton among beautiful farms, bright happy homes, amidst life and activity, that the sad tears would fall that in the midst of such a scene I was a homeless, wandering boy, wholly without knowledge of the spirit that seemed to animate the people among whom I was moving; but while my tears were falling I made another resolve, to have a home somewhere at sometime like those around me, and forty years from that time I had a home as bright and green as they, and from the depths of my heart thanked the Lord for strength to make it so.

I arrived in sight of Richmond, Ind., near sundown tired, dusty, and worn, but the sight seemed to reanimate my weary body. "Richmond, Indiana," I had been taught from childhood, was the great center of Carolina emigration, and the Jerusalem of Quaker-

ism for all the northwest, and at last I had lived to see it in all its quiet sunset beauty. I walked with a light step down into the town and put up for the night at a Carolina Hotel. Next morning early I was out inquiring for relatives and friends, and soon found them; they gave me a warm shake of the hand and a kindly welcome to their home for my father and mother's sake, in every instance they referred to my father's fame as a manumissionist, and frequently said, "We need him so much now."

Sometimes I was kept talking all day and until a late hour at night, rehearsing the adventures of the Underground Railroad, and the present situation of the south; and I began to learn and to take note of the location of my father's co-workers in the past; after spending a week around Richmond, I hastened on to Newport, now more celebrated than Richmond. There had been a separation in Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends, about one year before, on the subject of abolishing slavery and the Anti-slavery, or Abolition Yearly Meeting was established at Newport; and besides that town had become the headquarters of all the Underground Railroads, with Levi Coffin as president, hence my anxiety to reach that point, and it was with a swelling heart that I entered the town and found the depot. The reception given me by Cousin Levi Coffin and wife was as though a long absent son

had returned home to see father and mother, and for many days it was a feast of souls. I could give the situation at the old home, and in turn take new lessons in the new life and surroundings, for all, all was new. I was kindly received by all classes, and by both the anti-slavery and pro-slavery part of the people, for it was a time of intense excitement, both in church and state, though the anti-slavery party was in the political minority, they more than made it up in energy and ability, they were largely Nantucket emigrants from North Carolina, and the older ones were manumissionists from the Carolina school of Benjamin Lundy, and being whale fishermen in the past, they were now fishers of men, and it was exceedingly interesting to hear the contending, debating, declaming, denouncing, vilifying, swearing, and vulgarity that filled the community. It was still not uncommon for abolition speakers to be mobbed and abused; even ladies were grossly insulted by the ruffian pro-slavery element; egging speakers was common.

Even to-day I look back to my first introduction into Hoosier politics with bewildering astonishment. The pro-slavery portion of the community treated me kindly, and seemed anxious to hear my statements of the spirit of the slave power in the south. One point, that I could always get the better of them, was my ability to give their Carolina genealogy, which many

times put them to the blush by contrast. It was almost universal for ministers of the gospel to run into the subject of slavery in all their sermons; neighbors would stop work and argue pro and con across the fence; people traveling along the road would stop and argue the point; at mills, stores, shops, everywhere it was abolition, pro-slavery, nigger, amalgamation, nigger wives, and all other such words were fully indulged in. Beside all this political turmoil there were a score of isms and ologies proclaimed abroad; mesmerism, Fourierism, phrenology, non-resistance, Grahamism, etc., etc. The whole country was like a huge pot in a furious state of boiling frothing over; and it would have taken more than human sagacity to have foreseen the final or even probable end. Yet violent agitation did not prevent the steady growth and development of the country, which was rapidly recovering from the panic of 1837 to 1839, everywhere new fields were being cleared, new houses built, large commodious barns were erected, orchards were being planted, good roads were being constructed from the interior to the Ohio and Wabash rivers. Chicago was beginning to be known as a place of trade, the Wabash and Erie canal was building, and when compared with North Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky, what I saw was truly a wonderland to me, and I could feel new thoughts, new ideas, new aspirations entering my soul

and opening up to me, a new life. I was, indeed, away from slavery, but not from its agitation and vehement discussion.

Making Levi Coffin's home my stopping place I visited at least fifty of the old manumissionists, and enjoyed the kindly hospitality, and took in new lessons of Hoosier life; with the Whig and pro-slavery portion of the community, I was a welcome visitor for I could lead out on new lines of argument, and interest them in my Underground Railroad experience in spite of their violent prejudices.

On the second day of June, 1843, there was to be an abolition convention held at Dalton, a little village in the northwest corner of Wayne County, and I was invited to go. In company with Levi Coffin, William Starbuck, Daniel Pucket and Dr. Henry Way, I started on the interesting trip, listening with eager attention to the conversation of those stanch representatives of the coming revolution. When we reached the convention I was pleased with its make-up, there were about two hundred people assembled from the neighboring counties, all substantial looking men and women, four-fifths of them Carolinians and of Carolina descent, and over half bore Nantucket names, as Coffin, Gardner, Worth, Starbuck, Folgier, Macy, Swain, Hussey, etc., etc., and all had a look of deep, unflinching purpose in their eyes. To my surprise the

subjects discussed were almost identical with those of the manumissionists in North Carolina twenty years before, and some of the speakers when young men had discussed them in the south. "Immediate and Unconditioned Emancipation of Slaves" was the burden of all discussion, and the watch-word was "Free thought, free speech, free soil, free labor, and free men." Some of the discourses were grand and inspiring, and the few Pro-slavery Whigs in attendance sat in silent thoughtfulness, and at times winced under the seething denunciation of northern freemen affiliating with southern slave-holders. At the end of three days the convention closed, and all went home strengthened and edified.

From Dalton I went to the town of Milton to some neighbors, who emigrated a few years before, and to see some special friends of my parents. While walking through the thick forest on the way, I met my friend, George Bowman, an unexpected, but glad meeting to both; he was visiting friends in that part, and turned out and went my way, and we made visits together for two days. From Milton my steps were turned towards Spiceland in Henry County, where I found Louvica White, the widow of Isaac White, who ran with my father to rescue John Dimery from the kidnappers; my mother could not have given me a warmer welcome than she did, and I felt that I was

safe from danger. I was now in one of the most interesting anti-slavery neighborhoods in that part of the state; it was largely made up of old neighbors and friends from New Garden, N. C.: Whites, Unthank, Hiatt, Stanley, Macy, Gordon, Meredith, etc., etc., and everywhere I had a glad, kindly reception; I was admitted into homes, family circles and kindly friendship. In a week, or ten days, an old neighbor, Eli Unthank, was going to Cincinnati with a four-horse team of produce and I was given the chance to go with him; this I was very anxious to do, as it would give me another lesson in Hoosier life. Eli Unthank had been a teamster in North Carolina, and was a veteran in the business. I was keenly alive to all that passed on this trip of 100 miles, and had another opportunity of seeing the Queen City, and the bustle of its every day life.

While in the city I found John Thomas Moore, who was huckstering produce sent him from near Cambridge City, Ind. He and I had grown up together and were considered tolerably steady in some ways, but we yielded to an o'ermastering temptation and stole away one night and went to a theater, a thing we had been taught was very wicked, so we felt guilty when we got up next morning, and tried to think up many mitigating excuses to ease our guilty consciences. But the memory of the scenes enacted that night are as bright to-day as when I saw them per-

formed. In this connection I will say that I was satisfied almost for life with theaters, in all my travels never attended any more excepting once in New Orleans, and once in San Francisco.

On the return trip we stopped one evening to camp as usual as I thought, but I noticed my old veteran fed and rubbed the horses with extra care, and prepared an extra supper; and about the usual time he told me to turn in and rest, I did so and was soon sleeping soundly; how long after I could not tell, a violent shaking suddenly aroused me, and I realized the wagon was in motion; looking out in alarm I saw the old teamster in the saddle driving steadily along the road, and a long log causeway had shaken me up; it was bright moonlight, and taking in the situation, I lay down and knew no more until about daylight, I was called to get up and have breakfast; we got back to Spiceland that evening, and I was asked, "How many nights did Eli drive all night?" for it was his custom to do that on the return trip.

To my surprise a two months' school had been made up for me during my absence. I entered on my duties; for here was another opportunity for me to learn, as well as the children; for during the time I learned much of the spirit of the young people; and to some extent entered into their social hopes and fears, loves and antipathies, prospects and aspirations.

Though peculiar, untrained, odd and awkward, yet my clairvoyant make-up enabled me to see and learn as much or more of them, as they saw of me; friendships formed during those pleasant, happy days remain warm and fresh to-day, lapse of time has not changed them. While teaching I made my home with William and Rebecca Unthank, who were friends and neighbors of my parents. He saw that I needed parental care and took me in, yes, into their kind and happy family, which deed of kindness will be among the last things I shall forget.

Four miles from Spiceland was Greensboro, little less notorious than Newport. One of the marked characters of that generation, Seth Hinshaw, lived in the town; he was a man of great power of mind and unyielding determination, once satisfied that he was right, no human being could change him. He was an enthusiastic advocate of abstaining from the use of slave grown products, and had a store in which free labor goods were sold; when customers complained at his prices being above the ordinary, he would say, "That will test thy conscience, whether it is worth anything or not." The free labor goods were all a fraction higher than slave; but Brother Hinshaw was tolerably well patronized. His house was the meeting place of all grades of reformers, or setters forth of new doctrines—Mesmerism, Grahamism, Spiritual-

ism, Socialism or Fourierism, etc., etc., beside being headquarters for all abolition speakers and lecturers. When the now celebrated Frederick Douglass first visited Indiana in 1843, Seth Hinshaw defied public opinion and prejudice, took Douglass home with him and treated him as a white man, and in the end put his neighbors to shame. Such a character had a powerful influence in and on the community, and as a result there was no place where the abolition sentiment was deeper, or more firmly seated, for there was good soil in which to sow seed, the town and surrounding country were settled by North Carolinians.

I made frequent visits to Greensboro and through the surrounding country, traveling on foot, much muddy road could be avoided and distance saved by going from point to point through the tall forests, which still covered more than half the country, and in mid-summer were delightful and cool; then, as at this day, I always had a small magnetic needle to guide me in all my wanderings.

At the close of my school I joined a party of six young people who were going to an abolition state convention at the place where Jonesboro, in Grant County, now stands, about three days' journey from Spiceland, part of the route being through an almost new country; there were often several miles drive through the forest without a house, and over very stumpy roads. We

were in a good farm wagon, drawn by two strong horses with a skillful driver, making altogether an interesting and romantic trip. One night we stopped at a large log house; on entering I was astonished and greatly pleased to find the widow of Emsley George, an old neighbor to my mother; they had moved west several years before, and I did not expect to meet them again. The widow and I sat up until a late hour telling the history of the old neighbors during the intervening years, and next morning she said I paid the bill for all the company with talk.

The convention was very interesting to me. There I saw two or three hundred men and women, many of whom had come a hundred miles over the rough roads, through the dark forests in a hot sun, with no prospect of compensation, and with but little hope for anything in the near future but misrepresentation, abuse, slander, contempt and possibly personal violence, yet they were there to discuss the constant growth and aggressions of the slave power, and, if possible, to arouse their fellow countrymen to a realization of the danger there was to the life of the nation. There were two prominent abolitionists from Massachusetts, and Frederick Douglass, the freed slave, who was the center of attraction. Even in his beginning his hidden might was discernible to my mind and plainly foreshadowed what a power he was destined to be in

the nation. He did not know the hidden fire that needed but an awakening hour to set it burning in his heart.

During the discussions in the convention the declaration of James G. Burney was repeated in connection with the future of slavery, "Slavery was instituted by violence, is maintained by violence, and will die by violence." Several speakers did not approve of the declaration, and when it was embodied in a resolution it was voted out; then an amendment was offered, so as to read—"and if not peaceably abolished will die by violence," this was carried by a unanimous vote. The whole procedure of the convention was a revelation to me and I was learning beyond my ability to store away in my memory, which resulted in nervous prostration, and I had to remain in the neighborhood several days after the close, and my young companions reluctantly left me behind and returned home. This was providential, otherwise, I should have gone with Frederick Douglass to Pendleton, a town twenty miles northeast of Indianapolis, where he was booked to speak, and where one of the most exciting, disgraceful, brutal, revolutionizing mobs took place that ever occurred in Indiana.

The public speaking was held in the open air, a slight platform was raised for the speakers and for the elderly ladies. Soon after Frederick Douglass began

to speak, a half drunken mob of several hundred brutal men and boys came on the ground armed with corn cutters, clubs and stones, and began swearing, shouting and using foul mouthed language. As soon as the stone-throwing began, the men in the audience hastily surrounded the women, to protect them from the missiles; but the mob rushed upon them like demons, knocked many down, and rudely pushed women over and backwards, and in one case, brutally kicked. Frederick Douglass was the object of their greatest fury, he was defended for a time, but his friends were overpowered, and he attempted to save himself by flight, but was pursued by howling devils, for eighty or one hundred rods, then knocked down, beaten and left for dead. Some young men who were there, afterwards went through the war of the rebellion, and they say they never saw in all the war a more brutal, murderous scene in any battle anywhere. There were many seriously hurt; many bore the marks of their wounds for life. The news of this outrage spread like wildfire over Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, and aroused a spirit of indignation among all honorable people and caused hundreds to join at once the abolition party.

Was it Providential I was left at Greensboro? I am at least thankful I did not see the sight.

It was now the fall of the year, and Indiana Year-

ly Meeting of Friends held at Richmond was near at hand, so my steps were turned in that direction, the journey was through new country, much of it thinly settled, but full of interest. One place especially had then and afterwards much interest to me. It was an ash swamp two and a half miles across and several long; there was a causeway made of split logs, and poles across it straight as a line, a person standing at either end could see across as through a tunnel. In the swamp the timber grew so thick that it looked dark and forbidding and part of the year was covered with water. Thirty years later I passed that way again, the swamp was gone, and in its place were beautiful farms, and homes, a country not to be excelled for beauty in the state. The land had been ditched and drained, it was so fertile that every square rod had been cleared and was under cultivation, to me it seemed like magic, and it was hard to realize the marvelous change, but the old log hotel was still standing, with an unbroken record, and it was a reality.

Indiana Yearly meeting was associated with the memories of all my life, and was the embodiment of all that was great and good, the larger portion of my relatives were among its members, more than half the people I had ever known in life had removed and settled in its limits, besides its membership was scattered through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and

Iowa and at its annual gatherings there were people from the extremes of six to eight hundred miles apart, many of them making the journey on horseback; women oftentimes rode one hundred miles on horses and thought it no hardship. With all this on my mind it was little wonder that I expected it to be one of enduring way marks in my future, and when the thousands assembled on the public days my ideal was fully realized.

During the business sessions I watched with observing interest the spirit which animated the vast audience. There was splendid talent, farseeing judgment, with high intellectual ability stamped upon the faces of many present, but the greater number, though above the average of their generation, were not above the influence of human passion, human prejudice and preference. It was evident that the meeting was still agitated by the effects of the separation, that had taken place one year before, when a large number of the more sanguine abolitionists revolted from the pro-slavery element as they characterized them and set up an "Anti-slavery Yearly Meeting," at Newport. For four days I attended the sessions, and watched, saw, heard, felt and read the minds of the prominent actors, and stowed in memory enough for a small history. No one for a moment dreamed that the awkward Carolina boy in his home-spun clothes was reading and re-

membering everything that was said, done and in some cases thought.

One of the hundreds of incidents of life was connected with my attendance at the Yearly Meeting. While stopping at Spiceland the summer before, there came several young people from Flat Rock east of there to attend Spiceland Quarterly Meeting; they stopped at Uncle William Unthank's Sabbath afternoon. They were of the high toned, wealthier class, well dressed and very nice looking, but woe to me with my home-spun clothes and home-made shoes, etc. The youngsters from Flat Rock made life bitter for me that day with their fun and heartless jokes, rough sport; making a virtue of necessity I did not resent or retort, though it was very galling to my nature. I took, however, a lasting impress of their features, forms, words, and gestures and stored it up in my memory. At Yearly Meeting I met part of them again and received similar treatment, but it was less trying. Twenty years from that time the leader of that Flat Rock party drove up to my house in a one horse hack containing tin troughing for houses, which he sold for his employer; he was threadbare and looked dejected At first sight, all the memory of the past came to mind like a burning fire, but it passed in a moment, and when I took him by the hand, it was with difficulty the tears of sorrow and sympathy were restrained, and I thanked

the Lord for putting it in my heart to forgive the past and return kindness for unkindness. Misfortune followed that man through life, and he died poor and afflicted, but it was a lesson not to be forgotten to me and mine.

After attending three days of business sessions at Richmond, I went to Newport and attended two days of the Anti-slavery Yearly Meeting to see and learn its leading spirit, and, as at Richmond, was alive to all that transpired. Though in the midst of congenial spirits and old friends, it was apparent to my mind that the anti-slavery friends though in the right and full of enthusiasm had made a serious mistake in separating from the pro-slavery Friends. They had withdrawn all the leaven from the body that needed leavening, and had a surfeit where little was needed. They should have remained with the church and suffered, prayed, pleaded and reasoned on until the whole lump was leavened. All parties saw this in a few years, and were again united, but the labor of half a generation was lost in the unhappy separation. Among the most noted was Martha Wooten, a minister, and the second speaker in eloquence at that time in America. Lucretia Mott was admitted by all people to have been the most sublimely eloquent preacher in the English language, when in her prime, and Martha Wooten was next and to my ear and heart was the

equal. 'Tis said that Tom Corwin caught his highest touch of eloquence while listening to Lucretia Mott in Philadelphia.

While at Richmond I met Alfred Haldey, from Bloomfield, in Parke County, who was an intimate friend and co-worker with my father in their young days; he invited me to go to Bloomfield, now Bloomingdale, and teach their winter school; this was conditionally agreed to—provided I got there in time.

Here I want to say, while attending the Yearly meeting at Richmond, I met and formed an acquaintance with Rowland T. Reed, then just grown, Indiana's most gifted and most neglected poet. I had seen and memorized his poem, "Autumn Evening Thoughts," published in the "Free Labor Advocate" 1841, and had an especial desire to meet him. When we met it was as kindred spirits, and we formed a friendship that was never broken, until his untimely death some years ago; he married my Sister Friend Drucilla A. Unthank, and through her the friendship still lives.

Returning from Newport to Spiceland I spent a few days and then started westward, going by Carthage and Walnut Ridge where many friends and acquaintances lived; from there I went to Whitelick, in Morgan County, going through Indianapolis, then a small town. Late one evening, footsore and tired I

reached Benjamin White's house, near Mooresville, one of my heels had been blistered and was quite painful. Aunt Mary White, my father's cousin, and sister to Levi Coffin, acted the part of a tender mother, took me in, poulticed my foot, and took care of me until in traveling order. This stop was especially pleasant and lasting in the friendships formed with the family, the evenings being spent in stories from the old home land and lessons in pioneer life, and Hoosier characteristics.

The next journey was to Spring, in Hendricks, my home county, where some of the nearest Carolina neighbors had settled, with a large acquaintance, a week was spent there then the last stage of forty miles was begun. There were several large creeks to cross with no bridges, or boats, and the weather was getting cool, but the old habit of fording was again practiced and no bad results followed the cold baths. A part of the trip was through what was then new, rough country, in many places the road was poor even for walking, but now a beautiful pike, straight as a line runs through a succession of fine grazing and grass lands, with the streams all spanned with steel and iron bridges, built by the state and counties, a marvelous change.

Annapolis, north of Bloomfield two miles, was then a village of some note and business; my arrival

at the town was about sunset and I went directly to my old teacher, neighbor, and friend, Dr. Horace F. Cannon, who bid me a joyous welcome, and my journey for the winter ended; but I soon learned that the people, the business, the lay of the land and all the environments were different from the central part of the state. Especially was there a marked change in the business of the people. The Wabash river with its tributaries was then one of the busy marts of the northwest; it furnished an outlet to a large portion of Indiana and Illinois; there was a fleet of river steamers on its waters, and thousands of flat boats were constructed on the bank of the river and the creeks holding from 60 to 200 tons of freight, all of which were loaded and floated down stream each spring to New Orleans. It was the ambition of nearly all the boys to take at least one flat boat voyage to New Orleans, and return by steamer. Many of the middle-aged men were as familiar with New Orleans as their home towns, and with the 3000 miles of river as with home county roads. This condition of business and line of trade gave the whole population a strong local character, like sailor language and phrases of seaport cities, so it was on the Wabash; there were many boatmen words and phrases in common use among all the people of which they were unconscious. The wild, free life of

a boatman gave tone and impress to the business and business people, there was a broader, higher impulse in their characters that was distinctive to a stranger, and it was the character of the people on that river that first originated the term "Wild West." In those early days there was magic in the name in any river town anywhere between the mouth of the Wabash and New Orleans; if a boatman was in trouble or danger he only needed to raise his voice and shout "Wabash, Wabash, Wabash," three times and then pause a moment, then repeat it and in an instant every Wabash man within hearing caught up the cry and rushed to the rescue, and soon there would be a throng of fearless boatman on hand, and woe be to the evil-doers, who fell into their hands; they were not only brave, but honorable and just, and 50 of them could defy municipal law in any city. One time in New Orleans, a Wabash man was arrested on a fraudulent claim, and was being taken to the lock-up, when he shouted Wabash, and in five minutes a hundred men took him from the officers, and aboard an up-river steamer nearly ready to start. The civil officers summoned a posse of 30 armed men, and attempted to retake the man, then the cry of "Indiana, Indiana, Indiana" was raised, and in fifteen minutes 500 Indianians and other up-river men were on hand. The posse was scattered like wild deer, and the boatmen

cleared the wharf until the steamer sailed, then dispersed as quickly as though nothing had happened. People animated with this spirit, and engaged in this kind of life were the kind I now found myself sojourning among. My old neighbors who had emigrated from five to twenty years before had fallen into the same spirit, and did not seem to know they were changed; to me it was interesting to note and study this transition, and I gave them the name of Hoosier Carolinians.

Some days were spent visiting before my school began; there were several relatives on the Coffin, Vestal and Newlin side of the family and all were living within a few miles of Bloomfield and Annapolis. Alfred Hadley's house was the Underground Railroad station on the Wabash route, so I was among old neighbors, old friends, and in connection with some old business, making new surroundings very agreeable.

The school was large and consisted mostly of grown up young people, well advanced, which made it very interesting, and responsible for here again memory was taken for superior ability, and I was conscious of it, consequently was in trouble in mind much of the time lest the students should be disappointed in their anticipations, but the school seemed to give satisfaction to all parties. There was a literary society connected with the school that was well attended,

the public debates were especially interesting when the subject of slavery was under discussion, the spirit of the county being strongly pro-slavery, and hostile to public discussion, but the school sympathized with me, and freedom of speech was secured. Female suffrage was first discussed that winter and it raised a storm of opposition, and I had to face the storm alone, at the beginning. Mrs. Swishhelm was then publishing her Woman's Rights paper at Pittsburg, Pa., and quite a number of copies were secured for the occasion, which sowed seed that has borne abundant fruit.

As the spring of 1844 opened the whole country was astir with preparations for the boating season. Thousands of barrels of flour had been packed by the millers, wheat had been put in barrels, thousands of barrels of pork were ready for shipping, hundreds of thousands of pounds of bulk pork were in the packing houses, and another article entirely new to me—thousands of dozens of chickens, ducks, and geese were collected ready for the southern market. Every interest was looking after its own progress, which made lively times; hundreds of men had been busy all winter building flat boats to float this immense surplus to market—and above all, all along the river banks were corn pens with an almost unlimited supply of corn ready for any market that opened.

Amid all this stir and push it was little wonder

that I caught the fever and determined to take a trip "Down the river" and see the wonderful "Door to the sea." So at the close of my school I booked as a boat-hand at the bow, or forward oar, on Washington Hadley's flat boat, which was 80 feet long, 16 wide and drew three feet of water. The load was 300 barrels of flour, 90 barrels of pork, 40,000 pounds of pork, 250 dozens of chickens and several barrels of eggs. Another man, Joseph Battard, was also loading a boat that was going as consort, and the two to lash when they reached the mouth of the Ohio. The boat was loaded in Sugar Creek, near Annapolis and pulled out into the Wabash, and down a few miles to Montezuma where the ship supplies were taken aboard, and then on ————————, 1844, we cast loose and were afloat for a 3000 miles' run, which to me was another new phase of life, and another life lesson. The Wabash at that time was far more picturesque and charming and had nearly twice the volume of water that it has to-day; its banks were clothed with magnificent forests, which cast their deep shadows over its dark water, like a cloud at noonday, and at night was weird, solemn and terrible. To-day the forests are gone, and the river looks dwarfed and lifeless, few boats of any kind are seen, and the grandfathers tell of boatman stories of the past. In a few days my hands and shoulders learned the art of heaving at the oar, and I was soon

equal to the best, and in addition soon learned to row a skiff on the roughest waves, or strongest wind that came.

Everything was so new and charming that for a week I slept but little, was on deck listening to stories of the pilot, or steersman, and learning the art of steering. The boat was steered by an oar 24 feet long, nicely balanced on an iron pin in the middle of the stern, the blade or water end was nicely shaped like an oar with the blade six feet long and eighteen inches pivot to give it great strength; a strong skillful man could exert an immense force with this long sweep, and turn the seemingly unwieldy boat in a very small wide; the beam was ten inches in diameter at the circle if it had headway. There was an oar amidship on the right hand side, and a bow oar on the left hand side about twelve feet from the bow, this was my oar, about 14 feet long, the other oar was 18 feet. One hand worked the bow and two amidship.

Pulling at the oar was not a regular business, the boat was always intended to float with the current, the oars were to avoid drifts, snags, sand bars, skirt lands, eddies and cross currents, and in time of high wind it was no child's play to keep from being driven ashore, yet it was all a wild, free life, there was a feeling among all boatmen that they were cut loose from all the world

and beyond all human law, much like a sailor out on the limitless sea.

Often, under favorable weather a boat would not touch land for many days, though the crew, or a part of them might land every day; oft times it was their pastime to take the skiff and row ahead many miles, land in the cane break, at the cotton fields, the towns and immense wood yards, where steamers stopped to take on wood for fuel. It was also a favorite amusement to visit neighboring boats, that were always in sight, the salutation being, "Where are you from?" and the name of the river was always given, and by the time we had reached the mouth of Red river we had seen boats from fifty, or more rivers. This naturally brought the boatmen in contact with each other from widely separated points, and gave them a breadth of geography and business knowledge that was surprising to eastern and southern people. Here in this wild, free boating, was reared and prepared a race of hardy men, ready when the time came to march westward and take possession of half a continent and finish the foundation of our wonderful nation.

Soon after starting I was installed as cook on our boat, and always managed to have plenty to eat, what it lacked in style was made up in good appetites. The supplies were all we could ask. There were chickens, eggs in abundance, any amount of ham, two or three

barrels of apples, potatoes, and all other vegetables, butter, cheese, kraut and all that hungry men could think of, and that, too, in every form that any or all our mothers had ever devised. Washington Hadley was an excellent carver, and we all took lessons in artistic carving. Eggs were eaten in every form between raw and egg-nog. Coffee and tea were made in all the strength and weakness of which these two beverages were capable. Both sides of the bread were sopped in home-made maple molasses; when a fresh can of home-made butter was opened there was no stint in its promiscuous use, etc., etc. Yet in the living there was as much difference among the boats, as at the homes of the boatmen, on some the food was scarce and poorly cooked, and frightfully dirty. So it was in personal habits, some were nice and clean while others did not change clothes during the voyage. It was quite a job to feed the chickens each day, to water and wash out the coops and see that all was going well; nor was there silence at any hour aboard our boat, for there were hundreds of mouths all crowing or cackling at once, but in a few days the ear became accustomed to it like the noise of machinery; being cook exempted me from any of this work.

We floated out of the Ohio into the Mississippi just before daylight, and according to universal custom fired off all the guns loaded to their utmost ca-

pacity, with muzzles held close to the water to intensify the concussion, and in ten minutes we recognized the report of our Consort Boat close behind and we gave an answering shout. As soon as daylight came they pulled up and lashed the boats together with strong ropes, the inner oars on each being taken up and moved to the outer side; my oar was not moved and my chum, Aleck Armstrong, was put right behind me, and from that time we swung our oars on time like clock work. The united crews now made a company of ten jolly, active fellows, our stearsman being the oldest, in middle life, sober and steady, and a good riverman. Our consort had a variety load, but the principal was 500 dozens of chickens and 100 turkeys, beside oats, flour, wheat, etc., and drew the same water, so the decks were even, and our territory was now 80x 32 feet; the windows to our cabins came together, and we had to close and cut new ones; but the music of 500 dozen more mouths can better be imagined than described.

With the addition to the company, with the new surroundings, and the wonderful river, my memory was kept to its highest tension. There was scarce an hour but there was a steamer in sight or sound. They were from hundreds of different ports, Pittsburg to the northeast to far up the Missouri in the northwest. In a note-book I took the names of over one hundred

steamers that passed in the daytime, which is very interesting to look over after a lapse of fifty years, and after the railroads have nearly destroyed river traffic.

Everything went well with us on the voyage; to me every turn in the river had a new surprise, every night-watch was full of interest; the otherwise still night was broken by the cry of the night birds which filled the cane-breaks, thousands of frogs and night animals made the air musical with unmusical discordant sounds; new constellations shown in the southern sky and old ones more clearly defined; the songs of lone boatmen who were keeping watch, sounded sweet and low as he sang the grand old songs of love and home. Sometimes the wild peal of a bugle-horn would burst upon the ear, or some home-sick Highlander would give the air of "Bonnie Doon," or "The Campbells are Coming," sometimes elevating his horn and sending the music floating off over the placid water, then holding down close to the water would make it roar like coming thunder, when his soul and heart were in the melody.

We stopped at New Madrid, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Baton Rouge and Ft. Washington; fifty miles below Iberville we encountered a head wind that increased to a gale, and we took refuge in a bend for several hours; during the delay a part of the crew landed and climbed the levee and found we were on the

border of a very large sugar cane farm, with immense live oak trees standing over the area in beautiful artistic order; one was near us, to this we hastened and were soon clambering among its wide spreading branches, from which we could see the far end of the rows of cane more than half mile away and a dozen or more slaves plowing with slow going mules, coming our way. I descended and rowed to meet them; they seemed astonished to see me and began looking uneasily towards a beautiful mansion in the distance; a voice cried out, "Halloo, there," looking up there was a man galloping towards us across the field, who soon came up and in a gruff voice demanded what I was doing there; without any hesitation I told him, and said that tree was full of boys; he then turned towards it and we walked on together; to the question of where I was from, I said from North Carolina, and without giving him time to speak, rattled on telling of my trip to Indiana, my boating and future aspirations, and before he was aware of it, had completely captured him, and to his surprise, could talk of men he personally knew; instead of ordering us off his ground he spent near an hour in pleasant conversation, and when the signal came from the boat he bid us a very kindly good-by. I read that man at sight and knew how to surround and take him, and did sooner than expected.

We landed in the wonderful city in the forenoon, had been 22 days afloat and were all well and strong and in good working order. The crews of flat boats were always paid off and were at liberty after three days; then they usually did some trading, sight-seeing, and ofttimes took a ride to the gulf. With our party this was done except myself; I remained and watched the boat until unloaded and sold, about two weeks. During this time I was in the midst of Wonder Land, had not seen a ship of any kind before; could hardly realize there were so many ships in the world as were in port; along the ship landing there was a perfect forest of masts and spars, with a babel of tongues and strange, foreign faces. There were 200 river steamers at the landing all the time and 2500 flat boats; there were four miles of wharf in front of the city, and all the distance was a scene of life and bustle that was exciting and inspiring to my mind. There were hundreds of flat boats alongside sailing ships unloading their cargoes; there were ships alongside of river steamers unloading their cargoes for inland shipping. The wharf was everywhere piled with articles for export, or those imported and the babel of tongues and the clatter and clang on every side was like the roar of a coming storm.

Fifty years passed by, and then, I stood on the self same place; again I looked in vain for the old land

marks but they were gone; I looked for the old characteristics but could not find them; instead there were new sights, new sounds, new faces, new voices; instead of the roar of the passing storm there was heard the rumble of deep tones of thunder, the ground trembled beneath my feet, and there were clouds of smoke and steam around and over all; and above the din was heard the shriek of the locomotive, and the harsher and louder bray of the ocean steamer. The levee had been built a hundred feet wider out into the river; the whole extent of the miles of wharf was covered with railroad tracks; there were hundreds of freight cars in motion and other hundreds still; there was not a flat boat in sight: a few lone river steamers were lying miles farther up the river, the sail vessels had diminished one-half, but standing out above all were the huge ocean steamers into whose depths a constant stream of all articles of export were descending. Instead of the block and tackle and the He-o-heave, there was the ceaseless rattle of steam derrick lifting its tons of freight night and day without ceasing.

Across the river where the steamboat calabooses used to be, and a small straggling village on the borders of the swamp were now a forest of smoke stacks and many acres were covered with large tugs; there were immense steam ferry-boats capable of taking a railroad train without delay, hitch, jolt or jar. The

swamp was covered with beautiful gardens and suburban homes. All, all was changed! In the city itself all was changed, instead of the lumbering old omnibus and lazy-going coach, the street car glided along the level streets amid new scenes of life and activity; the New Orleans of 1844 was gone forever; a new spirit had entered into its innermost life. The haughty, slave-holding autocrat no longer rode in haughty pride through the street; the slave now walked a free man and a citizen. The haughty power of slavery was broken and gone forever; a new race of men were busy in its marts animated by a new impulse and full of higher, broader aspirations and ambitions.

While in the city I was taken with the river fever, which weakened me very much and at the end of two weeks took steamer for return to my nearest friends. Landing at Evansville, in southern Indiana, I started to walk 120 miles back to Bloomfield, Ind., but I found the fever had weakened me so much that walking was difficult. Calling at a farm house I asked for a drink of milk; the kind-hearted lady looked me in the face a moment and said, "You look weak, my son," and brought me nearly a quart of good, pure milk; I drank it like a hungry child; it was like an opiate and I felt relief all over, then thanking the lady, who would not receive pay, I lay down on the grass in the warm sun-

shine and slept soundly for several hours. On awaking I felt weak, but refreshed, and brave at heart, and started on my journey. One day a teamster overtook me and pressed me to get in his wagon and ride, but the shaking and jolting hurt me so I thanked him for his kindness, and started again on foot. At the end of a week, I reached Alfred Hadley's home brave and cheerful, but still weak, though improving every day. I had been gone nearly two months, and was now in no shape for joining Freemont on his exploring expedition; unforeseen events had changed my program, and as it proved for life.

Alfred Hadley and family all bade me welcome to and into the family, for as mother Rhoda afterwards said, I looked like I needed a mother and a home; my Aunt Ann Hill, who lived close by was not unmindful of my situation and gave me much kind attention. I had now passed my first year in the school of the World, and probably few students ever learned faster or remembered their lessons better. Though nothing sensational had occurred, and no startling adventure had fallen to my lot, yet I had seen and heard much that in a few years was to move and influence the whole world. The summer of 1844 was spent in the family of Alfred Hadley, and though not able to make more than half a hand at work, I was all right in the Underground Railroad; the Wabash line was getting in good

running order and passengers very frequent, and in spite of the violent and almost murderous hostility of a majority of the community, especially Rockville, the county seat, the fugitives came and went like fleeting shadows, defying all efforts to detect or prevent. It was less difficult to find the way from one station to another, the roads were gradually being put on the land, lines though rough and muddy, were straight and easy to follow, beside the stations were nowhere more than 20 to 30 miles apart and often friendly homes between. It required more shrewd management than courage and daring; the pro-slavery Hoosiers invariably spent much time in swearing what and how they were going to do, and they sought the fugitive when he was gone, and we quietly smiled and kept still.

The political campaign of 1844 was an important one to anti-slavery cause; Henry Clay was the Whig candidate, and James K. Polk, the Democratic, for the presidency; during the contest it was brought out and proved that Henry Clay had publicly said, "Two hundred years of legislation has sanctioned and sanctified negro slavery. I am opposed to gradual or immediate emancipation." The Abolition orators made that their special line of attack, and made the woods of Ohio and Indiana echo with their vehement thunder. That was the death knell to Henry Clay; where is he to-day? He has dropped out of history, while the name of Cassius M. Clay, his Abolition cousin, will live through all coming time as the bravest of the brave.

THIRD CHAPTER.

Revisiting the Carolina home and friends—Second trip to Indiana—Married in June, 1845—Learning to farm—Purchase of land in Hendricks County—Moving to the new home, and beginning life anew—Death of my wife—Return again to North Carolina—Bringing my mother, two nieces, two cousins and boy to Indiana—Beginning again—Brother Alfred's arrival—Sickness and death of my youngest child—Married again to Ruth Hadley—Exciting political times—War of the Rebellion—Events commenced with the war—Sickness of Brother Alfred, and death of Brother Emory, and William Thomas.

Amid the excitement of the political campaign, of mass meeting, pole raising, illuminations, etc., etc., another unforeseen event occurred, wholly unexpected, and against which no precautions had been taken. Alfred Hadley's oldest daughter, Emily, and I came to the conclusion that we would try living together. Though by using a little exaggeration, imagination

and sentiment the event might have been called romantic, in the eyes of others it was similar to all such events.

This was another decided break in my life program, calling for some reconstruction and change of outline; accordingly it was settled that I should return to my home in North Carolina, get what little was due me on final family arrangement, bid good-by to home and country, and return to Indiana.

In the fall Milton Hadley, brother to my intended, and I started on foot; he to spend a year at New Garden Boarding-school. I had measurably recovered my health, and we started out with hearty goodwill. The Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, the first built in Indiana, was then building, and a construction train was running to Edenburg; we reached that point and took the box cars for Madison, and then took steamer for Point Pleasant, and then set out on foot, taking the route by way of the "Hawk's Nest" on New River and Red Sulphur Springs, striking my former route at Peter's Mountain, then followed it back home.

My return was looked upon as quite a noted event among my young associates; it was a custom in those days to measure people's popularity by the number of hundred miles they had traveled, and the number of states they had been in. I had gone beyond the

most popular, and accomplished it without money, or wealthy family influence. This was cause of offense to the children of some slaveholders, who had traveled through Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee and called themselves wealthy; for one unknown in the higher social circles to accomplish so much, and do it almost entirely on foot, was an insult to their respectability, and I had to suffer scorn and contempt for the offense, but to my intimate friends it was cause of real joy, and it did my heart good to receive their kindly greeting, and the kindness was returned by rehearsing my adventures, and all the new, beautiful, and wonderful scenes through which I had passed.

About three months were spent at home, and then arrangements were made to return to Indiana. My mother had given me a colt, which was now grown to be a fine, young mare; she also gave me a small one-horse wagon; with this I prepared to make a winter journey across the mountains. On the second of February, 1845, I again bid adieu to the old home and loved ones, and had nice weather for three days, but on reaching the mountains, met a severe snow storm that lasted three days, and the weather turned very cold. The snow drifted very much and there was a great deal of ice in the creeks and rivers which made it difficult and dangerous traveling; in crossing the Big Suel Mountains I was three days and nights with-

out fire, though I did not suffer with cold; I walked before my horse all the time. She would follow me anywhere, sometimes the drifts were four feet deep across the road, making cold wading, but finally the range was crossed, and a safe descent made to the banks of the Kanawha River, where the snow was melting rapidly, and the mud soon became more serious than the snow. It took four days' hard traveling to go 55 miles from the Salt Works to Point Pleasant on the Ohio River. There I took steamer and landed at 10 P. M. in Cincinnati, the 21st. No journey in life has been more exhausting, or really more dangerous than that one, as I look back upon it now, though alone, and surrounded with ice and snow there was no fear, hesitation or doubt; there was a secret voice in my heart that always answered, go, all is well; and my trusty animal seemed to have the same spirit ready to plunge into the cold stream, and flounder through the snow drifts, in fact, to follow wherever I would lead.

Notwithstanding, the 22nd of February was a cold, blustery day, the city was all astir with martial pomp, and all a-flutter with banners and flags, celebrating Washington's birthday; the big guns on the wharf bellowed out their hollow boom over the water, and stormy drums shook the freezing air, and from gray-headed sires to almost babes and sucklings were uttering shouts of glad acclaim. All this soon ceased to be

interesting; there was another and higher attraction further on, and at 10 A. M. the journey westward was resumed; two days' travel along the fine pike road now finished, took me to Richmond, Ind., and one more day back to my Spiceland home with Uncle William and Rebecca Unthank and their children.

Here one cycle of events was completed, and was on the eve of another, the events in which were as unknown as those of the past had been, but still that silent voice was whispering go.

I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured above that life and death
His mercy underlies.

A week's rest and again the journey was resumed. The roads were so muddy that it was slow traveling; the National road was so bad that I avoided it by going aside and traveling more private and parallel roads. Twenty miles was a hard day's travel, over pole bridges, log causeways and bottomless mud slashes. The thaw-out was on hand, and in those days it took a strong attraction to pull through the nearly impossible country roads. One thing this generation cannot understand about the travel fifty years ago; the roads were cut out through the dense forest of large trees and were full of stumps in many places, three to five

feet in diameter; it was impossible to every time go around them; with a one-horse wagon, the horse had to go over the stump, or one set of wheels go over it, so it made driving a constant succession of ups and downs, and sometimes a turn-over, but is was a part of every day life, and had to be met and overcome.

About the 20th of March I arrived at Uncle Joseph Hill's safe and sound, but tired of mud, rain, and snow; and at once began looking after the practical side of life, by renting Uncle Joseph's farm and going to work. Here came in my first trial and perplexity; Hoosier farming was very different from Carolina; the climate, soil, season and way of cultivating was all different, and people had to bestir themselves when spring came; there was no winter plowing; after the ground thawed out and settled, the plow had to go every hour of daylight to prepare the ground, and then to cultivate the crop till harvest came. Then every hour was necessary to secure the grain and grass; in many places the stumps were so thick the wheat was still cut with the reap hook, and hired help was hard to get, so nearly all were cropping in the summer time. All this was before me and made me a little nervous as to how I might succeed, and still more perplexed as to what people would say.

On the 25th day of June, Emily Hadley and I were married at Bloomfield, Parke County, Indiana,

after the order of the Society of Friends, now Friends Church. Of course it was a wonderful event in our lives, but very much like other similar events before and since. We saw and began life from the practical side; next day after the marriage I did a good day's plowing, and the second day after my wife walked over with me to Joseph Hill's, and from that day we were one.

I fully realized my situation, and was keenly alive and sensitive to what might be said. My wife had elected to marry a poor Carolina boy instead of wealthy suitors, and for me to fail was more than I could bear to think of. One former suitor had said of her, "She has married a poor Carolinian, and will have to dance in the hog trough the rest of her days." I said to her when I heard it Iwould make a living for her, or shorten my days at hard work.

My farming was a success that year, and that winter I taught school again. The next year my farming was again a success, but I wanted a home of my own, but I was not able to buy land in that part of the country. The wonderful Wabash and Lake Erie canal was being built from Toledo to Evansville on the Ohio River, which, when completed, would be one of the longest in the world; land on the line of its construction increased in value very fast. Water navigation was the idea of national prosperity at that

time, railroads as yet being in the background and in the experimental stage. With a sad heart I had to turn away from this future great improvement and home market, to seek a home where land was cheap. It was 40 miles east to the land my mother had entered in 1833, and it was considered 40 miles from market. She gave me privilege to occupy and cultivate as my own, but that would not be mine; but I went to see it and found an 80-acre lot alongside for sale for $537.50; this I bought and rented the cabin and a small piece of land on it for the season. This event seemed to give us new energy and new life; we had something to work for; a spot of earth we could call ours; a home.

On January 27, 1847, a son was born to us, and like other parents we thought it a precious gift from the Lord, and naturally began to dream of its future, but alas! on the 12th of May succeeding it was taken from us, which cast a cloud over our lives, and made a shadow fall over our prospective home.

On the 2nd day of February, 1848, we arrived on our land after two days' hard travel through mud and ice, and started the first fire at home. The cabin was 20x22 feet, with regular cabin roof, made of boards four feet long and held in place by heavy poles; the floor was rough boards fastened down with wooden pins, and the chimney was "stick and clay" with a

fire-place six feet wide, with back built up with stones three feet. We had no stove, for they were costly at that day; we had an outfit of skillets, ovens, pots, a tin reflector, and a long-handled frying-pan, etc., etc., and I soon rigged up a wooden crane to swing the pots over the fire, for the boiling was done in the pots, and the baking done over coals on the hearth. There was room for two beds in the back end; for kitchen, parlor and bed-room were all one; the table was made of rough boards, the result of my own skill; the cupboard, of same material, was fastened on pins driven in the wall. There was but one door and no window, but another door and a small window was soon added; and we were happy and thankful for all our surroundings.

In a few weeks sugar-making began; there was a fine sugar orchard of 400 trees, large and thrifty; this we opened, and were busy with the work for three weeks when the season closed; we made an abundance of sugar and molasses for home use and some for market. When I look back to what was before us the spring of 1848, the wonder is that we were not discouraged and filled with despair; the fields that were enclosed were thickly set with dead trees; many had fallen during the winter; plowing could not begin until much hard work was done in rolling and burning logs; fences needed repairing, and worst of all we did not have money to hire help, but we were young and hope-

ful, full of determination, and did not know what the future might bring. We worked early and late, studied, planned and prayed for patience, strength and health, and did not lose a day, and as things began to put on a home-like look, and the crops grew and harvest came and rewarded our efforts; we were happy in our simple, homely home, and gladness filled our hearts.

The year 1849 was unusually dry and crops were short, and we were rather straitened in making payments, but the county surveyor took sick and could not work, and I took his place for three months, for which service I received $44.00, quite an item in our present condition; this surveying proved an advantage to me in after years. It was a time of violent political agitation; the Abolitionists were becoming a fixed quantity in politics, and the pro-slavery elements were hostile and abusive. Most of my surveying was laying out and locating public roads in which all had an interest, thus I was brought in contact with all classes, and I never failed to defend abolitionism; and never did my knowledge of the Bible and history stand me more in hand, and I could out talk any opposition, and make the old pioneers believe I was very wise and learned, beside my knowledge of surveying was a surprise to them. Many times I would amuse a large company of them by marking on the ground, showing

how to measure by triangulation both in height and distance, and more than one boy caught the inspiration to become a surveyor, and in time succeeded. This contact with pro-slavery class had the effect to lessen their violence toward me and my cause. I should have stated that in September, 1848, another son, who still lives, was born to us, which, in part, filled the blank that was caused by the death of our first-born.

It may not be out of place to relate a very amusing event that occurred in my surveying days, which gives an insight into those pioneer times. In the north corner of the county (Hendricks) there was a new section being settled, and a road was wanted through that part. There was a sturdy, old Kentuckian who was clearing a field in the dense forest, and had killed many large rattle-snakes, which were dangerously abundant; he had killed a very large one with sixteen rattles and a button; it being unusually large he did not burn it as was his wont, but left it lying where killed. A dandy lawyer, an old acquaintance, from Kentucky, had come on a visit to the "backwoods" and came out where the snake lay, he was riding a fine horse, and was equipped with kid gloves, spurs and riding whip. Seeing the rattles on the dead snake (its head was cut off), he alighted, drew off one of his gloves and with a stylish pocket knife proceeded to cut off the rattles; he squatted down, took

the rattles in his gloved fingers, then applied the knife; as soon as the knife entered the flesh, the snake struck back as if to bite and hit the dandy on his naked hand with unerring precision with the bloody stub of its neck, then writhed convulsively at the man's feet. He with one wild shriek bounded into the air, then fell backward in a dead swoon. He had to be carried to the cabin, and it was some hours before he regained consciousness, and three weeks before he was able to start home, and a year before he fully recovered from the shock. He never returned to Indiana; he had no use for a country where snakes with heads cut off could still bite. Those large rattle-snakes are very tenacious of life, like the snapping turtle, and will writhe and strike for several hours after apparently killed. The old pioneer above knew what the Kentucky dandy would get, but had not counted on the effect; his good wife said she did not want any more such fun.

In 1849, my brother, Emory, who had married a neighbor girl, Elmira H. Foster, moved to Indiana and settled at Dunreith, which place he started when the railroad was constructed. They came to see us soon after, and thought it was rather a heavy undertaking to make a living among the big trees, stumps and brush; beside we were a half-way place between Whitlick, in Morgan County, and Bloomfield, in Parke County, and did more in feeding others than for our-

selves. Many times we would cover our cabin floor with beds for our friends to sleep, and if cold weather, keep them and the house warm with a big log fire that would burn all night. This was pioneer style, and was quite enjoyable, though rather hard on beginners, and brother and wife protested against it; saying we were doing more than our share, even though we did it freely, and much of it was to traveling Friends.

With all our hard work and discouragement, the Lord seemed to bless our efforts, and in 1850, we finished paying for our home, and built a good log barn. In spite of the violent pro-slavery spirit without, and the negative opposition within the church, we held our own by persistent agitation and discussion of the abolition subject.

But alas! we knew not what was in store for us. On the 26th of December, 1850, a third son was born, and in 24 hours Emily showed signs of fever, which increased in spite of medical skill, until the 2nd of January, 1851, she passed away.

The shock and feeling of utter desolation that overwhelmed me was such that it never wholly left me; it seemed more than I was able to bear. Father and mother Hadley arrived a few hours after she died. Though she was fully resigned, and felt the glad assurance that she would receive the answer to her prayers "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into

the joy of thy Lord," yet she had a strong desire to see her mother before departing. When this was told her mother it so touched her, that she never got over her heart yearning to have heard her dying words.

Father and Mother Hadley kindly offered me a home with them in my helplessness, so I rented my corn ground for the season, and as soon as we could arrange things returned to their home. During the summer I made frequent trips to and from my home, for I had a large wheat crop, for that time, and this I harvested and threshed. In the hot weather I preferred traveling after night, and walked the distance twice (40 miles) by moonlight, and enjoyed the solitude, as I passed the silent homes by the way; but the longing for my home became so strong, that in the fall I determined to return to North Carolina for my mother to come and live with me. Some time in the beginning of October, I started, going by rail from Amo to Madison on the Ohio river, then by steamer to Guyandot, Va.; I then walked to Charlestown, and took the stage over the mountains which was covered with snow, then on foot again to the old home in New Garden, where all were taken by surprise, as I had not notified them of my intent.

My mother at first declined to come away from the grave of my father, for she wanted to be buried by him; but she kindly consented on my promising to

take her back for burial when she died. When this promise was made a voice in my heart said I would live to do it. I remained through the winter, and made arrangements for the return; in the meantime my two nieces, Mary E. and Miriam A. Henly wanted to come with their grandmother, also two cousins, Esther J. and Phineas Coffin, and a half grown negro boy; this was loading up rather heavily, but I bought two old, cheap, blind horses and a light wagon, and about the first of April, 1852, started on another overland trip to Indiana.

We presented a novel sight; our team was not very showy, the wagon was full of provisions, trunks, bales and bundles; the young folks were full of life and fun, they had never been far from home, and had not seen mountains, or large rivers, consequently, were full of wonder and delight. All walked except mother, and even she did quite often. I walked beside the horses all the time. Around the camp fire at night there was life, fun, and story telling. The tent was set with open end to the fire, mother and the girls slept in it, while Sam, the negro boy, rolled in his blanket, lay across the opening at their feet as watchman. Phineas and I slept in the wagon, and I kept the horses eating all night when they wished more food. Though things all moved on like clockwork, it was rather an anxious time with mother, for

had anything befallen me, my company would have been in rather bad shape among the mountains.

Many times the fording of rivers, and large creeks was amusing and full of excitement, there was not room for all in the wagon, so mother, one girl, and Sam would go first in the wagon, then Sam would unhitch the horses, and bring them back, then the rest would go, two on a horse; this was the amusing part; the horses being blind, would stumble and flounder about, if not guided well, and there would be shouting and boisterous merriment, but all finally crossed over dry.

When we arrived at Malden, twelve miles above Charlestown, on the Kanawha river, we took steamer, and landed at Madison, Indiana. Thence we made for my home, arriving there about the 5th of May, sound and well, the two old horses the better for their feeding. It was a surprise to all that we had made the trip without mishap or loss.

Phineas Coffin went to a cousin fifteen miles away, and learned to be a locomotive engineer, with Sam for fireman. Poor Sam was killed in a wreck, Phineas quit the business, and finally fell at the Battle of Stone River while fighting in the Union army. Esther J. Coffin married Dr. W. F. Harvey, and is still living. Mary E. Henly married and settled in Grant County, Ind., and is still living. Miriam A.

Henly married and is now living in Denver, Colorado. All have grandchildren to whom is told the story of the wonderful trip from North Carolina.

A week was spent in planting a garden, and in making other arrangements for beginning again, then I went to father Hadley's and brought my children, and the new home life moved on with the routine of labor and care. I now had quite a family to look after, and my mother often said that surely there must be something in the old Albanoid superstition, or sign, at my birth, that I was to "Overcome-Triumph" or I could not so cheerfully take such responsibilities, as the looking after so dependent a company as we were then; but we worked on, mother was the central regulator, the girls went out with me into all kinds of work to which their strength was adapted. I had several young horses with which they amused themselves, in training them to be ridden, and they soon learned to drive a team, and took great delight in it. This saved me much time, and more was done during that season than if there had been a hired man. The spring of 1853 was a good sugar year; the girls entered into the spirit of the work, and we did a good thing in the business; besides the abundant family supply, sold over a barrel of molasses at one dollar per gallon.

But there was a dark day ahead for us that came not with crushing but heavy weight. My brother,

Alfred, had expected to move to Indiana in the near future, but suddenly had to flee for his life from the slave power. A companion of his early youth, a playmate of his boyhood days, betrayed him as to the Underground Railroad business, and nothing but his cool courage saved his life—with the loss of all his property, he reached my home with his wife and two little children—cast down, overwhelmed, but not crushed nor wholly discouraged. Few can imagine our feelings when we all met around the table the first time after their arrival. The question came to our hearts as a dark temptation. Had the Lord forsaken us? Had we been following a false guide all these years? Had we been risking life, limb, honor, yea, and our very souls for an empty ideality? Mother arose above it all and assured us that it was nothing but a passing cloud, and there would be sunshine beyond, yet we had still deeper proving. In a short time brother's wife, Mary Elizabeth, took sick, then their two little children, with a dangerous flux that was in the country, then my two children were taken, and we had five bad cases of sickness in a small house. It was but a few days until my youngest child died, and the others seemed sinking rapidly. Brother's wife also grew worse and it, indeed, seemed like we were having more than we could bear; when we were already at the point of breaking down,

with overwork, anxiety and sorrow. Suddenly all began to slowly recover, and in a few weeks we sat in our little house with glad hearts and returning strength and courage. We now made common cause and resolved to live; there were several acres of deadened timber ready to clear up, that would yield bountiful crops; after harvest was over we went into the deadening, and by taking advantage of dry weather, and steady hard work, soon surprised ourselves with what we did. Many times for a week we would work till 10 P. M., and then be out by daylight, for all the feeding was done after night and before day. The hard work that claimed our attention was not all at home, for the political elements were stormy around us. The old Whig party had been defeated and killed for all time at the presidential election of 1852, and the Freesoil Wilmot proviso movement was everywhere growing rapidly; the haughty, insolent boast of the slave power, that they would carry slavery into all the territories was arousing the freemen of the north, and the "irrepressible conflict" was approaching a crisis. Brother and I were not silent listeners and lookers on, but were active, earnest workers, and were expected to lead in the new awakening public opinion. So with hard work and stirring political surroundings, there was little idle time in the household.

I had begun building a new house, and brother and I did much of the work by candle light, dressing and matching plank, making doors and windows, laying floor, lathing, etc., often working to a late hour; this we did while keeping the crop and field work going. It seemed absolutely necessary for us to be at the top of our speed all the time to keep from brooding over brother's wrong, as well as to start him up again in independent support.

When the new house was finished, it was thought best in mother's judgment that we should separate and make two families. Brother remained in the cabin, mother, I and the children went into the new house, but work did not cease, though in two families we were still one in purpose.

To keep up the record of events, it will be in order to say that on the 13th of May, 1854, Ruth Hadley and I were married according to the order of Friends' Church at Millcreek, Hendricks County, Ind. She was cousin to father-in-law, Alfred Hadley, daughter of Joshua and Rebecca Hadley.

There had been a friendship between the two families since 1836, especially between her brother, Job, and me, who with his wife, Tracy Hadley, were among the first to come to my help when my wife died. Ruth Hadley was a school teacher of nine years' experience, and was not afraid to marry an abolitionist.

This year, 1854, was one of the years that marked the beginning of a great revolution, that has changed the moral sentiment of the whole civilized world.

It will be remembered that on the 22nd day of January, 1852, Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, senators; and Joshua R. Giddings, Edward Wade, Gerrit Smith and Alexander DeWitt, representatives in congress, issued an appeal to the people of the United States, warning them of the intention of the slave power to repeal the Missouri compromise, and the extension of slavery into all the territories. Then began the "Irrepressible Conflict" in renewed intensity with dark threatenings and vindictive insolence on the part of the slave power.

The Missouri compromise was repealed in 1854. On the 20th of June all the above named men together with all the anti-slavery men in congress met in Washington, and sent forth another appeal to the people of the United States. The appeal was signed by Solomon Foot, as chairman, and David Mace and Reuben E. Fenton as secretaries. All parties opposed to slavery regardless of party names and party preferences were called on to unite against the common enemy. This appeal ran like lightning through all the northern states and territories, and the whole land was in a ferment of excitement, indignation and stern resolve; the sound of the first gun in the civil war

did not produce half the excitement. At last the people were fully aroused to their danger, and the perfidy of the slave power.

The first response to this appeal came from Michigan. The abolitionists of that state met on the 6th of July at Jackson to discuss the situation. The subject of forming a National party with a platform on which all people opposed to slavery could unite, was discussed at length and finally adopted; then the name of the party was discussed. "Free Soil," "Free Democrat," "Freemen's Party," "Anti-slavery," and some others were proposed, but during the discussion John P. Hale sent a dispatch suggesting the name "Republican," which was adopted unanimously, and then and there the great political revolution began. The watch-word was free speech, free soil, free labor, and free men, and the motto. "A union with all men for the sake of liberty." The platform adopted was the same as that of the freesoilers during the Wilmot proviso conflict, that resulted in the compromise of 1850, with the new issue of the repeal of the Missouri compromise and the extension of slavery.

In five days the whole state of Michigan was ablaze with political excitement and never abated until the last gun of the rebellion was fired. Indiana was next in line. On July 13th a mass meeting was held at Indianapolis, at which the name "Republi-

can" was adopted by acclamation, and the Michigan platform was adopted with a few local additions, and Indiana was ablaze with excitement. The pro-slavery Whigs joined the Democrats. The anti-slavery Democrats joined the Republicans, and the whole political elements were in violent motion, and in some localities there was danger of an outbreak. The abolitionists who had suffered insult, abuse, mob violence, brickbats and rotten eggs, were ready to retaliate with interest; but everywhere wiser counsel prevailed. In a few weeks eleven northern states had come into line, and the revolution was complete and gave its last triumphant shout of victory at the fall of the rebellion at Appomattox in 1865.

There is a disgusting as well as an amusing phase of humanity in recalling the stirring time from 1848 to 1865. Men who from 1844 to 1860 could not think of words vile and profane enough to express their opinions of abolitionists, when the Republican party became popular, suppressed the rebellion, freed the slaves, reconstructed the south, etc., began to use the term "we" in all their political talk. "We" formed the Republican party, "we" suppressed the rebellion. "We" did thus and so and all such talk, but in many cases my memory retained many of their old time vile expressions, and even up to date I am cruel enough to make them turn red in the face with confusion and

shame by calling to mind what "we" did do and say; nor were such characters confined to these old pro-slavery days, the land is full of them to-day, and "we" are still among the leading drones and dead weights in the community. Alack! for humanity with all its frailty. This same Republican party that I helped form and support, which has done so much good, has degenerated into a saloon, whiskey party, like the Whigs pandered to slavery.

At this time central Indiana had advanced wonderfully in improvements, farms were opened, the dead trees and stumps were gone; nice, comfortable homes were built and as a greater sign of success and permanent gain, a multitude of large barns were being built every season; sometimes fifty men and boys would be at a barn raising, and there was no better place to learn the political opinions of the people; often two men would begin discussing the situation and someone would cry out "hold up," meaning stop work; "let's have a five minutes' speech," and all hands would listen to the talk for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, then the work would go on again, and it was surprising how much reading and thinking were done among the great mass of pioneers. The young people discussed the slavery subject at their literary and debating associations. Neighbors would meet neighbor on the way and exchange opinions, not so much in

angry partisan discussion, but in earnest anxiety to know what to do under the surrounding conditions. The little dry weather-beaten mail sacks carried by the postman across the country had to be oiled up and began to look like wool sacks with the increase of mail matter. Men in some cases read more in one year than they had read in half a life-time before, and no one was astonished at the vote given for Freemont, the first Republican candidate for president in 1856.

Amid all this intense excitement I could not be idle; home life had its necessities that called for unremitting exertion, and in the new political activity I was naturally thrown forward to do much of the hard work in talking at all the local contests. Everywhere and at all times I had cause to be thankful that I had read the Bible through when a boy, and then had followed up by reading history connected with Bible events; this gave me an advantage over men far superior in education and natural ability. I had a small pocket Bible that became a terror to local politicians, and many a by-stander would go home and for the first time set himself to reading the Bible, after listening to a Bible argument against slavery.

So time went on with no relaxation from labor, or abatement of political excitement. The campaign of 1856, with all its hurras and mass meetings, swearing, drinking, betting and monomania, the distort-

ed and exaggerated rumors of what the slave power was conspiring to do, kept things at white heat; the result of the presidential election of 1856 seemed to give assurance of victory in 1860, which added to the intensity of expectancy in coming events.

On June 13th, 1856, a son was born to us, whom we named Job, after Job Hadley, and my favorite Uncle, Job Coffin. Emily's children were named Vestal, Trenmor and Milton. Vestal and Milton died. Trenmor now lives at Carson City, Nevada, an attorney-at-law and banker and is doing well.

During the time between 1856 and 1860, there was great unrest in every part of social, political, religious and domestic life. New thoughts seemed to suddenly come into the minds of every one. The agitation of the slavery question had opened out new channels of thought, and new powers of thinking, the invention of labor-saving machinery was also transforming every department of productive industry, and especially home life. The spinning and weaving of home-made cloth went out of use and the sewing machine came in. The mowing and reaping machine lessened by one-half the farm labor, the housewife was released from half her toil, the men and boys doing much that she and the girls formerly did. The farmer with the same labor doubled his yearly products, and all had time to think; and the thinking was

forming into questions. Why are all things as we find them? Is there not a better way? How much of our faith and belief is traditional, and not founded on principles of justice and judgment? In the churches the question was being asked, How much is the tradition of the elders, and how much is from the Bible in our religion, belief and usage? Everywhere, in every channel of thought, active minds were exploring the surroundings. Especially was womanhood beginning to ask the question: "Why such a difference between man and wife, between son and daughter before the civil law? Why is woman looked upon as inferior in all church matters? Why pay women less wages than men for the same amount of work?"

In the midst of all this evolution and revolution, I was still working on the farm up to the limit of my strength, and was slowly gaining headway; every year more land was cleared, the timber land sowed in grass adding to the pasture land. One favorite business was raising horses, and in time I had several young horses for sale each spring, and made more money at the business than any other. Connected with this horse business was a very amusing pastime, especially for the neighbor boys, that of training colts to be ridden, and gaited for travel. Being an expert from youth in this art, it was my custom to set an afternoon and in-

vite the boys to join in the exciting scene; and it can be said that we never failed in mastering by stratagem the wildest colts known. My plan was the more dangerous, but most sure; I always rode the wild colts without bridle, or halter, and had an enclosure from which they could not escape, by power of endurance, and agility let them completely exhaust themselves in trying to escape, or shake me off, and in time the boys caught the knack, and the result was that my colts always sold at a good price. In fifteen years I had sold a colt to every boy for miles around for when they wanted a horse to make a beginning, for as yet buggy and pleasure carriages were not in use, all people traveled on horseback when going to church and on gala days and on journeys, traveling horses were in demand and sure sale.

Again a cloud fell on the household. On June 27th, 1858, our little son, Job, passed away aged two years. This was peculiarly trying to my wife, being her first born, and a child of unusual promise, and we had begun to hope for a life of usefulness. My son Trenmor had become strongly attached to his little brother, and talked much of what they would do when they were men. The loss of this brother had a marked effect upon his young mind, which he did not forget, and it seemed to prove one of the way mark of his life.

My brother had resumed the practice of medicine, and was making a success in business, was brave and strong again, and entered into all the excitement of everything pertaining to the slave power. Brother Emory had settled into successful business at Dunreith, Ind., and was more quiet and mild in all his ways. We had also taken a little niece into our family, who became as our own child, Ruth Woodward, daughter of my wife's sister, Susannah Smith, who was married the second time to William Smith.

In 1857, Western Yearly Meeting of Friends Church was established at Plainfield, twelve miles from my home. It was set off from Indiana Yearly Meeting held at Richmond, Ind., and was a very large meeting from the beginning. Father Alfred Hadley was one of the committee in charge of the locating and building a meeting house, and he always stopped with us going and coming from Plainfield, while the house was being built; a neighbor, Dr. James Kersey, was also one of the building committee, so I was tolerably well informed of what was the mind of the active leaders of that day in the church, or "The Religious Society of Friends" as then called, and the name under which the Yearly Meeting was incorporated.

At that time the standard of wealth was low, when compared with the present standard; millionaires were almost unknown. A man worth $100,000 was the

highest standard of wealth; so the proposition to build a $12,000 meeting house seemed wonderful, and was discussed long and earnestly before it was approved; then it became a point of honor, and a spirit of enthusiasm took possession of the members to build the grand, costly church.

I entered warmly into the building spirit, and imagined, in advance, how nice it would be to sit in the congregation, in so grand a house, yet not once dreaming what would be my relation to that congregation in a few brief years. The first Yearly Meeting held was a sensational event in the community, and was the largest religious meeting ever held in central Indiana; on the first Sabbath of its sessions there were 10,000 or more people in attendance, and up to the present time Quaker Yearly Meeting is a fixed thing in the calendar, and used as a mark of current events as occurring before or after, and year by year its influence for good has slowly become a power of no small moral and political interest. Its decisions on temperance, peace, social, educational, and economical questions has a deciding influence far and near.

The establishing of Western Yearly Meeting, and the constantly intensifying agitation of the slavery subject, made the life current run at almost fever heat, the national awakening was something I had despaired of seeing, but the hope that slavery could be

checked, then restrained and finally abolished in my day was so exciting to my excitable hopes that it is a wonder I was capable of carrying on my regular business. But for my wife's superior judgment and business ability I would have failed; but I was in the prime of life and my early training had prepared me to meet what it seemed the Lord intended I should pass through; nor did I have time to think of what might come, the present was so full of work that it required undivided attention. At this period events crowded upon me so fast that they will have to be taken separately though contemporary.

In the early spring of 1860 I met my intimate friend, Dr. Mark D. Stoneman, who was intensely alive to all the surroundings, and a foreseer of coming events. Among his first exclamations was this, "We are right at the beginning of a furious civil war, I feel it in every bone and fiber of body, heart and mind. Let it come, I am ready, this generation will see the end of slavery, thank God." Of course his enthusiasm awakened a sympathetic cord in my heart, and we prophesied until our reason called a halt, and we came to more sober things.

The wonderful presidential campaign of 1860 has gone into history as one of the most intensely violent of all our history, and resulted in the most fearful consequences of anything the world had seen for cen-

turies. Before it was over I found that I could not endorse the spirit of violence, crimination, recrimination, threats of violence and blood and destruction that were heard on every side, especially among the pro-slavery party. Before the day of election came it seemed to be a settled conviction that the slave power would fight if they lost the election, and the voice of the Republican party seemed "Fight if you dare," and when the first gun was fired there was a secret thrill of joy in the hearts of thousands who longed for an opportunity to avenge the insults received in the past from slave holders, and the slave power, and to this spirit belong many of the wanton acts of destruction of property in the slave states.

When the war was really upon us with all it meant, and all that it ultimately would bring about, the destruction of slavery, my neighbors and the community were astonished to find me not only holding back in the wild storm of patriotic indignation and cry of vengeance against the rebels, but actively opposing the war spirit, attributing it to pure love of opposition, they resorted to threats of personal violence against me, and at one time an effort was made to organize a mob. That I should oppose a war that would end slavery, against which I had been fighting all my life, was more than some people were willing to tolerate. They could not understand that I looked upon

all war as legalized murder, and that Christians could not approve, or support it. At one time there was a call for voluntary contributions to relieve the suffering of the soldiers in the army. The call was very popular and was universally responded to by all classes excepting Job Hadley and myself, we decisively refused to contribute one cent in any form, or under any pretense. We were tried on the plea that it would be applied to assist the sick and wounded in the hospitals, etc., but all to no purpose, we were conscientious against all and every form of war.

At one time the county commissioners levied a tax to pay bounties to men who volunteered in the army; this tax we also refused to pay, and it was not collected. Another form of contributing was for the support of the wives and children of the men in the army, and especially for the widows of those who lost their lives in the service. All this we refused to pay, and we found ourselves antagonizing the opinions, and in some cases, incurring the hatred of many in the community. We felt this keenly, but the Lord was with us in the midst of all our trial of faith, but as the war went on, and the very life of the nation seemed at stake, we found that we must adhere unflinchingly to our convictions of duty.

There was one thing we found to do, and we did it faithfully without once thinking of being credited for

it. There were many poor widows and orphans not connected with the war, and in the intense excitement over military movements in the terrible conflict, this class of the poor were entirely overlooked, and were suffering. To them we gave the hand of help, and their heartfelt thanks more than repaid us. At the close of the war, when the community again settled down to real life, and accounts were cast up it was found that Job Hadley and I had done more in charity than any of the others, and we felt happier in having done so than they seemed to feel.

Though not active in promoting and sustaining the war, I was not idle, nor wholly disconnected with it; many times I assisted parents in finding where their sons were stationed in the army, or where they had fallen; or in counseling how to get the remains brought home for burial, etc. Sometimes a more serious matter would come to light. Some poor boy, homesick and tired of the hardships and horrors of war, would come to me for help and advice, for it was impossible for him to remain long concealed, and the penalty for desertion was severe. Here was a trial of human sympathy. They who aided, or concealed deserters were alike guilty and had to suffer, but my experience in underground railroad came to my help, and in every case the boy was saved from punishment,

and the odium of being a deserter, and served out his time.

As war develops all the darker and stormier passions of the human heart, so it was in our civil war, every form of sin, vice and crime became active and aggressive, one of which was "bounty jumping." An unprincipled man would enlist in the army, draw the bounty, often $400, then desert, go to another place, enlist again, draw the bounty and desert; this got to be so intolerable that many were shot. One time I was at Indianapolis assisting in getting a boy released, who was drafted into the army; while there two ugly looking bounty jumpers were brought in under arrest for the crime; they stoutly denied being deserters, or having any money, and demanded a fair trial. I was standing not far away; the provost marshal called me to come and see the fellows examined. Their coats were first inspected closely, then their vests, then they were required to strip off their pants, but still no money was found; then their underclothes, but the closest search found no money, but at last the provost marshal ordered their dirty socks to be taken off, the guard thrust his hand rather reluctantly into one of them, but instantly his eyes brightened and when he drew out his hand it was full of greenback money. The money was handed over to the paymaster, and the men taken to the guardhouse; there was a dark, re-

vengeful look in their faces as they disappeared. I never knew their fate, but give this as one of the events daily occurring at Indianapolis during the war.

During 1863-64 there was not a farmer in Hendricks county whose parents or himself had emigrated from the South, but had one or more deserters from the Confederate army, or refugees from Southern conscription; especially was this the case from North Carolina and Tennessee, and they were of immense benefit to the country in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, for they took the place of the men who had joined the Union army; nor was the benefit all on one side, the refugees received good wages, and when the war closed were better off in money at least than if there had been no war.

At one time a company of 400 Confederate prisoners were brought to Indianapolis from Louisiana. They were all of French descent, and had been farm laborers. They were not rebels at heart, but were conscripted into the Southern army. Learning the wages farm hands received they wanted to work. A contract for cutting wood was found, and they were sent out under guard and did splendid work. In a short time all the guards but one would disperse to have a good time. The prisoners needed no guard. They were doing so well they would not even escape. Once when quitting time came the one guard was

drunk and they carried him in. Finally they were suffered to hunt work anywhere, and only required to report at stated times. At the close of the war many of them settled in Indiana. These are incidents that came up, showing the under current of life that flowed on, while the war was raging in the South.

After a lingering sickness and great suffering brother Alfred's wife, Mary Elizabeth Coffin, died October 15, 1860, leaving him with his two little girls in quite a helpless condition, so far as housekeeping was concerned, but events soon changed the whole situation.

The latter part of 1862 he was called into the government service as a physician, to take charge of the refugee Indians in Southern Kansas. At the breaking out of the rebellion a part of the Indians in Indian territory remained loyal and were driven from the territory and took refuge in Kansas and claimed and received government protection. Cousin William G. Coffin was appointed superintendent of those refugees, and he called brother to take charge of the medical department. On New Year's day, 1863, he started for his place of service, leaving his two children with my wife, who was to have care of them; this she did until they grew to womanhood. In the meantime my niece, Miriam A. Henley, married William Thomas, of Wayne county, Ind., and they

moved into brother's house, so as to cultivate the farm while he was gone.

Finding his position in Southern Kansas a very dangerous one, my brother returned home in June to make a more satisfactory arrangement for business. Brother Emory met him by appointment, intending to go to Kansas with him, but in a few days brother Alfred was taken with erysipelas, and was dangerously ill, and it required all the care and skill possible to save him. While he was yet feeble William Thomas and brother Emory took the same disease in a more violent form. On the morning of July 4th William Thomas died, and the same evening brother Emory passed away. This was a trial to heart and strength. We were all worn with waiting and watching, and some of the neighbors were afraid of the disease, which added to our trial. It was a dark time with us, but my wife's undoubting faith and prayers kept us from failing. William Thomas was buried at Spring burial ground near by; brother Emory was taken home to Dunreith and buried at Spiceland, Ind. As soon as able Alfred returned to his post, and we were left with new responsibilities and new sorrows. Though care was increased and the way seemed to darken before us, the Lord gave us strength, and in the midst of that darkness, there came to me a vision of hope and assurance that reached beyond the present, on to the sunshine

beyond the war. None beside my wife, mother and Job Hadley were ready to hear and receive. We had the faith, and time brought the sunshine and the end was seen, but ere it came other stirring scenes crossed our path that called the mind in part away from the coming end.

To make coming events intelligent, it is necessary to go back to the situation in Indiana during the war; as previously stated, there were many hundreds of refugees and deserters from the Confederate army in the State, those refugees had left families and friends whom they wanted brought to Indiana. There was also an emancipated colored man near my home whose wife and children had been slaves; now that they were free he wanted them to come to him. This colored man and several refugees employed me to go to North Carolina and bring their folks out to them, and the time to go was soon after the close of Western Yearly Meeting. Now, when it was known I was going south, there was much comment among many people, who said the Lord in mercy was sending me away to die, that my family might be spared from seeing the judgment that was to strike me down. They little knew what was in my heart, and what the Lord had promised.

The trip was made, but I had much trouble with the former owner of the slaves, who at first refused to

suffer them to be taken out of the State, for he in common with other slave-holders had a secret belief that slavery would be restored, or they would get pay for their slaves, but he was out generaled, and I returned to Indiana with a company of fifty passengers, mostly women and children.

This trip to North Carolina proved to be the beginning of my new life work.

The winter of 1867-68 I made a trip to the Island of Nantucket to see the home of my American ancestors on my father's side; the route traveled was by Philadelphia, New York, sound steamer to Providence, railroad to Boston and to Hienas, then by steamer to the island. Going out the trip was very pleasant, until leaving the port of Hienas; from there it was very rough, a heavy gale was blowing and it was quite cold. On arriving I sought out relatives of my name, and was kindly entertained, and spent two weeks looking at old ancestral relics, examining the library, museum, the Coffin college, the city schools, the old windmill on the hill, and had a good social time with the people.

Returning from the island, two days were spent in Boston visiting the celebrated historic places in the vicinity, then two days in New York viewing its specialties, and none were more interesting than Central Park. At that day it was a marvel of beauty to my wondering eyes.

Two or three days were spent in Philadelphia very pleasantly, then the home run began. When nearing Lancaster, Pa., I was thinking of what the Lord was doing for me, and why one so utterly unworthy should receive such mercy, when, in a moment of time, "that voice again" spoke in my heart with fearful distinctness, "It is finished, henceforth thou art as other men." In another moment it seemed a horror of great darkness suddenly fell upon me, and it was so fearful that I doubted whether I could live. For an hour or more my condition was more depressing than when lying on the grass at Plainfield, and I was ready to cry out to be released from such agony, when, as suddenly as it came, the great darkness vanished, and a still small voice said, "Thy life is in thy own hands, as thy conduct, so shall it be unto thee," and the glad light and life again filled my humbled and thankful soul, yet the transition from the days of safety back to ordinary life was not without its vivid contrast.

After returning home I worked on the farm until June, when one of the land agents of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad came to see me in regard to sending emigrants to Kansas to settle on the railroad lands, and he offered to take me to Kansas to examine the outlook for settlers. I soon arranged my business and was on the way, going by St. Louis and Sedalia, Mo.; the land office was then at Neosho Falls, Kan.

From that point I was sent out to the South and West across the wide unoccupied prairie seventy to eighty miles, until every part of my body was in pain with the rough driving; part of the drive was through the magnesium limestone belt and very rocky. Returning to Neosho Falls, I was taken to Emporia, and from there driven far up Cottonwood river and out to the Hogbacks towards the Arkansas river, coming back by Plymouth; here, in and around Emporia, I met many of my old friends and church members, who were anxious and curious to know all about my contest with the church, and it had all to be talked over many times.

The next point was Council Grove, from where another long trip was made westward; then returning to the railroad and being nearly worn out, I went to my brother Alfred's at Le Roy, to rest. In this exploration I saw much of the heart of Kansas, for beside this vehicle travel, after resting a few days, I took quite an extensive run on the railroads, for they all very readily gave me passes everywhere, and it was only a question of "time," when, or in what direction my business, or curiosity called that put a limit to my travel. One ride will not be forgotten, from Sedalia, Mo., to Parsons in Southern Kansas; it was done on top of a caboose car, so the view would be unbroken on all sides; it was grand and inspiring; so much so that

sleep was impossible the next night. In fact, there was but little sleeping done for a week; it was full moon, and the night riding was as grand as by day. Nearly all the trip was accomplished in this way until Kansas was graven in my memory as boundaries on an atlas.

When this journey was over it was nearly time for Western Yearly Meeting, when I should be "Like other men," and there was some anxiety as to how things might turn. There was a rumor abroad that another attempt would be made to put me out by force, but when the meeting came, the spirit had softened towards me; my sudden and wonderful success in emigration and traveling had satisfied all that I was not a doomed man. When the caretakers met the idea of putting me out was rejected, and I was respectfully requested to withdraw and then recorded as an intruder. Carrying this subject forward to its end in the Yearly Meeting, the next year the caretakers notified me that they were not going to report me as an intruder, intimating that it was getting rather too much of a load for the meeting to carry, and my name was no more mentioned in the meeting until I was a delegate from Plainfield Quarterly Meeting.

NOTE — Several references throughout the work to the deep trials and almost marvelous experiences of a somewhat prolonged struggle in his own monthly meeting require a word of explanation. The account of this period was written with hesitation and only at the urgent request for his "whole life." Now remembering his seeming reluctance, we withhold these pages from publication, simply saying that whatever the merits in the case may have been there was left no bitterness in the spirit of him who must have suffered most.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

North Carolina Emigration—Incidents of 1866 in Connection With That Exodus—Opening Excursions to North Carolina—Opening up Excursions to Other Points—The Beginning of More Extensive Explorations.

Going back to spring of 1866, it is necessary to say that unexpectedly the emigration business suddenly presented itself to me, and in a way that was rather startling, both in magnitude and responsibility, but there came a satisfying assurance into my heart that all should go well, and not one hair of the heads of those under my care should be harmed. It was a new and strange, yea, a fearful sensation to be free from the "law of death," and it was still more astonishing to know that others were to be in like condition while in my care. I did not feel that it was my work, but the work of a higher power, that it was my part to be as a dutiful child in the hands of a kind Father. With

this feeling, and under this influence, the wonderful work of 1866 began.

The first company of emigrants went west in March, and was made up largely of men and boys, about one hundred in all. The April company increased to two hundred, and was a surprise to the citizens of Greensboro; it was at least half women and children. The May company still increased in numbers, and the larger part were women and children, most of them the families of refugees; by this time the business began to attract attention at both ends of the line of travel. There was also much trouble in handling the baggage, for it was in every form and shape, from a regular trunk, down through boxes, bales, bundles, to old fashioned saddle-bags and pockets, resembling a double haversack. The railroads would not check half the unwieldy luggage; to meet the difficulty I had tags printed and numbered. A tag was attached to every piece of baggage and the number written in a book, so I could identify them; this was a success, and the railroads agreed to transport, though sometimes it would look impossible to bring order out of a confused heap, or carload of my emigrant baggage. The June company numbered over 300, nearly all women and children, and at starting many predicted that I would not get so helpless a party through, but they did not know the unseen power that was supporting me, and

guarding the emigrants. The business was now exciting general attention; the railroads realized that new arrangements would have to be made to accommodate the travel and carry the baggage. I saw the necessity of having through emigrant tickets, special baggage cars, and the emigrant cars attached to the rear of the trains, etc., etc. This was soon accomplished, and emigrant tickets were made from Greensboro to fourteen points in the Northwest, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas.

By this time the business had assumed large proportions, in fact, "very" large in the imagination of those not intimately acquainted with it. Railroads in the West having land grants sent agents and passes to me to solicit me to send some of my emigrants to settle their lands. People in North Carolina thought I owned the train that took the parties West, and many boys and young men applied for a chance to work their passage West, and some even wrote to me asking for employment as locomotive engineers. All through North Carolina, Coffin's emigrant train became almost a fixed institution, and in spite of all my explanations, was not rightly understood by any but the railroad managers, some of whom have many amusing memories of the uncouth and untrained crowds that filled some of the cars. The devastation of the war had left the country threadbare in every sense, and many of the

emigrants looked and were so; added to this their eager, anxious wondering countenances, when they realized they had found Coffin's train, often made a picture to be remembered.

From June the companies increased until they made a train load. Through July, August and September the women and children outnumbered the men and boys two to one, and my work, care and responsibility increased almost beyond my ability to manage; sometimes twenty different persons in the Northwest would send money to bring families and relatives to them, and very often there was not enough money sent, and I was called on for help; in this way I paid out much of my earnings, and rarely ever received a return. Many times there were mothers with four to six children going to husband and friends. They had never traveled before, and they were full of anxiety about their safety, and still more concerned as to how they were to know where to stop and what to do when they stopped; to some it was difficult to understand how I could know when and where to put so many people off, and tell them what to do. With several hundred passengers of this kind, it was a severe tax on my power of endurance, and often there was no chance to get any sleep between Baltimore and Indianapolis. At the latter place my obligation ended after seeing all on the diverging trains, though I had frequently to go

to St. Louis, Lafayette and other points to look after misplaced baggage. My checks were always canceled at Indianapolis.

There was much excitement at Greensboro the latter part of the year about so many people leaving the state and taking so much money away from the business enterprises that were contemplated. Many refugees had left debts behind, and now their families were leaving there was less hope than ever of a settlement. Many absconding debtors took advantage of the opportunity to get their families off with me, while they went by private roads overland. One effort was made to break up my business by having me arrested for aiding absconding debtors in leaving the state, but I had taken the precaution to gain the protection of the military commander of the state, and I had authority to take all who interfered with me to Raleigh to the military headquarters. When this was known in 20 minutes the parties gave up all thought of stopping me and were ever after silent.

In September, October and November there were five to seven hundred souls each time, and the train and the change from rail to steamer at Portsmouth was the beginning of wonders to both emigrants and bystanders, then the march from the landing to railroad station, through the city of Baltimore was the crowning wonder and a great novelty to the emigrants;

all was amusement and delight; to the citizens it was a procession so singular that hundreds came out to see the apparition. The primitive homespun dress, the anxious excited looks, and the odd bundles and packs that nearly all carried was both intensely interesting and amusing. There was much trouble to keep them from straggling in the march, but in time the police force became vigilant in looking after stragglers and returning them to the station before our departure. At the different stations there was often much trouble in preventing a rush and a panic; every one would become excited lest he should be left, or fail to get a seat. After the train started it often took several hours to get all satisfactorily seated, families together, companies of neighbors grouped together, the aged and infirm comfortably situated, and last, but not least, to make the mean and selfish boys behave, though I can say to the credit of the emigrants, that there were very few who did not conduct themselves in an honorable way while in my care, for I had authority in the South to enforce good behavior, and by common consent it was extended through the Northwest, yet it was not called in question, or necessary to use but once. On landing at Indianapolis, a drunken fellow knocked a woman down and pushed another with a babe in her arms over backwards, and was using vile language, when I called to him to desist. Then he rushed at me with

terrible oaths, but I caught him by the throat and began shutting off his profanity. A violent struggle followed. Though he was much the stronger man I was diligent to business until a policeman came to my relief, and the brutal fellow was punished. This whole affair was over in a little time, less than it takes to write it, yet it had a good effect, for it became known along and at both ends of the line of travel, that I made people behave themselves while traveling with me.

When the work of 1866 was ended, ten trips had been made between Indianapolis, Ind., and Greensboro, N. C., over 5000 emigrants had left North Carolina and South Virginia. The travel was from Greensboro via Raleigh and Weldon, N. C., to Portsmouth, Va., by bay steamers to Baltimore, and thence by Baltimore and Ohio railroad and Pennsylvania Central railroad via Columbus, Ohio, to Indianapolis, Indiana. From there they were distributed by six railroads to various points. This circuitous route had to be made on account of the arbitrary rates demanded by the Richmond (Va.) and Danville railroad. The result of the year's work was a surprise to everybody but my wife, who saw and felt from the beginning that the Lord was in it, and that I was leading a life for two years above the law of death, while others looked upon it as a wonderful achievement on my part. "We" understood "who" was upholding me, but no one was

ready to receive it. I had never shown myself to be much above my neighbors in any way, and quite inferior in some, and to have claimed that the Lord was using me as a special instrument would have been more than the community would have accepted, so with hearts full of gratitude for all that was done for us we were "still."

There was one incident that occurred on the November trip that will illustrate our feeling. My wife accompanied me on that trip, to be at North Carolina Yearly Meeting. On the return trip, there were several old and infirm people, who were trying to get their children out West. They were so feeble they had to be carried in a chair when changes were made. To ordinary people it looked not only hopeless, but a dangerous undertaking. It made the trainmen nervous to see them. Strange to say, they not only stood the journey, but got stronger. After leaving Baltimore a child that had been ailing was taken suddenly ill and was pronounced dying, and the parents and many of the passengers wanted the train stopped, so it could be taken off and cared for, but I refused. This created intense excitement; even my wife plead for the child to be let off, saying, "It will die here." With quite an excited company around me I said, "This child 'cannot die' while in my care; if you take it off death is certain." Instantly that well-known bright

light shone in my wife's face; she quietly said, "Give me the child," then taking it in her arms held it close to her for more than an hour; then it seemed to relax and went to sleep, and from that moment began to improve. The parents went to Emporia, Kan., and the child grew to healthy womanhood. "That" removed all doubts from our minds.

The latter part of December I returned to Greensboro and went to Columbia, S. C., and extended the emigrant rate to Greenville in that state, where there were several hundred people who wished to go West but there was much opposition to it; many seemed to be alarmed at the thought of so many white people leaving the state, lest the freed slaves should domineer the whole state, for out of the 5000 emigrants who had gone not more than 150 were Negroes; but opposition was no new thing, and the emigrants left Granville like other places, but unlike many others they pushed into Iowa, Nebraska and even to Minnesota.

In 1867 I made four trips, though small parties of 25 to 50 went through alone. The business had now become so well organized that it was no trouble for small parties, as they were given the regular emigrant rate of $21 from Greensboro to Indianapolis, and in the same proportion to other points. This was about half first-class fare.

In 1868 I made two trips, and in 1870 took an

excursion to North Carolina Yearly Meeting, which was a success, and was the beginning of a business as unexpected as the emigration. When the party returned they gave such striking descriptions of the effects of the war, that hundreds who had emigrated years before now wanted to revisit their old homes and scenes of childhood. To meet this new want I negotiated at regular excursion rates, and soon, like the emigration, it assumed large proportions, and from 1872 to 1880, three to five hundred excursionists would go each year, and a large company of emigrants would return with me, and it became almost a regular thing for excursionists to take home with them a boy or girl to help on the farm and in the house. Cousins, nephews, nieces, boys and girls left without a home in consequence of the war, were usually the ones selected to be taken. In this way the emigration continued until about 1880, when it measurably ceased to attract attention, but the excursion business kept right on up to the present day, but there was this change, instead of one party, there were two and three each year; always one at Yearly Meeting time. In addition to the Carolina excursions, there was soon a demand for excursions to the border states to see the vast prairies of the West, and to Iowa and Kansas Yearly Meetings, which also assumed large proportions, and at length I found myself identified with a wide expanse

of business, and quite a traveler, all of which had come to me almost unconsciously.

When the wonderful spirit of expansion took possession of the nation, I found myself in it without knowing why. People wishing to emigrate to Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dakota, Colorado, etc., etc., applied to me to get emigrant rates and freight cars for their property. I went on exploring trips, first into the nearer border states, then on to the Pacific coast. While the Northern Pacific railroad was building, an exploration trip was made through Dakota, Montana and Idaho to the Columbia, to see the vast region opened up in that direction. I had unlimited time and stop-over privileges, which were used to see as wide a range as possible. I stopped off at way stations, large and small places out on the wide plain where there was nothing but earth, grass and sky in fifty miles, where men were hunting and staking off land claims, living in small tents and in large dry-goods boxes turned down on one side, in every form of shelter ingenuity could devise, all full of life and hope. In many places the whole plain was checkered with deeply-worn buffalo trails, and as far as the eye could see sprinkled white with their bones, which were being gathered in enormous heaps along the railroad for shipment east.

At Jamestown, N. D., I went up the Devil lake

branch of the road past where the town of Carrington now stands, out into the unexplored, unsurveyed and then almost unknown. Everywhere there was the vast unbroken, limitless expanse of sky and grass, with a soil capable of limitless production, and I realized that I was in the vast wheat field that is to bread the world. Then I passed the Bad Lands, or Hell Put Out, as the cowboys call it, where has been a lake of boiling molten matter, and suddenly an ocean of water has been poured into it. It is beyond the power of man to imagine the fearful commotion that would follow, but there before and around us is the result; great hills, mounds, ridges and almost mountains of cinder, scoria, volcanic rocks and vitrified matter thrown, whirled and contorted into a thousand shapes, literally a place of utter desolation and desolate forever. The material of which those mounds and hills are formed is so loose that it is nearly impossible for man or animal to climb them, nor does any one feel much desire to try the experiment.

Though the scene is interesting and full of suggestive speculation, yet few wish to linger long amid such terrible surroundings. Passing on across a broken rolling country with alternate, beautiful grassy valleys and rocky barred ridges, we finally reach the Yellowstone river and valley, which has long been a wonder land, and in recent years become of all lands

of the earth the most wonderful, since the National Park is now accessible. To get a clear, intelligent view of the valley, I rode the entire length on top of a caboose car, with a good glass by which the whole valley and adjacent plains were brought under review. The valley proper is about 400 miles long; the river is a strong, rapidly flowing stream, navigable much of its distance in spring and summer, while the snow is melting on the mountains. This valley is very fertile, and destined to be of vast importance in the future; there is unlimited water power, and it is near the center of the great wheat field of the world, and before another generation passes the now world-wide celebrated Minneapolis mills will be dwarfed by the mills of the Yellowstone river.

To the south of the valley can be seen on a large scale one of the unaccountable geological phenomenon that baffles scientific speculation. There is an extensive level plain, covered with luxuriant grass, which presents such an appearance as to lead one to believe that the entire plain had once been 80 to 100 feet higher than now, and that three-fourths of it had suddenly sunk down, leaving the other one-fourth standing in irregular hills, mounds and ridges, and sometimes there are hundreds of almost columns standing thick like huge trees; to add to the wonder, the tops of all those hills and ridges are perfectly level and hori-

zontal with the plain, and the rock strata in them is also horizontal and undisturbed by the sinking of the plain, or their being "thrust up" by volcanic action. One day this will be a land of romance and beauty to the now far-off noisy rushing world. These singular plains are very fertile, with unlimited facilities for irrigation.

A short stop was made at Big Horn river to examine that rich and promising valley. There were a dozen families in tents, the wives and children, while the husbands were off up the valley locating homesteads. Here was one of the beautiful pictures of our American home life and nation building; here were cheerful, sweet-faced mothers in the prime of life, with families of bright girls and boys, away from civilization, away from home comforts, in the midst of an almost unknown region and wild, rugged mountains, ready to brave the dangers and privations of pioneer life. Here I cannot refrain from adding what I saw after fifteen years had passed. The eye could hardly believe the vision that opened before it. That Big Horn valley was a vast expanse of beautiful fields, dotted all over with fine homes; the mothers' heads were turning gray, but the sweet look was still in their smiling eyes; and above all their girls and boys had grown to noble man and womanhood, and were making glad the now bright and prosperous valley. This is

but one of hundreds of such scenes I have witnessed in twenty-five years, some of which cannot fade from memory.

From the Yellowstone valley we cross the Bozeman range of the Rockies, and come out into the Gallatin valley, "which" after all I have seen of other lands still remains "beautiful" among many pleasing memories. The valley is about sixty miles long and fifteen wide, completely surrounded with high mountains, the summits of some of them so grouped together, that they form a charming and impressive picture. To the northeast is the celebrated Flat Head pass, where the mountain range is cleft to the very base with a grand view, not only through the range, but to the wide region beyond. Baron Humboldt passed through this cleft in his wonderful travels during the past generation. About thirty years ago a secession of several hundred Mormons came to this valley and planted themselves near the Bozeman, and by their skill in irrigation and industry were soon surrounded with fertile fields and pleasant homes, so that the place became a resting spot for wanderers through that unoccupied region. Near the west end of the valley lived a singular man named Frank Dunbar, from North Carolina, who had been there twenty-one years, and had devoted most of his time to raising horses, but all the time believed that something would "happen

for him" and "that" valley; so when the Northern Pacific railroad came to him and built the town of Gallatin on his land it did "happen."

A short distance from Gallatin, the three rivers, Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson meet and form the Missouri. This point is destined to become historic, for here Captains Lewis and Clark spent the winter of 1804 and 1805 on their celebrated exploring expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific. While standing near the spot I could but think how impossible it would have been to have convinced them that inside of 75 years that place would be occupied by white people and a railroad, a thing then not thought of, running close by that camping place in the heart of an unknown region. Nor did I, when a boy, while reading the narrative of Lewis and Clark and Casse's Journal, then used as a school reader, ever "dream" that I would stand on the same ground in the van of civilization that has now covered the continent, but the facts were before me, and it filled my mind with inexpressible delight and enjoyment. The scene around was grand and inspiring, independent of history, but when nature and history united there was a greater interest to river, mountain, rocks and sun lit valley, and so another picture was added to the tablet of memory.

What lies beyond that point more properly belongs to the Pacific coast, and we will turn back and re-

view the country as coming from the west. During the outward journey many of the mountain ranges were still covered with snow, now (about May 20th) the lower ranges were uncovered, and all the streams were in full tide, and the June flood of the Mississippi was on its way to the gulf, and among the mountains and hills, there was heard the sound of many waters, ravines and gorges were raging fearful torrents, which were dry three months later; logs were being floated down from the hills where soon would be no water in sight. All this gave continued interest to all the surroundings.

When we returned into the Yellowstone valley again it was full of new entertainment, new features presented themselves at every turn; the western slopes of the hills and mountains, in many places, showed new geological phenomena; there were traces of volcanic action unseen from eastward; everywhere was the eroding mark of great torrents of water at higher levels than the valley of to-day; the twisted and contorted strata showed a succession of volcanic activity that would be deeply instructive to observing scientists and amateur geologists. There was also much that was interesting in the signs of rural life; hundreds of white tents and pole cabins were seen along the river bank and small streams, and out on the broad valley were hundreds of plowmen turning up the

deep, rich, alluvial soil for the first time since the world began. Around the tents and cabins were signs of home life; the garden, with chickens enjoying the warm sunshine amid their new surroundings, while near by was a cow tethered to a stake, feeding on the fresh, luxuriant grass.

Sitting on the caboose, all these things passed like a magic panorama; even the people seemed as though they too were moving and acting in a new world. Sometimes the little children would stop their play to look at some new shade of light that fell upon the mountains, or was reflected from the chalk cliffs that shone in the clear sunlight. The first advancing tide of humanity and Christian civilization had reached those far-off lands, where in the near future millions would throng, and cover that strange, romantic region. Who knows but in the coming time the Yellowstone Valley may be to the great, new northwest what the Valley of the Euphrates was to Western Asia in the ages gone? It is in the center of a broader land, with almost limitless capabilities.

The return across the great plain to Fargo and the Red River of the North was more interesting than the outward trip. My comprehension seemed to grasp more fully our wonderful resources as a nation, and our marvelous outlet for expansion. Right here we had a great extent of wheat-producing soil that

was capable of providing bread for the whole world. I stopped off at the stations and on the wayside to talk with the pioneers, and I could draw out a recital of their hopes, ambitions, and aspirations. My own experience in early life, and the taste of pioneer life in Indiana, enabled me to speak to and sympathize with every condition, while learning everywhere the wonderful lesson, how the Lord was leading and guiding the nation-builders here on the wide plains, yonder in a beautiful valley, and still beyond among the giant mountains, as out-posts and beacons of the coming tide of humanity. It was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful.

A short stop was made at Minneapolis, Minn., among my California friends; also a day in Iowa, then on home, where my neighbors and friends eagerly awaited my report, for the spirit of emigration was in the land, and thousands were looking forward to joining the great overland emigration. I wrote a series of articles for the "Indiana Farmer," and other papers; also answered many letters of inquiry as to the result of my northwest trip, which seemed to give satisfaction, and the tide of emigration flowed with increased activity in that direction.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Crushed Beneath a Loaded Wagon—Fearful Suffering—Called Back From Death—Angel Visitants—Recovery Miraculous.

To keep the current of events in harmony with my onward narrative, it will be necessary to give some important domestic occurrences, which had an influence on all subsequent movements. In the early spring of 1880, I was crushed by a heavy, loaded wagon in such a way that all my ribs but two were broken, my breast badly mashed, and my right shoulder broken. When the wagon passed over me the pain was so fearful that I thought it would be impossible for me to live. Raising up, I felt a strange, swimming sensation, as if slowly rising up into the air. This seemed so real that I looked towards the barn near by to see if it was really true that I was going away; but things all seemed fixed, and almost instantly there came a sudden hush around, and a real sinking

sensation that was of such a character that I felt that death was at hand, as the human mind is capable of working and thinking with lightning speed in emergencies. As I felt I could live but a few moments, I thought of wife and daughter, who were in the house not far away; and that they might know that I was conscious to the last, I folded my arms and laid down, saying, "And this is death; how simple and easy a thing it is to die," and I was carried away. When consciousness returned wife and daughter were lifting me up, but there was a sensation of suffocation that was terrible, with a rack of agonizing pain; but as they lifted me up the broken spines of my ribs that had been forced into my lungs withdrew, and breath came to me once more.

I was taken to the house in great pain, such as language cannot describe. As soon as they got me on a bed, my daughter started for a doctor, over a mile away. Inside of forty minutes she was back again, and in a few seconds the doctor, a strong, active man, came in out of breath. It was decided by him that I could not live many hours, and all that could be done was to give me chloral to relieve my intense suffering. This was done, and at the end of eight hours I still lived, but had to take large quantities of chloral. And so it went for three days, doctor, neighbors and friends said I could not live. My

body was so badly crushed and internal bleeding had been so profuse that it did seem there was no hope; but wife said: "I cannot give him up; he must not, cannot, shall not die." Her devotion and faith were very touching to all, who were very kind in helping her and daughter; so I continued to suffer untold agony day by day, with no attempt to give any examination or set the broken bones. I, as well as all others, knew that any effort of that kind would result in instant death. At the end of three weeks my pains had not abated, and hope began to grow dim; without relief death would soon come. One afternoon when it seemed as though the pain was too great for me to bear longer, a feeling similar to that at first began to come over me, and I was again going to pass on. While lying still, almost glad that the hour was so near when my sufferings would end, suddenly two wonderfully beautiful beings were standing in the room near me. I recognized them as being like those I had seen in vision in childhood. They were so lovely, their looks so divine, and such infinite tenderness in their eyes, that it overpowered me into a feeling of utter nothingness, so that I tried to hide my face, but could not. This language flashed through my mind like fire: "What am I that such beautiful beings should visit me? I am but as dust and ashes." Then in a moment another beautiful being stood close

to my bed, and looked into my face with eyes and countenance that human language cannot describe; and I was still more startled to recognize this latter as being the redeemed spirit of a negro, and, if possible, more sublimely tender and lovely than the other two; and this language spoken in my heart: "Inasmuch as thou did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou didst it unto me." It was more than I could bear, and light and life seemed to vanish. My wife, who had stepped from the room for a short time, came in and found me rapidly sinking, and there seemed to be no hope of saving me. But her love was stronger than death; she called me back to life again, and in spite of the suffering, weakness and helplessness, I still lived on. At last there came a time when the life current began to return, and to the surprise and joy of all it was evident that I would live.

My recovery was slow, and it was feared that I might be helpless and deformed for life; but as the days passed and I began walking about, I was truly thankful to the Lord for another lease of life, and that my deformity was no greater than it was. As to the visitation of the angels, we thought, as in other similar cases, that the community was not ready to receive it, so we confined our communications to a few friends. But there came a time when it was necessary to give it a wider knowledge.

Some kind and very zealous people became concerned about my not taking a more active part in a religious revival, and that I was not noisy enough in the meetings. With this feeling they visited me, and made known their anxiety. They were not without much religious experience, and I believed could and would understand me. I gave them a very brief outline of my experience in spiritual matters, and they went away entirely satisfied, ever after treating me with the utmost kindness, and turned their attention to other parties. But this brief disclosure of my secret life caused trouble and anxiety afterwards, for an effort was now made to place me in positions of honor and responsibility in the church, which was contrary to my wishes and my wife's judgment.

Going back briefly, it is enough to say that my conflict with the church was one of the prime causes of a separation in the Westerly Yearly Meeting of Friends' Church, and there was a larger per cent. of members who separated in Mill Creek Monthly and Plainfield Quarterly Meetings than any other, and many of the elders and other officers left the church in a body. To fill some of these vacant places was what my friends wished of me, but I not only steadily refused to accept such appointments, but began to withdraw from active participation in the business of the church, for it was our conviction that it would not do

for me to occupy the seats of those with whom I had been contending so long, lest it should savor of designing ambition to displace them that I might fill their places. Though this course gave some honest dissatisfaction and some severe censure, yet by being patient and still it all worked out well, and time has shown that we were right. for as the excitement attending and following the long contest died away, we all began to see things with more charitable feelings, etc., and now the few who still survive can grasp each others' hands with the warm shake of kindly forgiveness and heartfelt gratitude to the Lord that we are so minded.

After the close of the war there was a movement among the Yearly Meetings of Friends to organize a general conference of Bible school work, which resulted in a bi-ennial conference of delegates from Friends' schools which wished to be represented. I was very much interested in the subject, and attended the conferences held in Lynn, New Bedford, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Wilmington, Ohio and Indianapolis, Indiana, and took excursion parties to most of them. In this way I became acquainted with the leading members of the church, and sometimes had a glimpse at the inner life of some who thought their real characters were altogether unknown to men, and I more than one time incurred the displeasure of the good people for warning them against the

designs of those whom they thought their best friends. Among some of my "Scraps and Fragments" are some notes that would not do to publish for at least another generation; they would be startling to all and painful to many. In addition to this, it was a natural consequence that I should hear much of individual history and character discussed, which would often fasten itself on my memory. My knowledge of the Bible gave me ability to enter into many of the debates of the time relative to the many innovations that were entering Friends' Church, and often it did not take a large amount of discernment to predict coming events in certain meetings and individual ministers.

It will be impossible to me to make myself intelligible to give all the events of life as they occurred; it would mix up home life, church matters, travel and adventures in such a way that it would be confusing. It will be better to take one line at a time and connect them by incidental references. My niece had married, and died in 1881, leaving two little daughters. My daughter had married Joseph John Doan in 1881. My mother-in-law, Rebecca Hadley, had come to live with us. She was nearly helpless and nearly blind, requiring much care. Brother Alfred's oldest daughter, Luella C., had married Nathan D. Albertson, and come to the farm to take care of my mother. A large number of nieces and nephews

on both sides had married and settled in various points. With the two grandmothers with us, it made our house headquarters for a large family connection, and oftimes there were but few days that we were without visitors, who unavoidably required time and attention. For many years my large orchard yielded much fruit, and some winters our guests would consume half a bushel of apples every day, and the habit of bringing in a basketful daily was as regular as work; the going and coming was so great that it required a horse and conveyance to be in constant use.

The two grandmothers being remarkable women, attracted many people, especially the young, who loved to hear them tell of their early days, going back to 1806. On one occasion a dozen or more young people were present, and the subject of amusements and games was under discussion, cards included. When there was a pause in the conversation, my mother, who was sitting near by, astonished the company by saying that in her youth she was never beaten at playing cards, and possibly could yet hold a hand. Before they had recovered from their astonishment, she bade my daughter bring out her cards; this added to the wonder. A pair of cotton cards with a bunch of fine cotton lint was brought, and she proceeded to card the cotton into rolls ready for spinning. The interest and delight was now without bounds; not one

of the young people had ever seen the like before. Then, to give a finishing touch, she said she was a noted musician, and would give them a tune on her old musical instrument. A spinning-wheel was brought, and she spun the rolls she had carded, making the old wheel hum as in the long ago. That company will not forget Grandma Coffin's card playing and musical instrument.

Mother-in-law Rebecca Hadley died in 1882, in her ninety-third year. She was the last of her generation on that side, leaving behind a blessed memory. The seven years that she lived with us so taxed my wife's strength that she began to fail in health and vigor, and in two years an incurable cancer developed in her right breast, which continued to grow for nearly two years, then, at the urgent advice of all our friends, we at last consented to have a surgical operation performed. By it all her right breast was removed, leaving a wound extending back eight inches. It was a very dangerous operation, but skillfully performed by experienced surgeons. The wound healed slowly, but seemingly surely, and we began to hope that danger was passed. One of the physicians, however, said in a year it would re-appear. Although the sore healed, and she was cheerful and apparently in reasonable health, exactly at the end of one year it showed unmistakable signs of returning, and in a few

weeks was well-defined and very painful; and all hope was gone. It steadily increased, and in a year the former wound was an ulcer terrible to see and more terrible to endure. She began to waste away with a complication of diseases. For the last nine months of her life her sufferings were so great that she had to take morphine nearly all the time, and she was so reduced and tender that it was difficult to care for her without producing pain, but by constant attention I learned to relieve her to some extent. For several months I rarely left her bed but for a few minutes, and for many weeks did not undress to sleep.

In our weary, lonely watches by night, we often talked over our lives and the seemingly near approach of the end, for my strength was rapidly failing, and we had much anxiety lest I might give out before she passed away. She often spoke of my miraculous survival of former wounds, and firmly believed that I was especially spared to take care of her in her last days. And so we waited, watched and struggled on, both failing in slow but sure decline, until I suddenly gave out and sank under complete exhaustion, and was immediately attacked with erysipelas. For a while it seemed as though the case was hopeless, but Nathan D. Albertson took me into a room, and did not leave me for an hour at a time for sixteen days, and I was saved. But lost to nearly

all that was transpiring around, my mind wandered off into distant lands. I seemed to visit countries and cities that were so real that the pictures have not yet faded, and occasionally my clairvoyant visions returned for brief, but startling moments. To go back to my wife, who continued to sink after I failed, though it seemed a special Providence sent a nurse to fill my place, and she did not lack for care. She retained her consciousness up to the last breath, and almost her last words were: "Send some suitable person to take care of Addison when I pass away." When I was told she was gone I seemed to understand, but alas! it was not so. I was so weak and exhausted that it was several weeks before I could fully comprehend my situation and loss. To neighbors and friends I seemed quite natural, but my daughter and sister-in-law knew that I was far from being out of danger, not even capable of taking care of myself, but under their care my strength of body and mind came slowly back. Then the sense of utter loneliness was so overpowering that it was almost more than my weakness could bear, but the Lord gave me power to still hope and trust his protecting arm amid my helplessness. My wife died March 5th, 1889, in the 66th year of her age.

CHAPTER SIX.

Trip to the Pacific Coast—Going Through the Central Route to Oregon—Stop at Indian School—Ocean Voyage to San Francisco—Meet My Son and go With Him to Carson City—Return Through Southern California, Texas, Indian Territory, etc.

I will go back to the line of travel again. Before my wife's affliction came on, I took another exploring trip to the Pacific coast to make a more extended examination of the reputed great fruit region. Many horticulturists requested me to keep an eye out for the interest of horticulture in general, and for individual trade in particular.

My route was by way of Danville and Bloomington, Illinois; Burlington and Ottumwa, Iowa, to Omaha, Nebraska. From there over the Union Pacific up Platte Valley. Some years before Dr. Allen Furnas, an old friend and neighbor, and I had an invitation to visit Nebraska State Fair, which we did, and after its close looked around over the new state.

We went to Kearney Junction, as far as settlements extended; this gave a tolerably clear idea of the rich agricultural state. Beyond Kearney Junction all was new, and from there I began taking permanent mental pictures of the wide expanse of luxuriant prairie grass that filled the river valley and crowned the rolling hill, with large herds of cattle feeding on the hillside, with the typical cowboy in charge, for he was one of the distinctive characters of American life at that time, and no American character will sooner disappear, and when gone be so little understood.

When the Indians of our vast plains were finally subdued and placed on reservations, there were many millions of acres of pasture land made accessible, and soon great numbers of cattle took the place of the rapidly-disappearing buffalo; and hardy, brave, adventurous men were needed to take charge of the herds that spread out over the expanse. Sometimes a herdsman (cowboy) would take his herd of cattle or sheep hundreds of miles from the frontier, and be away from humanity for months, leading a terribly lonely life. As might be expected, the isolation from home, and surrounded with privation and danger, often encountering the ferocious wolf and more-to-be-dreaded grizzly bear, and still oftener wandering cattle thieves and freebooters, with whom he had many

deadly conflicts, stamped upon his character peculiar traits not found elsewhere. But their lives were not wholly devoid of compensating elements. Besides the large gains in business, they soon became a law unto themselves, and for a few years, during their highest glory, could defy the outside world. Many times they set aside state laws in land claims, and were not easily controlled; but eventually the rapid advance of settlements encroached on their domain, and the small farmers with barbed wire fence, accomplished more and much faster than the appeals to state law or occasional collisions and loss of life. But the cowboy, like the Indian and the buffalo, is a thing of the past, and will return no more.

This boundless expanse of grass continued several hundred miles up the Platte River valley into the Colorado, but before reaching the latter it was unmistakably evident on every side that we were out of the rain belt, and into the great irrigation region. Stunted sage brush and sand burs appeared; the ever-present red ants, with their little mounds of sand thrown up, were busy everywhere. The beautiful green was gone, and as far as one could see it was brown and sear, giving things a look of sad sterility.

The town of Greely and its adjoining settlement was off the main Union Pacific line, but I was

anxious to see the result of irrigation, as that experiment was claimed to be a grand success, so I went that way and stopped for a time to see and study for myself. Never was I more surprised and pleased with the result. I at once became enthusiastic over the grand future for all our vast tracts of arid, desert region, for as a consequence of the trial at Greely I saw the triumph of coming ages, and I have not yet lost my enthusiasm. From Greely a short run was made to Denver, which had become celebrated by its proximity to Pike's Peak and the famous gold belt near by, but it was like other young, pretentious cities—had much to learn and some things to unlearn. From Denver we went north to the main line, and soon entered the Rocky Mountain range. From there it was up grade through constantly varying mountain scenery. Sometimes it was of surpassing beauty, opening out to view as we turned some great spur on the mountain side, showing valleys and hills blended in a vast panorama that is not easily forgotten.

Many people, as they ascend the Great Divide, are almost exhausted by the rarified mountain air. I never felt any unpleasant sensation, but on the contrary have a sense of exhilaration and buoyancy not felt in plain or valley. At the summit, in Sherman's Pass, there is a large pyramidal monument, which marks the highest grade in the range. This point is

dreaded by people with weak lungs. Many men tried to run the length of the train, but few could do it without being out of breath. On account of the elevation the stop is always short at that point. The scene in some directions is grand, but in others it is like a gentle, rolling country. We were on the great summit level, and were hardly conscious of the regular, but rapid, descent as we went down into the great treeless region that lies between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains.

Descending westward, we reached the valleys of the head streams of the North Platte. The principal of these are Laramie and Medicine Bow rivers, which head in the North Park, and cross the great Laramie plains, and finally emerge from the mountains and start for their long journey to the Missouri. All this vast pasture land was occupied by large herds of cattle, which presented an impressive view when seen covering the distant hills and the field glass revealed the ever-present cowboy, sometimes single, and again two and three together, but otherwise alone amid the wide expanse.

A section boss on the road had laid by some money and invested in a small lot of cattle and put them in charge of a 15-year-old son, who delighted in the wild life. The little herd had now grown to 2,000, and the boy had become a man. That morning

the boss was aboard the train, going to meet his son at a station on ahead. As we neared the place the engineer blew a tattoo on his whistle. The boss sprang to his feet, saying, "Charlie is coming!" and sure enough, looking out to the north, a rider was seen coming across the plain at full speed, waving his cap in answer to the salute. When he came up his face was all aglow with the excitement of a twenty-mile ride to meet the train. He was greeted with hearty cheers by the trainmen, and the father was proud of his son, a noble specimen of manhood and a model cowboy. From that boss and father I learned much of the every day life of cattle herding, its danger, losses and profits.

As we passed on westward across the rolling plains, among rough, rocky hills, we began to realize that we were in the great summit level of the continent, the great, central fountain of nearly all our large rivers. Soon we reached the wonderful Green River valley, the headwaters of the Colorado of the west. Here we found a combination of strong contradictory phenomena. Taking its rise in the same central upland, amid perpetual snow, yet its waters for many miles are so alkaline and bitter that it is not fit to drink without boiling; even the pasture lands are useless. The grass is so bitter that cattle cannot live on it; even the wild deer and buffalo never frequent

this region. There is one celebrated spring or large fountain that yields the most noisome and intensely acrid water known. Yet it is a wonderful country; behind us was the headwater of the Platte river, to the southeast the Arkansas, to the northeast and north is the head of the Yellowstone and Snake (Columbia), and we are on the Colorado, while 150 miles westward is the eastern rim of the Great Salt Lake basin; and greatest of all, 250 miles north, is Yellowstone Park, the wonder of the world.

At Granger we left the main Union Pacific line and soon entered the Bear river country, where the river is running north, and in a short time came to one of the characteristics of this strange, volcanic region. Bear river originally was a branch of Snake river, but some local convulsion has thrown up a short range of mountains right across its course, forming Bear Lake, and turning the river back into the great basin and emptying it into Salt Lake. This is only one of many such changes that have been wrought by volcanic action, and to an eye open to such things, this whole great, central treeless territory is full of interest; for on every side is evidence of comparatively fearful volcanic activity, and one looking for the wonderful cannot afford to travel during the night.

I turned aside at Pocatello, and went north to Idaho Falls to see that region then just opened to

settlement, and which was supposed to be a place of much promise. Some days were spent in tramping over the valley, among sage brush and numerous jack rabbits. After seeing the soil and the inexhaustible supply of water in Snake river, it was easy to predict the future of that valley, for it was a marvel of fertility and productiveness. Upon returning to Pocatello the journey was resumed down Snake River valley and across the wide plain. To the average passenger the surroundings were dreary, desolate and repulsive; but not so with me, for there before me, written in raised stone, was the history of the country. In many places there is not an acre of surface but has a half dozen craters from four to twenty feet in diameter, and from three to fifteen feet high. Those craters were formed when the great lake of melted matter was cooling and crusting over. When the crust was the consistency of baker's dough, great bubbles of steam would escape through the plastic covering, which left the opening only partially closed, and it soon hardened into stone, and there they stand simple and plain as a printed page. The low ranges of adjacent mountains show that they have first been formed of this plastic material, rolled and twisted into great folds, then subsequently shivered and shattered by internal convulsions, accompanied by volcanic fire that scorched and blackened the broken rocks.

Every mile of the journey across the plain and down the valley was full of interest, for on every side was evidence that we were in the midst of phenomena not found elsewhere, and peculiar to this part of the continent and the world, so far as known to modern scientists and geologists.

The mind can in time grow weary of remembering and storing away, even though it be things both sublime and beautiful with which it is dealing. So it was a relief to reach the wild region of the Owyhee river, past the railroad junction of the then noisy, boasting, gambling little place known as Boise City, which, though of ill-repute, had a future before it that time alone could develop. At Huntington we were in the midst of one of the wild, incomprehensible territories. The mountains seemed to have been thrown up by contending cross currents of volcanic energy. In some places two of these contending forces seem to have met and made chop sea of the mountains and hills. It is a wild, interesting ride through the Seven Devils and Blue Mountain ranges, with every conceivable combination of dark ravines, dizzy heights and secluded valleys; a perfect medley of romantic scenery.

At Pendleton we reached the celebrated valley of the Columbia river, and at Umatilla we came to the river itself. Of this stream it may be said, there are

few more interesting in the world, and not one that drains such a wonderful country. It is the outlet for the waters of the great internal empire, as it is called, all of Idaho, the western part of Montana, part of British Columbia, Oregon and Washington. Within this area every form of volcanic force has been in active operation, producing results not found elsewhere, and not excelled in the terrible, sublime and beautiful.

From Umatilla the railroad follows the river; and it is in sight much of the time, and there is no part of the distance but what is full of beauty, with ever changing views and sublime grouping of mountains as a background. There is one point that no tourist should fail to see, or to be awake and on the lookout for. At a bend in the river as we neared the Cascade range of mountains, Mt. Hood suddenly came into view, standing high above all the intervening summits, clothed with perpetual snow, which sparkled in the morning sunlight like a great phosphorescent cone of fire. It bursts upon one so unexpectedly and is so much like a meteor flash, that the vision fixes itself on the memory so deeply that few of the many who thus see it will ever forget it.

From the moment we caught sight of Mt. Hood the interest increased, for on every side we saw evidence of the mighty convulsions that have shaken

this whole region in the past. We now travelled through a country which is the richest in fossil deposits of pre-historic times of any place in the world. This is especially the case up the valley of the John Day river, which comes in from the south and the plains of Des Chutes river. The beds of the streams, the banks and bluffs, the foot-hills and sometimes the mountain sides, abound in petrifactions of such a character as to make a fossil collector go into ecstasies over the evidences of former life in this now comparatively desolate place.

Probably there are few parts of the country which have a greater interest to the geologist, or intelligent farmer, than the Grand Dalles, the great rapids and falls of the Columbia river where it makes its passage through the Cascade range of mountains. For unknown ages the river has been cutting its way through the range. When it first began it was four or five thousand feet above its present level, and a great inland sea covered the area of the internal empire.

It is wonderful to behold how the work has slowly progressed in wearing away the rock. In places there have been perpendicular falls of a thousand feet, ever varying and changing until it is now confined at The Dalles proper, to a channel of a few hundred feet wide, through which the water

rushes at lightning speed. No invention of man can ever navigate those fearful rapids. Like the Niagara river, it is slowly deepening the gorge and working up stream, but it has no lake to drain; its labor is done in that line. The scene at Harper's Ferry will give a faint idea of the higher and grander scene at the passage of the Columbia through the Cascade range. It is an invariable rule that things are on a wider and grander scale as we go west across the continent. The plains are wider, the mountains more rugged and higher, the volcanic energy has been greater, the natural wonders more astonishing, and the ancient life has been more gigantic and abundant. The growth of the trees in the past, as well as in the present, is astonishing, and they are taller and larger than any other land; the deposits of gold are more abundant, and the future of human development more ideal and more assured.

It was not only these sublime scenes that gave me an absorbing and thrilling interest in all that passed, but I was full of a silent and deep feeling of triumph in my heart, that I had at last reached the ideal land of my early life. Forty years before, when I left my Carolina home, Oregon was to be the ultimate resting place, and through all the intervening years the hope of one day reaching there had never left me; and now I felt a glow of exultation and

thankfulness that I had at last realized my life dream, and as the train whirled past and through the ever-changing scenes, down the magnificent river, my joy can better be imagined than expressed. The impulse within was to give one long, continuous shout of victory.

In this overland trip there were three other explorers who, in like manner, were alive to all that passed. One was an enthusiast on the bee culture; then there was the man who dealt in blooded horses, and a shrewd real estate man. When we landed at Portland all were full to overflowing and eager to see the promised land, but before parting we agreed to meet again and compare notes. The man interested in bees went up and over the Coast range to the west to the honey belt; the horse dealer went into ecstasies over the splendid horses seen in Portland, and from there he went up the grand Willamette Valley; the real estate man became incog. with eyes and ears open, while I spread out up the valley and among the foothills and immense forests. I had several objective points and purposes, one of which was the government Indian school, five miles north of Salem, the capital, where I found my old friend, W. F. Harvey, and my young cousin, William V. Coffin, the former superintending physician, the latter superintendent in charge of the school. A few days were

spent at the school, where I had an opportunity of seeing and observing twenty-two different types of native Indians, including two from Alaska.

The school was located in a dense forest, which the Indian boys were cutting down and burning. I was struck with the size of one tree they cut, and measured it across the stump as well as its length. It was 14 feet in diameter and 220 feet long. It was the largest tree in the clearing, but a few hundred yards south I found several still larger and taller. To the east of the school, and across the railroad, was a magnificent forest of giant trees that looked as though it would be a sin to destroy for any purpose or under any pretense.

While at the school a telegram was telephoned from Salem for me from my son in Carson, Nevada, inquiring whether I was in that part of the world. Upon replying, another came asking when I could meet him at the Lick House, San Francisco. The time tables of the sailing of steamers was consulted, and a date fixed for me to sail from Portland. This shortened my stay in Oregon a few days, but I was the more active in exploring. At Salem the State Fair was in full tide, where all kinds of possible, and a few impossible, productions were on exhibition; but among the many grand things the display of fruit was the finest I had ever seen, apples, pears, cherries,

prunes, plums, quinces and hardy varieties of small fruits. My knowledge of fruit told me at once that Oregon was destined to lead the world in these varieties, and subsequent results have proved it.

While at Salem I saw a cowboy perform a feat of courage and skill that was wonderful. Two very large and powerful horses harnessed to an express wagon took fright, and dashed off at breakneck speed, and the driver was powerless to do anything. The cowboy was sitting on his small, wiry horse, looking at a train of cars coming in. His attention was called to the runaway team by the shouting. He looked for a moment, took in the situation, then dashed after them like a flash and was soon beside the off horse, which he caught by the bridle and jerked its head up and back. At the same time he swung about four feet of the end of his lariat like a whip lash across the nose of the other horse. In thirty or forty steps he brought them to a dead halt, then briefly said to the excited driver, "Now you have them," and cantered slowly back to his former position. But it is due his intelligent horse to say of it that it acted its part as though it understood just what must be done and how to do it. While the rider's hands were both employed with the horses, it kept its place, and at the right moment braced itself for the final

tug that brought them around. The sagacity of those trained horses is marvelous.

Another example of a cowboy and his horse. A large, stampeding steer had been lassoed, but in the first frantic struggle it threw the horse and rider in the road. The man was somewhat shaken up, but the horse sprang to its feet, tightened the lasso, and kept the infuriated animal in the road, and had taken it successfully nearly a mile before over-taken by its master. Sometimes the steer would make a desperate lunge and try to gore the horse, but it always dashed off in the right direction, keeping the lasso taut, and often gaining a hundred yards of headway by this maneuver. Every effort of the steer to break away was promptly and intelligently thwarted. No man could have done better. The lasso was firmly fastened to the saddle, which was as firmly fastened to the horse. In many instances these horses have displayed as much discernment as the best shepherd dog in herding cattle and sheep.

The time to leave Oregon was so arranged that I could meet my fellow-explorers at Portland, and we had a very interesting meeting. The information received and given was invaluable. It was almost like an actual experience, and each felt that it was reliable. None were so completely enthused as the bee culturist; he had seen whole car loads of honey

shipped by one man; it was something almost beyond belief, but he was henceforth to be an Oregon bee keeper. The horse dealer had selected the Rogue River valley for a blooded horse farm. The real estate man saw what has since come to pass—the growth of East Portland and the fortunes to be thus gained—and he is now happy at the thought of his foresight. While I related all that had been seen and done, but withheld judgment until I had seen more, though agreeing with the convictions and conclusions of my friends.

I took steamer at Portland for San Francisco, the overland railroad not being completed at that time. In crossing the bar at the mouth of the river a strong wind was blowing, making a chop sea, which caused the steamer to lay off from land and run well out to sea. Though rough, there was nothing sensational about the voyage, excepting to those who had genuine sea sickness. To them there were many sensational periods, and probably memories not yet gone. One day a school of whales, a dozen or more, passed us. One large fellow rose within fifty feet of the ship and spouted his two jets of water high in the air; then laid almost still a minute or more, taking in his long breath of fresh air; then, with a sudden, rolling plunge was out of sight. Although the steamer was making good speed and going the same way, the whales soon

disappeared in the distance ahead, the last jets of water, as seen through the glass, not rising but six to ten feet above the waves.

The approach to the Golden Gate was full of interest aside from the natural scenery and wonderful topographical surroundings. In one of my aerial dreams, or clairvoyant visions, I had seemed to stand with Milton Hadley on a hill and look out to sea through the Golden Gate into the past years; hence I was anxious to see all the islands and hilltops that surrounded the bay. When I reached the landing, my son and his wife met me at the gangway and we had a happy meeting, for it had been several years since he had gone west, and I was charmed and delighted to meet his beautiful young wife. She was one of the few to whom the best of photographs do not do justice.

For a few days my son showed me the wonders of the city and its surroundings. One of the points which engaged our attention was the Cliff House, across the neck of the coast, where hundreds of barking seals occupied a group of rocks rising out of the water near shore. They keep up a constant noise very much like fox hounds on a hot trail. These seals are protected by the government, and are about all that have escaped destruction. We next viewed the scene of the sand lot speculation. Twenty-five or thirty

years ago the city undertook—what was looked upon as one of the most stupendous humbugs of the time—to remove some sand hills and fill up a part of the bay. The project entered into local and state politics, and was long drawn out and violent; but the sand hills were plucked up and cast into the spot selected, and now the bay is filled. The place where the sand hills stood is now the center of business, and the most valuable property in the city.

The whole place was interesting to me, for my brother-in-law, Milton Hadley, was one of the leaders in the rebellion in the early days, when honest people arose in arms to expel the blacklegs, swindlers and robbers who had control of the city and state; but this has gone into history and need not be repeated. It was interesting to see the place where the citizens built the gunny-bag fort and established their headquarters, tried, condemned and hanged the robbers.

San Francisco is one of the two wonderful cities of the world where two or more people from every civilized nation can meet and talk together; the climate is not too cold for those from the tropics, nor too warm for those from the poles. Cairo, in Egypt, is the other city.

We next went to Carson City, Nevada, my son's home, where I spent some weeks among the wild mountains. I made a trip by Tucker to and around Lake Zahoe, one of the strange lake phenomena not

easily explained. It is 6,200 feet above the sea level, amid snow and ice; yet its waters never freeze, no matter how cold the atmosphere. It is nearly 2,000 feet deep and surrounded by mountain peaks, and believed by many to be the extinct crater and outlet to a vast volcanic area, though twenty miles long and twelve wide.

Near Carson City is another remarkable object not surpassed in any corner of the earth. It is the footprints of men, animals and birds found in a solid rock formation, when excavating in the yard of the State prison. When I first saw these imprints of a past geologic age it filled me with inexpressible astonishment, for here were traces of beings who had existed long, long before the fossil forms on John Day river had seen the light. They were back of the prison buildings, where the heavy sandstone rises in a hill 60 to 100 feet high. An acre or more had been excavated for building stone twenty to thirty feet at the east, south and west walls. As they progressed the layers of stone varied in thickness from two to six feet. At the depth mentioned a layer was uncovered showing footprints of huge elephants, giant men, innumerable birds, deer, horses, dogs or wolves, a huge elk, a gigantic bird, and other wholly unknown animals. The tracks had been made in a stiff clay, about six inches deep; then it hardened and had been covered

by a deposit of what the rock was formed, thus preserving the foot marks in perfect condition, and when the layer above was quarried there was the mold on the under side. The elephant's tracks were twenty-two inches in diameter; the men eighteen inches long, eight inches wide at toes and six at heel; the other impressions of known animals were similar to those of the present day. Under this formation, which was two feet thick, the same kind of marks were found on the stratum below, but double in quantity. In one case a child had been led by the parent, leaving perfect footprints. The tracks are scattered thickly over the space. The animals seemed to have crossed and recrossed in every direction. Then men, or people, appeared to have walked singly or in groups. Near the west side of the yard an elephant had died and left an outline of its form, and several fragments of its tusk were left near by. Its mate had apparently, from the marks, remained by it for some time, helping. Sixteen horses had gone by in a company, all close together and in a direct line; they appear to have been the last to pass. One unknown animal left a roundish track nearly eight inches in diameter, wholly different from all the others, and from anything now living or among fossil remains yet discovered.

These footprints open up a new chapter to geolo-

gists, and reveal the existence of animals in a time heretofore unknown, and the presence of man in an age and under circumstances inexplicable. I was so interested in this discovery that I charged my memory with the whole picture so it would not fade, and on arriving at home drew a chart and had it engraved and printed. It was fortunate I did so, for when I last visited the prison yard, in 1893, it had been dragged over with heavy stones, carts and wagons, and all marks were destroyed excepting a few near the east wall and close to what was then the southwest corner. The time may come when it will be a good thing that I inherited a fine memory and preserved a chart of these impressions.

Twenty miles north of Carson City is Steamboat hill, a miniature Yellowstone Park. Covering a space of eighty or one hundred acres of foot hills, there is a display of small geysers, boiling pools of water, steam jets shooting into the air; long, irregular, ragged fissures, from which sulphurous and poisonous gases escape, with low, rumbling noises from far below, so that the hill trembles. Streams of boiling water issue from fantastically-shaped fountains, and deposit various colored and different kinds of sediment down the side of the hill. In many places lime many feet deep has been found, with a curious mingling of other deposits. Steamboat Hill is the extreme south-

west end of the last lake of fire, of which Norris basin, in Yellowstone Park, is the central vent, and the Bad Lands the far northeast extremity; and it is wonderful to see that the evidence there is of the fearful volcanic activity, which has been witnessed by this part of the world. It is truly the land of fire.

Still another object of much interest is the lumber flumes, by which lumber and wood are floated from long distances from among and up on the mountains. Flumes are like a big trough, shaped about three feet deep and water tight. They are constructed to cross deep gorges and descend steep inclines, finally delivering the lumber in the valley or out on the plain. There is one twenty-four miles long near Carson City, down which is floated millions of feet of lumber and hundreds of thousands of cords of wood. This to home people, in eastern states, would seem almost beyond belief.

While stopping with my son, I one day determined to explore the winding flume to its terminus, several thousand feet above the valley. I found it quite a dangerous and adventurous trip, although there were men stationed in little watch houses at short intervals to prevent jams in the flume. Yet there were points from which I almost shrank in terror; places where it was carried across gorges and along the face of cliffs on trestle work fifty to sixty feet

high, with nothing but a ten-inch board to walk upon. Sometimes it passed under overhanging rocks that shut out the sun and almost daylight, but I persevered, for I had had some experience in walking narrow ways through life. Besides, the watchmen were surprised and delighted to see me come their way, as it was a rare thing for them to see any one from the outside in this lonely place.

With frequent rests and counsel from the watchmen, I reached the summit by the middle of the afternoon; then went down to Glennbrook, three miles away, on Lake Tahoe, spent the night, and walked back down the flume next day; not only to the surprise and delight of the lone watchmen, who greeted me with hearty friendship, but in the city people were astonished at the performance, and for a time the feat was a noted event, and went the round of news. It was truly an interesting trip, and is stamped upon the memory. There were many scenes of wild beauty and many of gloom and terror, and it was one of the practical lessons that could not be learned any other way. Ever afterwards when I saw flumes delivering wood and lumber, I called to mind the lumber men off in the mountains and the lone watchers along its side, and my sympathy went out to them.

The region around Carson City is not without historic interest. Twelve miles away is Virginia City.

That is where the wonderful Comstock lode or gold deposit was, now worked out, but from which so many millions were mined, and filled the land with wonder. The early California trail passed close by the city, and the stage route started from there over which old Hank Monk drove Horace Greely on the celebrated and historic ride.

When I left my son, instead of returning homeward over the Central Pacific Railroad, I went back to San Francisco and took the Southern Pacific route by Los Angeles, thence eastward across Arizona and New Mexico to El Paso, Texas. This route introduced me into new scenes and new wonders. I made my first acquaintance with the varied forms and gigantic proportions of the cactus family, the most interesting and astonishing being the giants on the Yuma desert, which stand like huge pillars in the shape of cucumbers, rising to fifteen to thirty feet, and covered with thorns three to five inches long. Though they were marvelous, they imparted a very gloomy, desolate look to the vast and naked solitude. Other cacti were none the less noticeable, but there was more variety in their forms, and instead of adding to they relieved the dreary loneliness that became oppressive, as hour after hour we sped forward over the almost dead level of sand and coarse gravel.

Yet all that expanse of present sterility has

within itself capabilities that seem little less than miraculous. With water supplied in the proper quantity and right time, that desert is more productive than the richest valleys of the world, for just below its apparently barren surface is a mixture of volcanic ashes and tufa, that gives it inexhaustible fertility. This opens up a line of thought in which the imagination can picture the ideal of the region, when it shall bud and blossom into life and be again peopled with millions.

In Southern New Mexico is one of the wonderful phenomena that will one day attract much attention, and possibly become a national problem. It is the long line of sandhills which are slowly advancing northwards before the prevailing winds. The sand covers and destroys every living thing, and the forward movement is so sure and regular that it can be calculated with measurable certainty. For hundreds of miles southward its track can be traced, as it has slowly ground its way over rocks and hills, across valleys and streams, along the base of mountains; everywhere leaving them serrated with grooves, channels and fantastic carving in the sandstone ledges and hard clay, and in places forming singularly-shaped hills like a snow drift around ragged rocks that held the heavier portion of the great sand floe.

Several days were spent at the historic point of

El Paso, on the American side of the river, and in Paso del Norte, on the Mexican side. This was one of the Spanish inland settlements, and it, like many other places, bears testimony to the sagacity and foresight of the early Jesuit fathers. Though so remote from the coast and in the midst of a wilderness, they foresaw its importance as a passway through the mountains, which, after a lapse of 150 years, is now being verified by the concentration of railroads and the proposition to build a dam across the river in the pass to form a reservoir for irrigation, that will equal if not surpass, anything of the kind known in modern times. The largest amount of blasting powder ever used at one time up to that date was exploded in that pass. It literally blew off the end of the mountain to make way for a railroad. Two cousins, who had resided there for some time, kindly showed me over the surrounding hills and through the fertile valley, just beginning to be developed under modern appliances, and which has a bright future before it. There are no gold deposits near to distract and hinder its progress.

The run across the Staked plains to Ft. Worth, 600 miles, was uneventful, but full of interest. In places there were large herds of cattle in sight. In the subterranean river belt many wind mills were being erected for irrigation and stock water. There had

been a grand roundup on the Pecos Valley, and a company of cowboys were off on a vacation East. They were a lively, half-wild set of good fellows, bent on frolic and fun. On every side there were thousands of active prairie dogs standing, with owls, snakes and prairie hawks on their mounds thrown up over their burrows. The cowboys opened up a fusillade with their revolvers, repeating carbines and Winchester rifles, and only ceased when night came, to be renewed next day. One of their number got furiously drunk the second day. His companions bundled him off at a wayside station, and the men there put him into a coal shed to cool off. Then all moved harmoniously again until we reached Ft. Worth, where I left the pleasant, though boisterous, fellows with many a hearty handshake and good bye.

From Ft. Worth I crossed the Indian territory to Parsons, Kansas, where I was among familiar scenes once more. From there by way of Ft. Scott, Kansas City, Lincoln, Nebraska, to Omaha, thence by the Burlington home; having traveled in all nearly 10,000 miles. My memory was so stored with varied material, new and wonderful, that it required several weeks to re-arrange and classify.

On my return, my friends and neighbors called on me frequently to give public talks on what I had seen and learned, and there were some people who

doubted my statements on the ground that it was impossible for one person to see and do so much in so short a time; and many severe tests were made to prove my eyes and memory by parties who had seen portions of the country I had passed through, but my memory did not fail me in any essential fact or locality. Nor did I let it be known that I had followed with absorbing interest the history of all the Pacific coast, from Clark and Lewis' expedition in 1804 to 1806; John Jacob Astor's founding of Astoria in 1812; Fremont's expedition in 1844 to 1850, and the history of Mexico from the conquest down to date, including the revolution, Independence and the annexation of Texas. Of all this my questioners were measurably ignorant.

There was also some demand for written accounts of my journey. Accordingly, several articles were prepared for state and local papers which seemed to meet the want, but our country is changing so rapidly in almost every respect that a correct, life-like description of any particular locality will not be a true description five years later. There are points in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and all other states west, that were open, unbroken prairie without an inhabitant, twenty-five years ago, that are now thickly peopled, with towns, cities and many thousands of population. In fact, every state and territory west

of the Mississippi, excepting Arkansas and Missouri, has been occupied and peopled since 1840. It would be interesting to the young people of this generation to see one of Woodbridge and Maltabrun's Geographies, with their maps, as published from 1832 to 1840. Nearly half the great west was wholly unknown to the white man.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Trip to the Pacific Coast—Landing at Reno, and Down to Carson City—Stop With My Son and Family—Climbing Mountains—Trip to Southern California—Trip to El Paso—Trip to Mexico City—Return to Texas—To New Orleans—Home.

Soon after my return from this trip my wife's fatal illness began, and as stated heretofore, continued on to the end, with little rest from suffering; and in the long watching and nursing I broke down in health and strength, and for a time my recovery was very doubtful, and when the crisis passed my condition was not hopeful, but a neighbor and special friend, Dr. Allen Furnas, had sold his farm and was going to Southern California, so he undertook to deliver me in Reno, Nevada, where my son would meet me.

On the first of September, 1889, I joined him and his family to try what seemed rather a risky venture, on account of my weakness. At Kansas City, Mo., we took a tourist car and settled down for house-

keeping and a pleasant trip. The doctor and I had traveled much together, and knew how to make a trip pay. From the start my strength improved, and when we reached the mountains in Colorado the effect on me was marvelous. It seemed as though every breath imparted new life and energy, and natural vigor returned rapidly to body and spirit.

We were prepared to take items by the way. The doctor was a successful correspondent for many papers; he was observant, quick and penetrating; so with field glass, eye and ear, we suffered little to pass unnoted on the plains of Kansas and Colorado, and few mountain peaks of any consequence or beautiful valleys escaped us. In passing through the Greely, Col., settlement, I was surprised and pleased to see much improvement since I went through it on my last trip, especially with the many new farms and miles of irrigating canals and signs of substantial wealth. The doctor had not been that way, and I had the honor of being instructor until we reached Ogden, Utah. Our fellow-passengers were as interesting as anything we saw; for besides our party there was a man and wife going to Jacksonville, Oregon; man and wife to Napa, Cal.; two men to Merced, Cal.; two ladies to Southern California, and a few adventurers "going west." All were intelligent, civil, social people, and we had entire control of the

tourist sleeper. We had a picnic three times a day from well-filled baskets; the porter fired up one stove on which to make coffee and tea.

When we arrived on the summit in the pass, nearly all experimented by getting out and running, jumping and other exercises to try the effect of the rarified air on their lungs. Few could stand much effort, and some were very much oppressed from lack of breath, and suffered until we descended to a lower level. My lungs breathed in the clear mountain air like refreshing cordial, and I grew stronger every hour. Though I had passed that way before, there was no less interest than at first. I saw new features in all the surroundings, and the improvements were advancing steadily forward. The farms had encroached on hay lands along the river and out on the plain, shortening up the cattle range. Long lines of substantial wire fence enclosed hundreds of acres of wheat land; teams were busy replowing the sod broken in the spring; lumber was piled along the roadside for building homes. Dug outs and shacks with chickens around them, and cows tethered to stakes eating the luxuriant grass, and many other signs of human life were to be seen where all was silent and lone on my former trip. This was interesting to all the company, who saw and understood how rapidly the settlements were advancing on every side. There

was a correspoding change in the towns and villages. All had increased, some had doubled in size, while others had suddenly sprung up as if by magic, with school houses, church spires and the hum of active life. Everywhere the cowboy was being pushed back toward the mountains, and his range circumscribed by the ever fatal wire fence. Green River valley Wyoming, was an exception to this. It was still unoccupied, and its bitter water region looked as desolate and neglected as ever.

There was a halt of a few hours at Ogden, but not time to see much of the city and surroundings; but the lunch baskets were replenished and a few luxuries in the form of fruit added. From that point the route was new to all, and we shared in the new scenes that were constantly opening to view. We all were deeply interested in the 40 miles of real desert, an arm of the American desert that lies to the westward of Great Salt Lake, an expanse of naked, glittering, blistering, white sand, dangerous to cross by day in the hot season. Its glare will make the eyes and head ache, if exposed to its reflection long at a time. Though terrible, it is curious, and furnishes the greatest extreme in contrast with the unsurpassed blue grass region of Indiana and Ohio.

The run down the valley of the Humboldt river, in Nevada, is rather dull and tiresome. The monot-

ony is broken by the Humboldt mountains and the great sink, or lake, where the river loses itself in an immense morass, which is an open lake in winter, but almost disappears in summer. The California trail of 1849 to 1855 passed down the entire length of this river, and in the early days of the gold excitement, especially in 1849, there was much suffering in this valley. The grass failed and thousands of working cattle died; wagons had to be abandoned and the men had to make the rest of the journey on foot, and many perished by the way. The few survivors of the forty-niners will never forget the anguish of that journey, beginning on the Humboldt and continuing all the weary way over the Sierra range of mountains to the coast.

When we arrived at Reno, where the doctor had promised to deliver me as an invalid, my health and strength had improved so much that I was capable of looking after my own wants, and the parties my son had employed to see after me did not find me until I had walked to the hotel. The parting with the doctor and family was a pleasant one, for he and I expected to meet again at his new home in Southern California.

I took the train for Carson City, thirty-two miles south, where I landed safely and was met by my son and wife, and felt thankful to the Lord for all my

blessings and returning health; for life, aspirations and ambitions were coming back. My son, daughter, and their two little children did everything in their power to make life agreeable, and the days passed more like a passing dream than a reality.

There was continued sunshine, and every day more or less walking was done. Soon I began climbing the hills, and in a week, the mountains that surround the city and small valley, the great Sierra range rising eight and ten thousand feet to the west, within a mile of the city, with many lofty peaks which reach nearly to the perpetual snow line. To the northwest there was a cone-shaped peak, that seemed to be the highest point on the range. The glass showed that it was a mass of broken stone that had been shivered by eruptive fire. In spite of my weakness an intense desire to stand on that peak took possession of my mind, and day by day increased. Many trips were taken to the foot hills in that direction, and then to the tops of the lower summits.

This continued climbing gave me increasing strength until at the end of a month I quietly stepped out one morning, saying I was going in that direction, and was soon on the trail that crossed the mountain, in a gap twenty-five hundred feet below the peak and a mile from its base. An old rancher at the foot of the ascent tried to stop me from the

adventure, but on failing, gave me some apples and told me where I would find water on the gap, and probably one place on the ascent. He gave me this advice: Never follow rivers ascending or descending mountains; keep on the ridges and spurs and you are safe; you will not get lost. And I have found this the true way for mountain travel everywhere.

I began the ascent about 8 a. m., and continued steadily moving upward, resting every two hundred yards, with frequent stops to admire the vast panorama that was opening around me. The first spring was dry, and although I was tired and thirsty I moved on. About 1 p. m. I reached the pass, found the spring and quenched my thirst, and ate one of my apples; but my ears began to pain me very much, accompanied with roaring and throbbing. This I stopped by filling them and tying a handkerchief on the outside. My breathing was not only perfect, but exhilarating. An old quart fruit can was found, cleansed and filled with water, and after a rest the final ascent began. The excitement and the hope of success, and the pure, life-giving air, made me forget my weakness, and a few minutes after 2 p. m. I was on the summit. What a scene lay before me. To the eastward, the vast expanse extending to the Rocky Mountains, dotted with numerous intervening ranges. To the far southeast was the great Raliston desert,

shimmering in the sunlight, with the sharply-outlined Hot Springs range of mountains. To the northeast was the expanse of Carson Sink and intervening lakes, with a wonderful view made up of foot hills, valleys, towns, darkness and volcanic mountains belonging to the age of fire. Washoe lake, twenty miles away, seemed right at my feet—just a stone's throw. The scene north, west and south was beyond description. No words in our language can express my feelings while gazing on the many snow-capped mountains that filled the horizon; and the interminable infolding, unfolding and circumfolding of the stupendous range, as seen from one of its summits. It is impossible to portray what can be seen, not only from that peak, but from many others in that part of the range.

I remained for about an hour, but I could have stayed for days had not the return been a pressing necessity. So I drank my last sup of water, ate my apple, and with feelings bordering on inspiration, the descent was begun. At the spring the fruit can was filled, and the downward grade, with its tiresome holding back, was before me. As I went up I had carefully marked places where distance could be saved by cut offs. Some of them shortened the way by several hundred yards, and one as much as a mile or more. In making it I had a new experience. Soon

after leaving the trail, I came out from the scrub upon a broad sand flow, extending nearly to the base of the descent. I stepped on it and it seemed to be solid, but in a short distance I came to loose sand and commenced sinking. In an instant I knew the danger and the proper course to pursue. I threw myself flat on my back and lifted my feet to the surface, and began rolling over towards the right. In a moment the whole body of the flow began moving down hill with me on it. The situation was now rather uncomfortable, and I looked anxiously ahead. Off to the right, some distance below me, and well off to the edge of the flow, a small pine tree was standing. By rolling over and gradually working across the current, I got in line with the tree, then went straight to it, and was soon astride and hugging it like a friend in need. Being safe, I now watched the strange phenomenon. The flow was two hundred feet wide and several feet deep, and moved as fast as a man could walk, with a singular humming or musical sound, which was intensified by obstructions as rocks and trees. The descent was nearly a thousand feet, at an angle of about 30 or 35 degrees. By a detour through the scrub I reached the bottom of the descent, where the sand was slowly piling up among the rocks and small pines. The danger would have been in being covered up and suffocated in the fine,

yielding sand, like being in a bin of flaxseed. The steady disintegration of the rocks and shale of which the mountains are formed, the extremes of winter frost and summer heat cause this continued crumbling away, and produce sand flows.

When I returned that evening my strength was all gone, and I was completely exhausted. The excitement of the day had been too much for my situation, so I had to lie down at once and keep close all next day. I did not tell what I had done until sure that I was over the effects; then it was hard for them to believe I had accomplished the feat in one day, but my descriptions removed all doubt. That was another landmark in life, another picture that will not fade, but unfortunately cannot be depicted. So the days passed until the snow began to cover the mountain tops. Then, like a bird of passage, I started southward.

From Carson City I went directly to San Francisco and there made arrangements to see as much of Southern California as I could by rail. The first trip was down the coast line route, through San Jose and that beautiful valley, where everything seems tending towards perfection in gardening, fruit growing and farming. The rich, alluvial soil, under intelligent cultivation, is yielding marvelous results, and it is a joy to look out on some of the rural scenes

up the valley. Irrigation has been brought to a high state of perfection, and the results are not surpassed by the highest attainments of the Hollanders and Belgians. From there I went southward, up the fertile and rapidly-developing Salinas Valley and on to Templeton and San Luis Obispo, through a new, but very promising country. At Templeton there was being opened up a portion of country that had a grander future than any other part of the coast in that latitude. This evidences the sagacity of the Jesuits, who realized the fact and founded a mission there, the ruins of which still remain. One adobe building, covered with red tile, has been standing over a hundred years, and will stand many years longer if undisturbed.

Upon returning to San Francisco I started south on the San Joaquin line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and passed up that rich valley and was not idle with my eyes, ears or field glass. Real estate men were loud in their praise and persistent in soliciting land buyers to purchase in that valley, and they were almost a nuisance on the trains; many of them wide-mouthed, brazen, unprincipled and offensive.

I called at Tulare to see some old neighbors who had stopped there. Some practical fruit growers urged me to go back to Merced and Fresno, and

they would meet all expense. So I consented. At Merced I was met by a former Indianian and driven out through the wonderful vineyards and fruit orchards, and then out to the naked desert, where there was no improvement, that I might understand the amazing capabilities of that desert when watered and cultivated. The contrast was almost beyond belief. In places, within 60 feet of the most vigorous and luxuriant vines and fruit trees, the ground would be perfectly barren and destitute of vegetation; yet the vines and trees were growing in the same kind of soil. Two days spent at Merced gave me an intelligent idea of its future. At Fresno I was met by friends who also drove me about through rapidly expanding fruit orchards and vineyards. Here the celebrated raisin grape seemed to have attained perfection both in quality and quantity. Looking out across the wide valley, it was difficult even to imagine what the future of that productive land would be, for the snow-covered mountains told me there would never be a lack of water while snow fell.

Returning to Tulare, my friend and I had a pleasant social time, and then the journey southward was resumed. But fate was again adverse. At Bakersfield I fell into the hands of the manager of the 75,000-acre ranch, near the town, who for two days fed and carted me over the large farm. The

sight was grand and surprising. There were 500 brood mares on the land, with an average stock of 2,000 head of horses, 15,000 head of cattle, and several thousand head of sheep. The improvement sheds looked more like the repair shops of a railroad than anything belonging to a farm. There were a dozen traction engines, with as many threshers and separators, and binders and mowers by the score. One railroad harvester cut, threshed and stacked up the grain while moving as fast as the average trot of a horse. The long line of hay ricks, straw ricks and other kinds of food indicated the amount it took to feed their live stock. The garden where the vegetables were raised covered five acres, and the eating house was like an immense hotel. While there I witnessed their mode of branding the colts. They were all in small pens for easy handling. With a hot iron they marked each one on the neck under the mane, with the date, age and the number; this was entered in a book by a clerk standing by. It was often times visible for life, and served as a means of identification and of tracing pedigree. They furnished a salesman 300 horses per year in San Francisco, and shipped fine stock all over the world.

This detention on my journey was the most interesting of any, as it opened wider the possibilities of that country. The water for irrigation was sup-

plied by a large canal out of King river. Leaving Bakersfield in the morning, I passed the celebrated loop on the Tehichapa mountains, where the railroad crosses itself, the first engineering feat of the kind ever accomplished. It was in the forenoon when we passed it. The sun was favorable, and I had a satisfactory view. Though wonderful in results, it is simple and easily to be understood. But loops have now become common in crossing mountains, and have ceased to astonish engineers. Beyond the loop we ran out into the Mojave desert, a very singular region, where the whole barren plain is covered thickly with sand dunes—peculiarly-shaped and oddly-grouped sand hills. As yet speculation has failed to explain the reason, but for some cause or other, they give the landscape a forbidding, gloomy look. No one wants to stop there.

At Sangus I took a branch road and ran down to Santa Barbara, on the coast. It is one of the old Spanish towns, beautifuly located in a green valley, and surrounded on two sides by low mountains. It is one of the quiet, restful, sleepy places, where one wants to go to enjoy genuine laziness, for the scenery is soothing and the breeze is delightful. Returning to the main line, I soon reached the far-famed Los Angeles.

Upon my first visit to this city, time and oppor-

tunity was not at my command for sight-seeing, but now there was both time and the will to see all. My first move was to run out on all the short line railroads touching the city, three or four going to would-be commercial ports on the coast, then down the shore to San Diego, near the Mexican line. A day was spent in examining the possibilities of that great city of the future. There was a port and harbor that cannot be surpassed for safety, capacity and all such requirings, but the city will be slow in building. It is too far south, down in the relaxing latitude where men lose their energy and activity; it will never be a San Francisco or a Portland. Upon my return to Los Angeles I ran out on the railroads for a hundred or two miles, through all the present and prospective fruit region; stopped at Riverside, San Jacinto, Cotton, San Bernardino, Pomona, Passadena, and many other fruit centers; then went to rest at the home of my friend, Dr. Furnas, who had settled at El Modena, 38 miles from Los Angeles. Instead of resting, he and other old friends in the village of 300 people (I knew all but one family) took me out driving every day, or climbing the adjoining mountains. In this way I learned much of the daily life of the inhabitants, and talked with them respecting their prospective hopes of success, and saw many examples of prosperity as well as many sad, disastrous failures. The great boom had just collapsed, and there were

hundreds of families completly ruined and almost destitute. There were many skeleton towns and future "great cities" wholly deserted, and the stakes which marked the city lots were still standing alone amid the solitude. Not a few around me were heaping curses on the cause of their ruin; families who had lost their all were sending east to their friends for money to go back. To add to the troubles, the grape blight had passed over the land, and the scale bug was attacking orange trees, which was the cause of much anxiety. Taking all these things together, I was fortunate in the time of my visit. When I first saw El Modena it was at the beginning of the boom, before the grape blight had done its work, and the whole land was in a glow of extravagant expectation, and all the people seemed almost incapable of sober reasoning. Now things were at the opposite extreme.

Among the many interesting places visited was the ostrich farm, where there are over 100 live birds, some of them gigantic creatures, attaining greater height and weight than in Cape Colony, from whence the stock was imported. In the company were several of the original importation, which had been selected for their size and perfect development; but the offspring had excelled them, showing the environment of Southern California superior to Southern

Africa. The speculation had not been as successful as expected, but was paying expenses.

One picnic was held on top of the mountains, two miles away. In going we passed through an orange orchard, with the ripening fruit beginning to fall, of which we partook as hungry people only can. Three times in the ascent we found rare wild flowers, considered as delicate greenhouse plants in Indiana. It was a beautiful day, and the pure mountain breeze was very bracing to the invalids, and their care-takers had little trouble in looking after them. In the afternoon we returned by a small fruit farm, and found an abundant supply of second crop strawberries, of which we were not slow to partake. Farther on we ate ripe tomatoes from vines two years old, and by a unanimous vote we resolved to say no more about the day's findings.

Irrigation was one of the subjects that claimed my attention. My son was extensively engaged and interested in it. He had studied and collected state reports of engineers, from which I gained much information, and could the more intelligently study the subject in the sections where the greatest perfection had been attained. It is still in its infancy, and it is wonderful to see what has already been accomplished without anticipating the future. But of this I feel assured that inside of fifty years the larger

portion of our people will be living in the irrigating region, where the desert now is, and the water question will have become the absorbing and vital one, not only to agriculture, but to future national growth and expansion.

At length I bade a kind good-bye to the doctor and his family, and my many other friends, and resumed my homeward journey, passing through the great waterless basin, three hundred feet below the sea level. It seems to have been the bed of a former lake, or arm of the gulf, which it is now proposed to fill again by turning the Colorado river out of its present channel. The new lake would cover many thousands of square miles, and change the climate of a large territory of now barren sand. It was a gala day with the Indians at Yuma, Arizona, where we cross the Rio Grande river; they were out on dress parade by the hundreds. Many were displaying for sale the usual bead basket, plaited, woven and painted work, ranging from a baby's moccasin to a flaming red blanket, all very ingeniously and neatly done.

We passed next into the gloom of the Yuma desert, which had not lost any of its interest and dreariness since I first crossed it. The passage was all made by daylight this time. There was a range of sand hills not seen before, resembling the dunes

on the Mojave desert, but the ever-present giant cactus grew on the sides and summits as on the level. It is very curious to see the way the railroad is protected from the drifting sand. The lighter portion of the sand, when carried by the wind, follows the same laws of drifting snow, and the same kind of guards and wind brakes are built. The heavy, rolling sand follows the same law of flowing water, and it is a singular sight to see long lines of deep, wide ditches where water never flows. As a ditch is filled, others on a higher level are dug until the accumulation changes the flow, and sends to one side to constantly repeat the process. The life of the section hands out on the arid plains is exceedingly dreary and laborious, often suffering the extremes of thirst and heat.

A stop of a few hours was made at Tucson, Arizona, a place that may one day become an important center of business; the valley is fertile and water abundant. We also stayed several hours at Benson. The country around looked so extremely forbidding that I queried why any one should wish to live in such a place; but the express agent pointed to a baggage car where there was a large stack of gold and silver bars piled up like cord wood. They were collected from mines down in Mexico and were in the crude stage, but represented immense value

when purified. Men will go anywhere for gold, and so were living in this forbidding place. I was glad when we started, for the desolation was oppressive to my mind, and I wanted to reach the mountains ahead for relief. And beyond were the wonderful moving sand hills, which would now have additional interest, and it was as anticipated. The mountains were of the old volcanic time, and were full of curious, fantastic combinations of rugged views not seen in any other mountain formations, and are peculiar to that great volcanic belt, two thousand miles long and eight hundred wide and almost treeless.

When the sand hills were sighted, a strong wind was blowing from the southwest, which carried the fine sand in clouds, just like the fine, drifting snows on the prairies of Iowa and Nebraska. Sometimes the clouds would reach the train and fill the cars with dust that settled like fine flour on clothing and seats. The dust was very suggestive, and I made note of the connection there might be between it and the new theory of the luminous character of our atmosphere depending upon the atoms of dust floating in it, and that the nucleus of every raindrop was an atom of dust, which absorbed moisture until it could no longer float, and so descended in the form of rain. Here was one of the sources of supply for atmospheric dust, so the time from there to El Paso was

spent in trying to reconcile the new theory with old prejudices.

At El Paso my cousins welcomed me again to their home, and we spent many hours rehearsing our adventures, for they, too, were wanderers to some extent. The reminiscences of early life had to be called up and discussed; the results of my present trip were talked over; latest news from the old home eagerly listened to, winding up with local happenings.

There was a Catholic festival being celebrated on the Mexican side in Paso Del Norte, and one of the accompaniments was a succession of bull fights. My own desire, and a small amount of urging by my cousins, decided me to see one. Accompanied by one of my relatives, I crossed the river and went to the place where the daily fights were held. It was in a large, circular enclosure, with seats capable of seating several thousand people; the area was about 100 feet in diameter. This day's performance was with six bulls, three of which refused to fight and were hissed out of the ring. One made some show of resistance, but was finally sent out in disgrace. One made a good fight, and was taken out with honors; and one, the last, was frantic and furious with previous torture when he entered the ring, making it dangerous for all within reach. One horse was gored and hurled to the ground, and the rider

badly bruised; one man, when pursued, escaped by a hand's breadth behind the safeguard. After being tortured with barbed arrows thrust in and hanging on his shoulders and sides, and gored with lances, the executioner came into the ring with a long, double-edged sword. The bull was decoyed by red flags to the opposite side of the ring, then all ran behind the barrier. On looking around the bull saw the executioner waving the red flag defiantly. In an instant the bull uttered a fierce bellow, lowered his head and ran at full speed right on the man, who seemed to be doomed to certain death; but with a dexterity and agility perfectly amazing, he thrust the sword between the shoulders to the heart of the bull, withdrew it and sprang aside, while the animal made one more convulsive spring and fell dead, the life blood spouting from the wound. This was done so quickly that the eye could not follow all the movements of the executioner. I have not seen such skill displayed anywhere, or in any kind of business, as displayed by this "Matadore." Yet the whole scene is cruel and brutal in the extreme; there is nothing refining or elevating, but everything that is brutalizing and degrading. When we see a bull fight we understand why the Spanish race is on the down grade in civilization and national strength; if they had no other sin, bull fighting would be enough to ruin their morality in a few centuries.

From early boyhood I had settled it in my mind that one day I would see the celebrated Falls of Montezuma, in Mexico. The first desire came from reading Peter Parley's stories, and it grew with my youth and strengthened with my strength. So being free from hindering causes, I determined to make the trip from El Paso. To determine was to act, so I started full of anticipation, and an inward feeling that I would succeed.

The first two hundred miles were without special interest; valley, mountain and plain were a continuation of what lay northward. After reaching Chihuahua, the country assumes distinctive features; strangely-formed mountain peaks, seemingly capped with artificial towers, and massive walls. Others appear to have been thrust up from the valley with flat tops like the hills in the Yellowstone River valley. The foothills are precipitous bluffs and cliffs instead of having rounded forms; but the most singular feature is the immense quantity and variety of cacti. In places there are hundreds of acres covered so densely with the fan-leaf plant that the heaviest locomotive, if put on full speed, would not penetrate the mass fifty yards. Other places are very large groves of the various forms of tree cacti, giving the valley and hills a picturesque look which cannot be described for want of a standard of comparison, for

the like is not found outside that great central valley. The towns and cities also become very interesting; the further away from the border the more distinctively foreign they become, the style and customs of the people change, the carts, wagons, agricultural implements, mode of farming, gardening, local transportation, all seems rude and primitive. The houses have an Eastern look, the internal domestic arrangements savor of Eastern life, and we are startled at the reminders of Bible descriptions of houses and home life that present themselves. As we go forward the country shows a strange contradiction of prosperity and decline. Sometimes we pass along lines of stone walls that enclose deserted fields, and fine old Spanish mansions in ruin; then we pass the crumbling remains of old adobe churches, with broad lands becoming a wilderness; then, in striking contrast, we will pass broad acres of grain and fine gardens, with a thriving, active town in the center, where things look bright and promising. The ruins are the remains of Spanish conquest and church authority, both now gone. Mexican Independence ruined the Spanish grandees, and chronic revolution broke the oppression of the church; and these are the questions hard to solve as to which was the better, Spain's stability, or modern revolution? Judged by appearances, there was as much bread produced on the

now waste lands of the grandees and church, under Spanish rule, as by the present generation, according to population. At many places we see where gold and silver mines, once productive, have been abandoned, and at places where the mines are still worked, the natives use the rude, clumsy machinery in use a hundred years ago. The new houses being built are like those of the past, no modern improvements introduced; everything, so far as humanity is concerned, is fixed and crystalized. To thinking people, I find it a matter of surprise that our next-door neighbor to the south should really be five hundred years behind us in the essential things of life —twelve-year-old children compared to parents.

So I went on 1,224 miles, peering around on every side, plying my fellow-passengers with questions of the reason why for many strange things, the names of plants, trees, birds and animals. At one place a striking scene met my gaze, for it was scriptural to the letter. A wealthy man, who planted 10,000 acres of corn each year, was out with fifty yoke of cattle plowing in a field a mile wide; and quite like the prophet of old, this man had the entire fifty yoked before him. As he rode slowly behind them, the whole thing was a great contrast to the ranch at Bakersfield, in California. On one occasion I got the worst for my curiosity. I was

watching the changing views of a beautiful lake near by, and innocently asked the conductor its name; then there was an explosion of merriment at my expense. It was a perfect "mirage," while the real lake was miles away, yet I watched the illusive picture with unabated interest, and I see it in memory as a genuine lake.

But all my political speculation, eager questioning, etc., suddenly ended when we slowed up at the depot of the city of the Montezumas. My joy at realizing that I had lived to accomplish this hope of early life was little less than when I stood on the Great Pyramid in Egypt, or walked on the walls of Jerusalem. As soon as a room was secured I sought the grand cathedral, and from its highest spire viewed the wonderful surroundings; the first things I looked for with my glass were the old causeways that were so important in the conquest, and the defense of the first conquest; then the lake, the amphitheatre of the mountains and the volcano. The causeways were nearly all destroyed, the lake was nearly drained, but the mountains were there with a dark cloud of smoke ascending from the crater.

At my feet, and far around, lay the city, so unlike all others in America, with its thronging thousands, who, too, were unlike any other people on the continent. The greatest surprise was the

oriental character of all the older portion of the city; from my outlook I could see a complete counterpart of eastern cities built centuries ago; every feature and outline of the make-up filled me with astonishment. There was nothing American about it but the street cars. Instead of the rattle and clang of drays, hacks and wheeled vehicles, there were thousands of porters, men and women, bearing boxes, bales and bundles on their backs as they did in the time of Solomon.

There were whole squares enclosed with a solid wall, with but one entrance through a large arched gateway into an open area or court in the center, and all the houses opened into it; the roofs were flat as in Bible lands. All this was unexpected, and in one sense a disappointment; there was no trace of the Montezumas left; all was Oriental and foreign.

When we left the cathedral I hurried to the museum to see the great calendar stone, which had become such an object of wonder to the archaeologists of the world. On entering the great hall it stood right before me, in front of the main entrance. It is a circular stone, about eight feet in diameter, and about the proportion of a great mill stone in thickness. Every square inch of its surface is covered with hieroglyphics. The outer circumference is curiously carved into regular irregular figures, then

a perfect circle is drawn and divided into degrees as accurately as our skilled experts could have done. Then the whole face is divided by concentric circles, and the spaces covered with indecipherable figures of men, birds, animals and mystic characters. There is the most perfect regularity and seemingly scientific and mechanical skill in every part of the record. The representations are distinctly different from anything seen on Egyptian or Assyrian stones. They are more like characters used by the Hittites, as given by William Wright in a recent publication. Thus far the statement of the wonderful stone is a sealed book, and may long remain so. If it ever should be read, it may reveal greater facts and open up a wider field of research than the discoveries now being made by the various antiquarian associations. Who knows but the world was peopled from America? Who knows but what Yucatan and Central America may have been to primitive man what England is to the world of to-day? The world has witnessed more radical changes in opinion than this would be, in spite of deep-rooted prejudices and racial selfishness.

To me the calendar stone was most curious, yet there are many other relics of pre-historic time that carry us back into a past, that remains lost, but there is a striking and startling resemblance between it and many of the discoveries made in Bible lands which

belong to remote antiquity. As I looked into the faces painted and moulded on the strong jugs and water jars that stood around the great hall, they spoke of a past civilization yet to be revealed—one that had the art of lifting huge blocks of stone and the idea of massiveness in their structures; the same thought of settled continuance as the people who are found in the oldest civilization known. Sometimes I came upon a relic that seemed to proclaim its African origin, and everywhere the indecipherable hieroglyphics call to mind the lost Hittite. To my mind, there is not a shadow of evidence that any part of Mexican antiquity had a Mongolian or Asiatic origin.

The saddest thing I saw in Mexico was the wreck and ruin wrought by the murderous and bigoted Spaniard; even the calendar stone bears marks of the sledge hammer wielded by fanatical Spanish priests, and collected fragments of priceless works of art attest to the thorough manner in which they did the work of diabolical ruin. The world may never know again who built those strong, lost cities, or by what power they fell, but their ruins will appeal in dumb eloquence to the lovers of the grand and beautiful through all time.

When I left the museum I turned my attention to the tides of life that were thronging the streets;

much of all I saw was new. The contrast between the extremes of humanity was very noticeable. The pure Castilian type were as fine specimens of human beings as we see anywhere; they seemed the remnant of a lost race among strangers. The other extreme, or the sample which I took for it, was a company of mountaineer Indians who came into the city with small donkeys loaded with evergreens for decorations at festivals. The men and women had nothing on but a single grain sack, with a hole cut for the head and arms, which hung loose about them. They were of dark brown complexion, with long, glossy, black hair, and appeared to be enjoying their measure of life as well as the grandees.

There is a possibility that the original Aztec race may yet return to power and re-establish their nationality, for the Aztec countenance seemed to predominate in the multitude, though the Spanish prevailed among the business ranks. I strolled through the market on the great square in front of the cathedral, and the large market houses in other parts. I also got on the street cars and rode to all parts of the city, with no particular object in view, but always looking and learning. In the older portions all is primitive, in the more modern there are many innovations. Modern mansions stand beside Moorish structures; in places the enclosing walls are broken

through and modern street fronts break the monotony, but the thousands of shambling, half-trotting porters are everywhere, acting horse, dray and hack, carrying loads we would think beyond powers of endurance, and they never cease to be marvelous and entertaining.

Many of the articles in the market were unknown to me, and often I did not know their use. Compounds cut, dipped, poured and smeared about that looked and smelled repulsive to the untrained eye and nose. Yet when I laid down at night and summed up the day's observation, I came to the conclusion that there is a measure of enjoyment in almost any condition of life, though it may be through ignorance of anything better.

A person with an eye to the sublime and beautiful, with all the gradations to ludicrous and revolting, can spend several months in the City of Mexico and find something new every day, and write an amusing book. Though it was in December, it was too warm to walk on the sunny side of the street, and ladies carried parasols when out shopping; beautiful flowers were blooming in the open air, and to me it seemed more like early June than December. I saw but few cloaks of any kind, and mine was the only fur cap in the place, and I was called an old Russian for wearing it. Hotel fare was cheaper

than in the states, but the food was red hot with pepper, and my mouth and throat at first refused to tolerate the heated applications, otherwise Mexican food was quite passable.

On the return trip I traveled by day what I had passed over by night in going down, and made short stops at some of the old cities: Irapuato, Aguas, Calientes, Zoca Vocas; then at Torean took the Mexican Central Railroad, going eastward to Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande, stopping on the way at Trevino and Sabinas. This route was more entertaining than any I had seen in Mexico. There was a continued succession of mountain ranges and broad valleys, many of which were in cultivation, and new forms of the cactus trees appeared: the most beautiful, the Palf cactus, which grows twenty to thirty feet high, crowned with a dome of beautiful flowers, with long pendant fronds, that like the aspen trees were always in motion, swayed by the slightest breeze.

Between Trevino and Sabinas an incident occurred that gives a glimpse of Mexican life in one particular form. A desperado and a companion had committed a crime up towards Sabinas and fled to the mountains southward, aiming to reach a certain pass before being intercepted; the road ran within a mile or less of the pass. As we neared it the trail came around a foothill in sight of the railroad. When

in a favorable position the train stopped and two Mexican officers, the conductor, and others, were eagerly scanning the trail. I knew nothing of the matter up to this time, but through curiosity I leveled my glass in that direction, and saw two horsemen coming down in view. Suspecting something was up, I handed the conductor my glass, who looked and excitedly handed it to the oldest officer, and when he looked he almost dropped the glass as he returned it. Instantly the signal was given; the train ran backward at high speed to near the pass. Before it was still the officers leaped to the ground; the older ran like a greyhound for the pass, the younger one for the nearest point on the trail where it crossed a deep gully. In the meantime the horsemen had taken alarm and spurred their horses to full speed. The race now became exciting, but seemingly just in the nick of time the young officer reached the gully and planted himself by a large rock and opened fire at tolerably short range. The horsemen dashed down the gully, which was dry, and still made for the pass, but the young man made a bee line for the pass, shouting to his partner. In a little time the riders emerged from the ravine only to find themselves cut off, and between two fires. They also began firing rapidly, and soon one reeled and swayed in his saddle, then recovered himself, and both

dashed down the side of the mountain, followed by the young officer, while the other held the pass. The battle seemed to be over and the train moved on to make up lost time, but my field glass was quite popular the rest of the journey, for it had the credit of giving the officer the advantage in the adventure. How the chase finally ended I never knew.

Eagle Pass is the point where the Mexican Central Railroad crosses the Rio Grande into Texas, and then joins the Southern Pacific at Spoferd Junction. I arrived at the junction in the early morning, and had to wait a few hours for the train from the Pacific coast. When it came I was surprised to see one of my friends from Indiana step off the train to look at the town. I had parted from him a month before in California; he was then going north towards Washington and British Columbia, while I was going in the opposite direction. He had made his far northern trip and I my southern, and both were beginning to be homesick and were working homeward. We traveled together to New Orleans, then separated, and a month later met in Indianapolis again. We were Americans, and this shows what a wandering propensity we have; my friend, like myself, had the warm Carolina blood in his veins.

The journey across Southern Texas was not interesting; the country is nearly a uniform level plain,

much of it covered with scrub timber or wide prairies, in places well cultivated, in others lying waste without inhabitants. It is much the same with Southern Louisiana; the coast is low and swampy, monotonous and dreary looking. The few splendid farms we passed only intensified the dreariness of the marshland. My stop in New Orleans was short, a statement of which is given in connection with my first visit in 1844. My homeward trip was by way of Jackson and Meredith, Miss.; Birmingham, Ala.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Cincinnati, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana. I started southwest, returned from the east, having traveled nearly 12,000 miles, and been from home a little over four months. It would fill many books to describe all that was seen, heard and endured. There were many mountain scenes so grand and beautiful, with historic events associated with them, that it would take much time and space to do them justice. There were land slides where whole sides of mountains had given way and gone to the valley, thus changing local conditions; cloud bursts had occurred on the mountains, producing floods in the canyons that carried stones and bowlders down to the valley and on the plain in size and quantity almost past belief. The bursting of reservoirs, breaking of lake barriers, with attending flood and ruin; the wonderful achievements, the toil, risk

and danger encountered and overcome by the freighters before the railroad was built; the thrilling events in the early mining camps when lynch law was the only standard of justice; the battles with the murderous Apache and other Indians; the sudden rise of penniless prospectors to great wealth, and falls from wealth to want. All these subjects would each fill a book that would be stranger than fiction, and take the reader back to living scenes which will soon be forgotten and lost to history. There was not a day during the long trip but some new discovery was made, some new historical event learned, some new departure from conventional lines that aroused old time prejudice and crystalized nations.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Visit to the Old Home in North Carolina—Winter of 1890 and 1891 Spent at Guilford College—Again in 1892, '93 and '94—Excursion to Oregon—Oregon Yearly Meeting—Excursion to Columbia—Trip to British Columbia—Visit to My Son and Carson City—The Outing on the Lake and on the Mountains—Yellowstone National Park—Return Home via Kansas and World's Fair.

There was not a day or an hour that I did not feel the hand of the Lord upholding me in my journey, nor did I for a moment lose the assurance in my heart that I would return safely to my home.

As before, my neighbors and friends wanted me to give them the benefit of my observations in my journey, which I did in public talks and at private socials. Those especially interested were the young farmers and fruit growers, who wished to know my judgment as to where they should go to settle for life. To this class I felt under obligations, for they

were earnest in their inquiries and anxious to know the possibilities and capabilities of the wide region over which I had passed. My gift of discerning the ability of men had increased by use. I had learned how to direct men by understanding their temperament. So I would tell some to go to the new northwest, the Dacotahs and Montana, and the great wheat field; others to the fruit regions of Oregon and Washington; still others to the two extremes of California, north and south. But those who had the mind and will to look farther ahead were directed to the arid regions of the great plains, where irrigation would soon transform the desert into a paradise of beauty and productiveness.

In 1890 I went back to my old home in North Carolina to attend Friends' Yearly Meeting; the time of holding it had been changed from November to August. Several years had passed since I had attended this annual gathering, and the reunion with old friends and the associations of the scenes of my youth was very enjoyable; and the many rehearsals of adventures through which I had passed made our socials bright and happy opportunities. A month or more was spent in visiting around New Garden, then I returned home. My friends were united in remarking that my health had improved (for I was still an invalid) and I felt that it was true, for I

realized that my native air was what I needed; so it became a settled fact that at the beginning of winter I should return to Guilford College for the season of 1890-91. The mild climate, the kindly association with old friends and contact with the bright young life of the students, was like the renewing of wasted energy by sweet rest.

It may be well to finish the history of home travel before going abroad, so the whole subject may be connectedly understood. As I still improved by going south, the winters of 1891-92, 1893-94 and 1894-95 were spent at Guilford College. Local trips were taken while there to Wilmington, on the coast, and into South Carolina, to a fish exhibit at Newbern, and to the mountains, etc., etc.

The Friends in Oregon had petitioned Iowa Yearly Meeting for the privilege of holding a Yearly Meeting of their own at Newberg, in that state. Their request was granted, and it was announced that the new meeting would be held June 26th, 1893. To meet the wants of many Friends who wished to go to Oregon, I organized an excursion party for the occasion. We started from Chicago and went through in a tourist sleeping car over the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line Railroads. The trip was successful and delightful; as I had been over the route before, the various points of interest were noted and

others not seen before admired and commented on. The volcanic region of Snake river was a wonder to all, and additionally so to me, for new things were constantly presenting themselves. The crossing of the Snake river mountains, the run down the Columbia river, the splendid view of Mt. Hood, the Dalles, Multnoma Falls, the Palisades of the Columbia, were all seen and enjoyed by the party. To them the trip was almost like an enchanting dream or startling vision.

At Portland we were met by friends who had made hotel and other arrangements for us, and the next day we ran out twenty-two miles to Newberg, the point of destination. As it frequently happens, I was surprised to find so many I knew. Some were my old neighbors and their children from North Carolina, and many more from Indiana, who, together with acquaintances from other places, made up most of the people of the town. When the meeting convened, I was still more surprised to find a large majority of those in attendance were persons I had met in the eastern states. The meeting lasted six days, and was one continued happy reunion. Many had not met for periods of from five to thirty years, and almost every vicissitude of real life had been seen and suffered, and I am glad to say that many, like myself, had reached the glad season of rest when the day's work was done.

One of the party was a kinswoman of mine from North Carolina. She was in poor health, but was greatly benefited by the journey across the mountains, and much interested in all that we saw. My nephew and other friends took us over the hills and through the splendid prune orchards, that we might better understand the marvelous production of the Willamette Valley in apples, prunes, plums, cherries, pears and all small fruits. The owner of a fourteen-year-old prune orchard was offered $800 per acre for the fruit on the trees, but did not sell, for he could make more by drying and packing it himself. For a nine-year-old orchard, $600 per acre was offered.

On one of the prune farms near Newberg, an Oregon pine tree was trimmed to the top and sawed off where it was four inches in diameter, 120 feet from the ground. To show his skill in climbing and pruning, the man balanced himself horizontally on that four-inch top, then came down in safety. A tree trimmed in that way the right time of year will dry and keep a whole generation.

At the close of the Yearly Meeting a grand steamboat, Fourth of July excursion was arranged to go to Multnoma Falls, 120 miles up the Columbia. There were nearly 350 in the excursion, and it proved a very interesting trip. While we were coming back it was proposed that a minister should

preach a sermon at the bow, and that I talk at the stern on the Land of the Midnight Sun; this was done. A humorous minister reported in Indiana that I delivered an address that was heard distinctly for twenty miles, but without explaining that the boat went twenty miles down stream while I was speaking.

When the steamer stopped at Portland to let off passengers, I felt a sudden impulse to land and go north to British Columbia, and my invalid niece wanted to go also, declaring that she was strong enough for the trip. We stayed over night in the city and started in the early morning; ran down the Columbia, on the west side, to Goble, where there is a ferry boat, the next to the largest in the world, the one at Benecia and Port Costa, California, being the largest. Here the passenger and freight trains are ferried across without jolt or jar, and it is a wonderful sight to see the huge ferry-boat propelled across the rapid current of the great river, and then glide into port and unload on the rails. It surpassed anything of the kind seen in Europe, nor is there a river in that grand division to compare with the Columbia. From Kalama, on the Washington side, we sped away through the lowlands and immense forests, where the lumbermen are spreading destruction on every side, and will soon have one of the world's great-

est forests obliterated. It is in Western Washington that we see taller forests and longer timbers handled than anywhere else; the largest I ever saw was 125 feet long and three feet square. I have seen whole forests that were 300 feet high, but that was the largest solid, sawed stick that I saw. There is much uniformity in the lay of the land until we reach Olympia, the present capitol of Washington; then begins the beautiful lake-like country, alternating with forests, farms and low marsh lands.

At Tacoma we took steamer for Victoria, B. C., and almost as soon as we steamed out from land the unsurpassed beauty of Puget's Sound began to unfold. Though I had read of its picturesque waters, the scene before me surpassed all expectations. The next inspiring object that came to view is Mt. Ranier, which rises 1,400 feet above the horizon, glittering in the sunlight, with cleft summit where once its crater glowed with fervent heat, now covered with perpetual snow. The dazzling white, as seen from the boat, is in vivid contrast to the dark green forest that is at its base. As we wound among the many islands and rounded the promontories, the scene was ever changing and always charming and beautiful. We were so absorbed in watching the green forests as they passed—for they came down to the water's edge, and were here and there broken by a prosper-

ous settlement, with green fields, orchards and hop fields—that we did not notice two other snowy summits till they seemed to rise suddenly to the eastward, emitting a crimson light from their crowns of snow as if illumined by a brilliant sunset. The waters of the sound increased in beautv, and the bright sunlight seemed to fall softly over forest, islands and the gleaming waters around us; we felt conscious that we were advancing northward, where the days are longer. While we were enjoying all this, far to the north Mt. Baker began to rise from the mountain range and its white cap shown like molten silver; and so the picture enlarged more and more. We finally turned from the enchanting view and looked westward towards Mt. Baker, and we were almost struck dumb with astonishment at the finishing touch to this magnificent panorama. To the west lay the Olympian mountains, like vast snow fields, and we stood amazed at the dazzling scene, for we seemed to be in fairy land instead of the far off, almost unknown, uninteresting Puget Sound region. In all my travels over our broad land, in Bible land and in Europe, I had seen much water scenery, but the most beautiful that I ever beheld is Puget Sound and its surroundings.

We landed in Victoria in the afternoon; after procuring rooms we started out to see the strange city

with its foreign population. Everything—the houses, the business, the goods and merchandise and voice of the people—indicated that we were in the northern latitude, where the extremes of light and darkness, heat and cold, were great and vitality, though strong and enduring, was more sluggish than in the south-land.

The next day we visited a large Joss house, or Chinese temple, and saw all their hideous images used in their religious ceremonies; we then went to the cathedral and the new Methodist church, then took the street car and rode out five miles to a fashionable resort on a beautiful land-locked and rock-bound bay, with shell beach and curiously honey-combed rocks. On our return to the city, we went out seven miles to where a large, iron-clad man-of-war was riding at anchor. When we came back young Ballington Booth was holding an out-door meeting, so we mingled with the many thousands for an hour to hear his eloquence and matchless power of holding a vast multitude.

We finally repaired to our hotel tired, but well pleased with our day's work; the sun had set about 9 p. m., and we could see to read until nearly 10 p. m. By the calendar, there were four more hours' sunshine the 7th of July than at Greensboro, N. C., the same day. The trip down the Sound gave

us a view of the other side, with new groupings of mountains, islands, and shores, that finished the grand picture.

When we returned to Newberg, Oregon, I found a dispatch from my son at Carson City, stating that he had business in San Francisco at a given date, and he would like me to come to that city and return with him. This changed the original program, and I shortened my stay at Newberg and started south by rail, leaving my niece to follow later on. The railroad connecting Portland and Sacramento had been completed since I passed through Oregon before; it opened up one of the finest mountain regions in any country, and one possessing peculiar and distinctive grandeur of scenery. The route passes up the Willamette Valley, between the coast range and the Cascade or Sierra Nevada range of mountains, with two cross-cut ranges thrown across the great valley by more recent volcanic action like the Tehichipa range in Southern California, and on one of the cross-cut ranges is another celebrated railroad loop, equal in engineering skill to Tehichipa. Between these short ranges are two very beautiful valleys, the Rogue and Chemath rivers, and so grand that the eye never grows weary of watching the ever-changing pictures.

Mount Shasta and its immediate surroundings

is the finest mountain scenery that is accessible in North America. Its summit is cleft from north to south by three immense chasms, the central one a thousand feet deep, which is slowly filling up with snow. At noon when the sun shines down into the great chasms the scene is so dazzling that the eye can scarcely bear the intense, reflected light; its base, like Mount Ranier, is clothed with pine forests, which intensifies the gloom from the perpetual fields of snow. In all the region around Mount Shasta there have been fearful convulsions in the past; rivers have been turned out of their courses, lakes have been formed and old ones emptied. It looks as if the mountains had been made to skip "like rams, and the little hills like lambs." We passed out of the mountain ranges into the head of the Sacramento Valley, and came to a fountain of almost pure soda water. It issues out of the cavern by thousands of gallons hourly; the rock is considerably worn away, showing that it has been running for ages. The railroad company has constructed a fine drinking fountain; the trains stop and all take a drink. Those who take the trip a second time provide themselves with sugar, for that makes it perfect: just why no one knows.

The whole Sacramento Valley is a marvel of rural beauty, and where it has been improved, pre-

sents a luxuriance that fills the beholder with enthusiastic delight, and yet the development is in its infancy. In a few years, when the orchards and vineyards have grown, the whole valley will be a wonder in productiveness. There will always be an abundance of water in that valley.

My son met me in San Francisco as arranged, and the next morning we started for his home, arrived same day and had a hearty greeting from the family, especially from the little ones. They had planned a vacation in the mountains when I should get there, so in a day or two we set out for Lake Tahoe, and crossed over to a summer resort on the west side within two miles of the nearest snow field. It was a delightful place, with all the mountain climbing that could be desired. My son immediately telegraphed to Portland, Oregon, for my nieces to come, and at the right time I crossed the lake to Tahoe City, there took hack and went to Trukee, on main line of Central Pacific Railroad to intercept her so as to save the going around by Carson City. Everything went as smooth as clock work; she left the train and we returned over the romantic route up the Trukee river, which abounds in picturesque scenes, and could one have the history of the lumber men and pioneers, it would make an interesting narrative. At Tahoe City we took a boat and

re-crossed the lake to the rendezvous, where there was a happy reunion of the cousins.

Then began a series of tramps over the hills, through immense forests of pine, cedar, redwood and other timber, hunting the beautiful snow plant which is found nowhere else, fishing on the lake, or taking a tour around the lake in a steamer, visiting some remarkable bays and inlets, where nature seems to have done its best to unite the romantic and the beautiful. The crowning wonder was a trip on foot of eleven miles to a new discovery called Rubicon Springs. The way led through one of the most terribly desolate mountains on the continent. Our first view was from a cliff two or three thousand feet high; below us lay a narrow valley, through which ran the Rubicon river, 5000 feet below the place where we stood. The valley and gorge ran northwest beyond the view; the opposite mountain range was naked granite rock, bald and desolate. Earthquake power had shivered the whole range into fragments; as far as the glass could reach there was not a square acre of rock that had not been shattered, seamed and broken. In places whole cubic acres of rock had been hurled into the valley, where they lay in fragments; great bowlders had been tossed about like foot-balls. To the southeast the head of the great gorge was closed by lofty summits, cov-

ered with many square miles of perpetual snow fields, which, with rocky desolation, finished the picture, easier remembered than described.

Within four years the way had been made to and down to the bottom of the valley; first a pack horse trail, then a cart way had been opened, and a rude hotel built, the doors and windows of which were carried to the valley on horses. At one point there were several mineral springs, among them a soda water spring like the great fountain at the head of the Sacramento river. High up near the snow fields is Lone Lake, covering several hundred acres; it is rather difficult of access. One afternoon a trip was made to it, the ladies on horseback and the men afoot; though a long, tiresome climb, it rewarded all the labor, for it brought us up nearer to and on a level with the snow, which was reflected in the placid waters as distinctly as in a glass. All was silent and peaceful; the bright sunlight, the rarified air united to make it a deeply-interesting place. But little conscious life ever visited that spot, except a few wild fowl in their migrations. A few large pine trees stood in lone grandeur in a cove at the west end.

Ten miles below the hotel is a place called Hell Hole, which is inaccessible to all except strong, active men, and they need to be brave and of good nerve. It is the winter quarters of rattlesnakes, and

the danger of entering the deep cove, together with the overpowering stench, is enough to deter most men. Two hardy hunters ventured in to collect rattles for tourists, but ere they had killed forty they were overcome by the foul air and with difficulty escaped from the horrible pit.

The river abounded in fine mountain trout, and some of the party could not resist the temptation to fish, so we had plenty of fresh trout during our stay. The return was made in a hack drawn by four horses, and the scenes from many of the turns were new revelations; and as we looked up to the overhanging cliffs and saw the foot path we had descended, we could hardly realize the fact; but everything was so exciting and new as we passed over it that we forgot all danger, though I did remember sitting down on the loose stones and sliding several feet before halting against a large bowlder. The cartway itself was a marvel, for it seemed impossible for a way to have been found down such cliffs, but the grade, though steep and circuitous, was practicable, but hard on horse and vehicle. We all enjoyed the coming back to the lake, for it was as though we had been to a wonderful artificial show, so new and different from all past experience; it took some time to fix the picture and feel that it was natural and real. We voted unanimously that Rubicon Springs would become a famous resort in the near future.

At the end of ten days we returned to Carson City, and among the places visited was the prison yard for another look at the pre-historic footprints, but sad to relate, they had nearly all been destroyed by the increased work in quarrying the building stone. My favorite mountain peak still stood in silent grandeur, looking down on the city, the clear mountain blue being sharply defined.

Time was going on, the season advancing, and we had to turn homeward, for the program was not half completed; the Yellowstone Park was yet to be visited and the World's Fair at Chicago to be seen, a brother in Kansas called on, and other incidental intervenings. My son and his family accompanied us to Reno, where we visited a niece who was then residing in that city. After a pleasant stop there, we finally bid good-bye and started eastward toward Ogden, in Utah; as we passed the Humboldt desert in the night, much of the heat and dust was avoided. When we came into the Mormon settlements in Utah, it was a great relief to the eye to see beautiful green fields, orchards and groves, and a striking contrast to the blistering sand.

To economize time from Ogden, we ran down to Salt Lake City and spent a day in seeing it. We went to the temple, tabernacle, bee hive, grave of Brigham Young, and then out to Garfield Lake,

where we tested the density of the water as compared to the Dead Sea, and found it the denser of the two. We returned to Ogden, took the train on the Utah Northern Railroad for Beaver canyon, the point opposite the park, though ninety-five miles away, which proved to be a small, dirty, mean place; so the trip to the park on that line is to the ordinary tourist a swindle, but if one is posted in the history of the fur trade and early explorations, it is an interesting route.

Starting from Beaver canyon in a very poor hack, with inferior horses but a good, reliable driver, our route lay nearly east, the first half of the day over a wide plain, with mountains to the north and in front. As the day advanced the mountains loomed up dark and frowning, and interest increased; the whole region was almost unoccupied by people of any color—the Indian was gone and the whites had not yet come. The wolf went across the trail, the sage hens flew away in large flocks, the antelope could be seen afar, while the driver related exciting stories associated with the various points. In the afternoon we entered the mountains through a gap, and came into the singularly beautiful Antelope valley; it lies between two ranges and extends through a gap on a line for fifteen miles, when it suddenly ends in Henry Lake meadow, which is south of the

lake and once a part of it. It was around this lake that many of the stirring events of the fur trade transpired. Near it Mr. Stuart, on his return from Astoria in 1813 or '14, encountered the hostile Indians; on its eastern shore General Howard fought the last battle with the independent, unsubdued tribe of Indians, the Nez Perces, and some refuge Sheshones, and there the last independent chief, Tyhee, lost his life when the last stand was made.

We spent the night at the celebrated log cabin hotel, a rendezvous for hunters, amid dogs, goats and great numbers of prepared skins and mounted birds, which were to be taken to the park for sale; the only desirable thing was fresh mountain trout, caught out of the headwaters of the Snake river near by. The old Belgian landlord was erecting a fine hotel in anticipation of coming events. Soon after leaving Henry Lake we entered the pass now called Tyhee, after the old chief; we went through the battle ground, which was well chosen, just out of the range of the stockade. On one of the head streams of Snake river, at the summit of the pass, there is a fine spring that sends its waters to the Pacific, a hundred yards further we stood on the Continental Divide, and two hundred yards beyond a spring sends its waters through Madison river to the Gulf of Mexico. This was on the northwest side of the

great central headwater region of nearly all our great rivers, as mentioned in a former chapter, and it was a triumph in life to reach that spot, nearly 8000 feet above the sea.

Our nooning place the second day was on the south fork of Madison river, in a romantic house, which was lined and almost full of valuable skins, fur, mounted birds, deer and elk horns and rare fossils; it was kept by a singularly interesting bachelor hunter and cattleman. He was in middle life, and had left Pennsylvania and Ohio with a secret locked up in his heart, and had hid himself in that lone, wild region. While showing his trophies to my nieces, the poor fellow suffered the door to his inner life to open for a moment, and in that time I read his life history. From him I learned that the point where Mr. Stuart had lost his horses and then burned his baggage was about fifteen miles south, and he had been to the place. He was rejoiced to find one who knew of and was interested in that event, and by seeing into his inner life, I soon drew him out and found him very entertaining. As a relief to his lonely life he sometimes indulged in practical jokes on city tenderfeet who came there to hunt. I will relate one instance. Some very high-toned sportsmen came from New York and made arrangements to board with him; they were highly elated with

the outlook from seeing his store. The first morning they asked him where was a good place to hunt; he sent them south, on a range of naked hills. At night they came in tired and hungry, but had no game; next day they extended their hunt further off, but no game nor any sign of any. Then it began to dawn upon them that there was a trick, and made such a charge upon their host when they returned. He quietly informed them that they had only asked for a good place to hunt, but did not ask for game, so he sent them where there was just good, plain hunting, but if they wanted game they must go to another place. They were highly offended and took their departure next morning, and up to date had not been heard from.

We next passed over heavy timbered hills for several hours, then came to the foot of a low mountain which bounded the park on the west; the ascent was slow, for the horses were weary and the way was steep, but we reached the top at the opportune moment, for the air was still and no smoke floating up the sides. Our first view of the park did not fill the measure of our anticipations, yet the scene was fine.

Before us, and far to the right, several hundreds of columns of smoke and steam were rising from among the rocks, trees and distant hills. In the naked valley many jets of steam were ascend-

ing, swaying in the setting sunlight, while the whole scene was surrounded by a background of grand pine forests and forest-covered mountains. In the foreground was Madison river, at the foot of the mountain, seemingly at our feet, a broad, rapid stream running northward, and sending up from its surface a light, fleecy mist or cloud which marked its entire course through the valley and off among the hills. To the southwest, a few miles away, smoke ascended as though it came from a lake of fire, and the ascent was very rapid, with many whirling evolutions. Nearer the mountain to the south, a large column of steam rose high in the clear, rarified air, which marked the location of the Excelsior geyser, but the evening was closing in, so we descended into the wonder land, forded the river and reached Firehole Basin Hotel. On the way we saw and heard enough to prepare the mind for the startling and terrible, for as we trotted along the lime and gravel deposits we passed jets of steam, boiling pools, extinct geysers, with a constantly increasing heat, which seemed everywhere to come from the ground.

Though tired and worn with our rough staging, we were up early next morning, ready for an active day's work, but we were disappointed, for the whole valley and mountains were covered with a dense fog or mist that seemed to forebode a bad day, but

at sunrise the fog lifted in white clouds and floated away, and soon everything shone in bright sunlight, with a distinctness seen only in high altitudes that approach the line of perpetual snow. We were first attracted by a roaring as of a mighty wind, and the rushing of many waters; the sound came from a hill to the south, which was being rapidly enveloped in white smoke or steam, with a central jet shooting high over all. Before we were conscious of it, we were nearly in a run making for the hill, nor did we slacken our pace when a man stepped out of the smoke and called, "Just in time, she's going to play," and play she did. Upon approaching the spot we found the "Fountain" geyser in a state of active eruption. It was a rough, irregular cavern, about ten feet in diameter, throwing out floods of scalding water by violent, irregular explosions, from which clouds of smoke and steam ascended and fell in showers of mist for many yards around, or floated away in clouds. This violent eruption continued for about half an hour, then it slowly subsided to a boiling, blubbering pool, but every two hours the violence is repeated.

When our awe somewhat toned down, we looked around and found we were in the midst of a group of active, roaring geysers and scorching steam jets, coming from fissures of all sizes and shapes, making

it dangerous to walk about while the steam and smoke hung near the earth. As we stood amazed and looked at the terrible evidence of hidden fire, we saw not very far away a singular column of smoke, differing from all others. Upon passing over a slight ridge we found a large pool of boiling, blubbering mud, or fluid lime, mixed with many colors, yellow predominating. This is called the Paint Pot, and reminds the farmer of a large kettle of apple butter nearing the finish. The bursting of the blubbers throws great splotches of mud in the air and many yards around, blistering naked hands and spoiling fine clothes.

From a knoll near by I counted over 200 jets of steam and smoke in the basin, and all in active eruption, while on the hill we were fortunate in witnessing one of the grand concerts of explosions that happen at irregular periods. There was a simultaneous eruption of a hundred or more; it sounded as though suppressed thunder shook the hill and filled the air, vast quantities of water, steam and smoke were vomited forth, and for a time darkened the air and hid the hills. To the uninitiated, it seemed as though the hour of doom and the eclipse of nature had come. After beholding this grand display, we were ready for any and all things, either terrible, sublime or beautiful.

From the fountain it is over a mile to Hell's Half

Acre, or Excelsior geyser, on the west side of the river; we found the place well named. It is the largest geyser in the world; it is a fearful crater of boiling water, nearly 200 feet across, and of unknown depth; a vast cloud of steam shoots to the skies, as if sent from the blast of a furnace. It is seldom that any one can look into the fearful gulf, so intense is the heat and blinding the smoke; the water is thrown about in great waves with such violence that it sounds like an angry sea dashing on a rocky coast. Once in three years it is in active eruption, and discharges a river of scalding water every twenty-four hours for many weeks. During these eruptions the deep thunder of the explosion is heard many miles away, and the adjacent hills tremble, while Madison river is turned into a rushing torrent of hot water; for many miles it is too hot for fish or reptiles, and the wild fowls give it a wide margin.

Less than 200 feet westward from this geyser is Sunset Lake, a broad pool of crystal water nearly motionless, yet scalding hot. Its walls and irregular sides are incrusted by a sedimentary deposit that reflects the sunlight far more beautifully than the most brilliant sunset cloud ever seen by human eye; any wave-like motion sends up a thousand flashes of dazzling light, and this is intensified when seen at different angles, or flashed up from deep chambers far below.

Near by is another pool called Emerald Lake, which rivals the former. Its incrustations throw back a brilliant, emerald light, far more lovely than the most vivid imagination can picture. The impression made on our minds was almost bewildering; the scene was so different from any we had ever beheld that we turned away with feelings almost oppressive, for it is doubtful whether there is another place where there is so much of the terrible and the sublimely beautiful in such proximity and strange contrast.

We re-crossed the river with the feeling that we had seen the greatest of wonders and all else would be tame and uninteresting. But it was not so; before we had gone a mile on the way to the upper geyser basin, we saw new features at every turn. There were great boiling pools, spouting fountains, screaming steam jets, with low rumbling sounds beneath our feet, throbs and pulsations among the rocks and pines, with hollow booming from beyond the river and clouds of steam rising behind the hills and up the sides of the mountain. Sometimes we passed pools of boiling water, clear as crystal, with scarcely any vapor rising from the surface, while near by were fissures emitting a colorless, poisonous fume, with a jarring deafening screech. At one place we passed a dark chasm, apparently an extinct geyser, and

would have liked to peer into its black throat. On the return trip it was a raging geyser, throwing scalding water high into the air. Near a bridge over the river, in the bed of the stream, was a magnificent geyser, throwing water ninety feet high; when we came back the river was flowing quietly onward as though no fire raged below. There was not a space of a hundred yards between Fire Hole and upper geyser basin but indicated activity in the fire below.

As we entered the open space of the upper basin, another phase of interest met our gaze. First, we were surprised to see so many columns of every size and color; then it seemed that far and near there was a tremulous, rumbling sound coming from we knew not where, while under our feet there was a constant jar, with sudden jolts as if a cog were broken in the vast machine which furnished the motive power below. A turn in the road brought us in sight of the hotel, and just beyond Old Faithful was roaring in grand magnificence, throwing a column of hot water a hundred feet high, from which clouds of mist floated off to the mountain. Old Faithful is the most popular geyser in the park, but not the most wonderful. It is active at regular intervals of fifty-five to sixty minutes; it continues in eruption from five to seven minutes, then subsides to almost silence, and thus it goes on continually night and

day. Its easy accessibility and regularity has made it popular; the lazy, the lame, the old and infirm can see it without effort. From the hill formed by the sediment around it, other columns of steam, larger in volume and more rapid in ascent, can be seen. Many of those columns of steam come from craters formerly grand and terrible, but some of them are difficult of access, and the average tourist never sees them. We visited several of the isolated ones, and were amply repaid for the toil.

Across the river, north of Old Faithful, there was a hill that seemed to be enveloped in smoke all the time, with sounds of constant eruptions of no small power, but not one of the fifty tourists present could tell,or seemed to care, what was over there. They came to see Old Faithful, and had thought for nothing else; some of them were too lazy to walk 300 yards from the hotel to get a close view, and to go a half mile over rocks and amid smoke seemed too horrible to think of. We went over the river on a narrow foot-bridge, and found ourselves in the midst of an area of nearly forty acres in extent, almost covered with active geysers, fire holes, steam vents, roaring crevices and gaping fissures, making up a scene approaching the fearful; the hill seemed to be in a state of constant vibration. There were one hundred craters and jets in active eruption all the

time; twenty geysers threw columns of water four to six feet in diameter, twenty to thirty feet high, every few minutes, varied at times by concerted activity that shook the entire hill. The most noted was Old Lion, which is active at short intervals, with a loud, bellowing roar, ending in a growl similar to an irritated lion. Near by is the Lioness and two Cubs, also the Sponge, so called from the peculiar deposit resembling the sponge. A steam jet is named the Model from its regular, rasping whistle like that of a locomotive. Many jets are continuous, others are intermittent, but the latter are more harsh and violent; quite a number have jar-shaped craters standing up three to six feet high, so symmetrical in form that they seem to have been fastened by art. In the northeast corner is a succession of clear pools of boiling water, but though most of them are scalding hot, they are as smooth as a mirror. From far below it all there comes a singular, hollow, drum-like, jarring sound, that cannot be described by words.

We spent two hours in exploring this interesting place before the intense heat and noxious fumes compelled us to return. No one who visits the park can afford to miss that wonderful spot; without it knowledge of the wonderland is incomplete, though it takes labor and is somewhat dangerous. There are more attractive places off the fashionable routes

than on them, and they pay for all the time and toil, beside to the young and sanguine they are grand and romantic.

On the return trip from the upper basin we turned aside from the popular route to see what lay in the hills to the westward, and were abundantly rewarded for our tramp over stream, marsh and hills; there was much that is not mentioned in the guide book that should be placed first. The Devil's Punch Bowl is a hot-water geyser on a hill fifty feet high, formed of the deposit of ages. It is six feet in diameter, and little inferior to Old Faithful, and far more dark and repulsive. Farther up on a hillside was a geyser which has filled six acres of the valley several feet deep with lime and black sand deposit. We pushed on through the thick brush, low, wet land, across naked lime deposits, past a group of boiling pools, on up to near the foot of the mountain, where we found the most beautiful thing of the kind on the earth. It was a small, sunset, emerald lake, with its raised walls incrusted with deposits that reflected back the sunlight in all the colors of the rainbow, and threw a luminous radiance up into the air as though it was phosphorescent. Like some other pools, it was still and sparkling though very hot, but its dazzling beauty was not only startling, but so sublime that it was difficult to realize at first sight that

we were looking at a thing of earth and not enjoying a beautiful dream. It was so far above and beyond our highest imagination that it was intensely fascinating. When at last we turned to leave we could only express our impressions by exclaiming, "Too beautiful for earth," and it will ever occupy a place in memory as one of the most magnificent of earthly gems.

All over that portion of the park and outlying country, hid away among the pine forests, in inaccessible ravines, are geysers and fire holes yet unseen by the tourist, and possibly by any living man, and they may present as wonderful phenomenon as anything now known. We returned to Fire Hole Basin with a new chapter added to our lives; with a multitude of new ideas and many exploded theories. Next morning we started for Norris basin, or "Colter's Hell," twenty-one miles away. The route was through splendid pine forests, over gentle, rolling hills and low mountains, through upland meadows and peaks, along a fine pike road constructed by the government engineers.

We passed Gibbon River canyon, which in any other place would be a first-class wonder; then came Gibbon falls, Virginia rapids, and up Nez Perces river, where the low mountains are all covered with unbroken forests of pines untouched by fire. It is

so deep and dark that it seemed like twilight at noonday, and it gave relief to the excitement after seeing the fearful things at Fire Hole and upper Geyser basin.

There was not a mile of the journey but had some boiling fountain by the roadside, or if not seen it could be heard in the solitude of the great forest. Even at the very bottom of Gibbon canyon there were jets of steam hissing and whistling, and one great boiling cauldron furnished a stopping place to contrast the extras that make up the scene. When we emerged from the hills through the canyon, we came into a wide meadow called Elk Park, and as we looked back we saw a huge mud geyser sending up its cloud of dark smoke 1000 feet above us, while off to the right, down in the meadow, was another cauldron in constant eruption, discharging mud and water.

Notwithstanding all we had seen before, when we arrived at Norris basin we had to readjust all our previous impressions of the fearful and terrible, for before us was a new departure in all that relates to a land of fire and the regions below. In many ways, Norris basin is the most interesting point of the Park. The basin, or valley, is several square miles in extent, and is now, and has been, the center of the original lake of fire of which Bad Lands was

a part, as also Steamboat Hill, 800 miles distant. Ages ago the great lake began crusting over; in the Bad Lands it was suddenly put out and the fearful convulsions that followed threw up the mountains and formed Snake River plains. In time it all crusted over excepting six to ten acres, which is now called "Calder's Hell," named by Washington Irving in 1836. The last open lake was gradually covered, but through this crust huge craters were the outlets for the escaping lava, which in time built up great cones around them two to five hundred feet high; then they slowly became extinct, and now make up the distinctive character of the valley. Then there are hundreds of geysers, fireholes and craters still active, throwing up hot mud, lime deposit, streams of hot water, vapor and steam. There are a few acres of the lake that have recently crusted over with a thin layer of lava, too thin to bear a man, and it was full of fissures and rents, and the whole area seems to be in constant agitation, as though there was a great mass of melted matter rolling and swelling below; the sulphurous fumes that rise from the surface are suffocating and poisoning. When there is extra activity among the surrounding geysers, all of "Colter's Hell" seems to be swayed to and fro by convulsions from below, and hot water will spout in such a multitude of jets that the whole surface is

soon covered with water, steam and smoke, from which we recoiled in terror; the very hills shook and the terrible held sway over the scene until most minds will be fully satisfied. To see all this takes time, patience and nerve; these frightful manifestations do not follow any apparent or regular order of events, but are wholly irregular, though of frequent occurrence. The phenomena of this region is distinctive; on a hill near the basin is a steam crater called "Old Growler," which sends up a column of steam one hundred feet high with a sound like the escape valve of a locomotive, but fifty times more rasping to the ear. The steam is full of lime held in suspension, which falls like fine flour on the rocks and bushes for many yards around, and it can be gathered in the hand like snow and is pure lime when cool and pressed into balls. Rainbow colors surround the column of steam, varying with the wind into a thousand forms. A hundred yards or more west of the basin is the "Minute Geyser," which throws a column of water three feet in diameter thirty feet high every minute, and never misses day or night. Near Old Growler is a basin of water thirty feet in diameter, boiling furiously, while further on are two mud pools in constant eruption, one jet black and the other white as snow. Over a hill three hundred yards away, about three years before our visit, an explosion took place

and great masses of rock and bowlders were hurled in every direction, prostrating trees and breaking things to pieces for many yards around, thus forming an active geyser, the only one known to be of recent origin. The crater is about seven feet in diameter, and is active every seven minutes, with a loud roar, throwing the water thirty to forty feet high and forming quite a steam. Yet within a circuit of one hundred yards there are twenty other active craters or boiling pools that seemingly might have given ample vent without explosion and this addition.

To the south and southwest, within the radius of a mile, are over two hundred active craters and fissures in the earth, and as we climbed over the rough rocks and extinct craters, we found something new on every side; toilsome as it was, we felt repaid after we had returned from the strange scenes among the hills. On the east of the basin the surface is bare and so hot that we could not stand walking over it for more than half an hour, and the poisonous fumes gave us headaches of a peculiar character that warned us to leave the spot. While standing on a hill near Old Growler I counted two hundred columns of smoke to the northward, and on the other side of the valley. There were different colors in the great clouds of smoke that floated away, yet the colored clouds seemed to have no affinity for each other, but floated away in

separate masses, the blue and yellow especially seemed to repel instead of mingling together. It is the same with the blue and colorless vapors as they come from the earth; though the wind drives the blue directly across the colorless vapors, yet it will not mingle or cross, but ascends or turns aside, as from a solid wall. Much of the basin is covered with a white deposit of lime and sand, too hot for vegetation; even on some of the hills it is too hot for the pine trees to grow and for people to stand long in one place, but everywhere among the old, disintegrating craters, the pine tree persistently makes encroachments on fields of former desolation.

When we visited the basin there were probably forty other tourists present all or part of the time. It was amusing to watch their actions and hear their comments; not more than one in ten left the highway, many did not leave the stages, none were more than one hundred yards from the road in any direction, many were taking copious notes in diaries, and all seemed to go away happy in the thought that they had seen all there was to be seen at Norris Basin. Unfortunately, many of the guide books are made up from such knowledge, while the really interesting, the truly wonderful are not mentioned, for they have not been seen by the writers.

We next journeyed eleven miles through as

grand forests and natural scenery as any we had passed through; this brought us to the crowning wonder of the park, if not the world, the Yellowstone Canyon, which, like Norris Basin, caused another re-adjustment of ideas, for it has characteristics peculiar to itself, and for which we have no standard of comparison. At the time the Bad Lands were formed, a vast mass of semi-fluid matter was suddenly cooled and thrown into a low range of mountains; chemical action was suddenly arrested among its elements; the result was all the colors of the mass became fixed, and the colors of the rainbow were strangely and wonderfully commingled. The formation is about as solid as average chalk. This mountain range at one time, by some unknown means, has been cleft from top to base, making a canyon or gorge from three to four thousand feet deep, serpentine and irregular in its course. Through this gorge the Yellowstone river flows, entering from the south, first by a succession of steep rapids called upper falls, then a short distance below it plunges down a perpendicular fall of three hundred feet into a chasm that anywhere else would be fearfully grand; then it rushes wildly onward over a succession of roaring rapids until the gorge is passed.

All this magnificence faded into nothingness when we stood on Observation and Inspiration Points,

dizzy crags that project from the west wall far out over the fearful abyss, and found ourselves surrounded by a thousand rainbow colors, reflected from adjacent cliffs, overhanging rocks, yawning gulfs, and broad streams of many-colored sands disintegrating and descending into the river, all sending back a constantly-changing light as the varying clouds floated above, as the morning sunlight changed to noonday, and then to evening-tide, filling the vast canyon with a glow of radiant, lambent glory which no words can describe. Any one with the least bit of ideal imagination, with any love of the sublime and marvelous, will stand with astonishment when this bewildering scene of beauty bursts on his sight.

There are other points from which this charming scene can be enjoyed, but they have to be seen to be understood. There is no other place on earth where there is so much of the truly beautiful to be seen in such blending of harmonious colors, and its inspiring sublimity is incomparable. There were some large paintings at the hotel, made by a master hand, but they were far short of the real scene, for it is impossible for an artist to reproduce these wonders or even a sunset cloud.

After seeing the beautiful canyon, other views began to lose their interest, and we found ourselves half dreaming about some imagined fairy land, where

we wanted to dwell among scenes of rainbow beauty; but there are few places that require more activity of eye, ear, memory and mind than Yellowstone Park. There we come in contact with the operation of forces; new, stubborn facts confront us under new conditions. Many pet theories of the scientists are wholly at fault; they will not work; cross-currents of facts through all that region come and spoil all our ideals. We have to call into use new faculties, and use our old ones in new ways, and then find ourselves at sea. The theory of the drift, the great ice sheet that once covered the northland, the upheavals and submergence, all, all becomes mixed and perplexing. We cannot understand the reason why, so we leave it. There is one thing of which we are sure—we have a picture graven on memory that will not fade.

In parting from this wonderful region, after crossing it in five places and traveling two hundred miles north and south through it, I can say that everywhere I saw evidence of forces not described nor accounted for in the books, evidently not seen nor understood by the scientists. The pet theory of evolution will not work from a practical standpoint. There is evidently an active, all pervading force not yet understood.

We returned by the same route to Beaver Can-

yon, with no new discoveries. We met an old Russian nobleman and wife at our Bachelor Hotel; the wife could talk American, and was very interesting. They had crossed Europe, through Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor river, and there took a steamer by way of San Francisco and were going home by way of New York and London. At the Log Cabin Hotel an incident took place that is worth recording. Two St. Bernard dogs, male and female, had been missing a day and a night: all were anxious for their safety. The next morning they returned in sad plight, the male's head, especially his mouth and nose, stuck full of porcupine quills; the other one did not have quite so many sticking to her. The intelligent fellow went to his master and held up his head and whined in a way that was understood. The man sat down and carefully pulled them all out, and though his head was much swollen he never winced, but seemed thankful and grateful: the other one came up for the same favor. There were three hundred quills sticking to them. They had found a den of porcupines, dug them out and destroyed them before giving it up. They had done so before; when complimented they understood and wagged their satisfaction. These two dogs had actually killed several black bears, for they knew how to get the advantage; besides these two large ones, there seemed to be about

a dozen other dogs mixed up promiscuously with the children.

We reached the railroad in time to take the evening train, and ran down to Idaho Falls and stopped off with J. A. Clark, a former neighbor and kinsman, where we had a glad reunion. The next day he, his wife and son drove us over the same ground I had walked over some years before. It was marvelous what a change had come; thousands of acres were in cultivation, twenty miles of a great irrigation canal was completed; ground that was in sage brush when I first saw it had thirty-six bushels of wheat per acre on it, and other crops in like proportion. Beautiful homes were in sight on every side, and it was truly a magic transformation; yet improvement had just begun. The capacity of the canal when finished was 200,000 acres, and the land was there awaiting its coming. Such cases as this could be multiplied many times over, but it will serve to show what can be done, and where the center of wealth and power will soon be.

We parted from our friends and relatives and made a continuous run via Denver to Lawrence, Kan., where we stopped a few days. Then my niece went on to meet her sister and friends from Carolina at the World's Fair, Chicago, while I went south to see my brother Alfred, now quite infirm, spent some time

with him, then returned to Lawrence and went out twelve miles to Hesper to see many old friends, neighbors and relatives, then on to Chicago, where I found my niece had started homeward. She stopped at Indianapolis, Ind., and then went to her home in North Carolina, greatly improved in health, and I arrived at my home once more, safe and well.

I promised my daughter that I would return in time to go with her and a company of neighbors to the World's Fair before it closed. So we arranged the date and the company, and spent several days amid that grand exhibit of human achievement. To me it was less interesting than to my neighbors, for in my travels I had seen so much of it in other places, though I proved to be quite a good interpreter of where the things came from. My chief interest was the people. There was an opportunity to study humanity collectively, and I used it persistently, and to the further confirmation of the reasonableness of the Anglo-Israel theory. It is not necessary for me to describe any part of the World's Fair. It has been done by so many and has so effectively passed into history that all know the essentials respecting it.

In a short time after returning from Chicago I arranged to spend the winter at Guilford College once more, and accordingly went down there in December and remained until April, 1894. I had spent an active,

busy, thinking, writing season, had written many letters to friends and for publication, and in addition had to do much talking at all the stopping places, talks on home and foreign travel, horticulture, agriculture, women's rights, temperance and children's stories. I was also much interested in the success of the W. C. T. U. Industrial Home for girls at Hadley, Indiana, which was in an embarrassed condition for a time. I took no part in the violent political contests that were agitating the state, though my heart and sympathy were with every temperance movement that was based on total prohibition.

CHAPTER NINE.

Trip to Europe—Storm at Sea—Landing at Liverpool—Change of Program—Start for Egypt and Pass Through France and Italy — Voyage to Egypt, Cairo and the Pyramids—Journey to Port Said—Landing at Jaffa and Arriving at Jerusalem —Scenes in Palestine—Journey to Baalbeck and Damascus—Stop at Brumana on Mt. Lebanon—Cruise Among the Islands—Athens, Greece, and Its Ruins—Voyage to Constantinople—The Scenes in the City—Journey Across Europe Back to London—Safe Arrival and Finding Our Friends.

When I turned away from my mother's grave at the old burial ground at New Garden, North Carolina, in November, 1891, I felt that my life work was done, that the obligation was filled, and for a time a sense of utter desolation overpowered me, and the future was closed, with no light beyond, so far as work or an object in life was concerned; but that night, as if by inspiration, the idea of foreign travel came to me, and the unerring voice, as in the past,

said: "Go, and thou shalt return in peace." From that hour I began arranging to cross the ocean. I returned home for a few weeks, and then came back to Guilford College to spend the winter, intending after a short stay at home to go to Europe in the spring or early summer, but during the winter Mary C. Woody and her companion, Lorena Reynolds, decided to go to England on a religious mission. They planned to start in February, 1892, and requested me to go with them instead of later on, and this I agreed to do and wrote home accordingly. A few days before starting my friend, John Van Lindley, one of the principal nursery men of the South, and who lived near the college, unexpectedly, even to himself, concluded to go with me on my long trip at least for a nine months' stay, then he would come home without me if I was not ready.

The program was to visit Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and all the nations of Europe. Few thought it could be done in less than a year, hence J. Van Lindley limited himself to nine months. He was needing a vacation and anxious to add to his store of knowledge in his line of business. The steamer was to sail February 13th, from New York. John Van Lindley and I left Greensboro, N. C., the 9th, went by way of Washington, secured passports, and then on to New York to obtain letters of credit.

On the evening of February 12th M. C. Woody and companion came, and the next morning we sailed out of the bay, and were on our way to the new world. We were on the Umbria, of the Cunard line, one of the largest steamers afloat, and to landsmen the surroundings were all new and decidedly exciting and sensational. My traveling companion enjoyed it to the full. For two days the weather was fine and the prospect very good for a quick voyage, but on the third day we met a gale from the east that suddenly changed the whole scene. The majority of the passengers had an interesting experience with seasickness; my lady companions were troubled with it for some days, but J. Van Lindley escaped almost entirely during the whole crossing. The tables that were filled at first were nearly empty for two days; then the pale faces began to assemble, but they were quite mincing about eating. The storm increased in violence as we proceeded, and became about first-class. The last two days of the voyage it was so violent that neither mail nor passengers could be landed at Queenstown; all were taken on to Liverpool.

When off the west coast of Ireland a small ship was sighted with signals of distress flying. The steamer bore down to the ship and four men were seen clinging to the rigging, but the ship rolled so heavily

that it seemed ready to go down at any moment. The captain of the steamer called for volunteers to attempt a rescue; the storm was so severe and the danger so great that he would not order any one to go. One brave fellow stepped out, saying he would steer a boat if he could have a crew; immediately eight more heroic men offered to go. After much difficulty and danger a boat was launched and pulled away. To me it looked like not only a hopeless effort, but a needless sacrifice of life, for I was sure all would be lost, but at the end of an hour's hard work they reached the ship, and rescued the crew, who had given up hope. The return to the steamer was finally accomplished, and the almost helpless crew lifted out of the boat; these brave seamen, white in the face from exhaustion, staggered when they reached the deck, and had to be supported, but the light of determined courage was still in their eyes. An involuntary shout of joy and congratulation went up from hundreds of spectators. There is always some leader who comes to the front in an emergency, and so it was now; a noble-hearted man went around with his hat and was eloquent in praise and appeal. Over £80 (English money) was collected; then, when the exhausted men had somewhat recovered, they were called and astonished by £20 being given to the boat steerer as an acknowledgement of his courageous act, £10 to the captain of the ship as a re-

ward for his skill in saving his men, the remainder was divided equally between the rescuers and the rescued, and another glad shout arose above the rage of the storm. All concerned in this deed were Englishmen, and from my heart I thanked the Lord for such a race of men.

When we landed at Liverpool we found the weather very cool and foggy. There had been quite a snow fall, which extended far inland, making the situation unsafe for my health, so the program was changed; instead of remaining some time in England, we resolved to go to a warmer climate. Our lady friends parted with us and joined some of their English friends, whom they had met in America. After a few days we went on to London and bought tickets for Cairo, Egypt. We made a short stay in London. We went to Paris, spent a day or so, then on to Rome by way of Lyons and through the Mt. Cenis tunnel. We remained a few days in Rome, saw the most noted places and older ruins, fragments of 2500 years ago. We hurried to Naples, expecting to meet the steamer from England, but it was three days late; this time we spent in looking at the beautiful side first, then at the dark, revolting side. We resolved to climb one of the old Roman rock flights of stone steps to the top of the hill a thousand feet high. We did not then, nor shall we ever regret doing it, but we do not again want to

see the horrid sight of human degradation, filth and slum that we encountered in passing the rock chambers. From the highest point of the old ruined castle we surveyed the beautiful surroundings of the celebrated bay, had a good view of Vesuvius and the hills beyond, but after seeing so many of our own grand views combining city, water, ocean, plain and mountain, I failed to see why any one should think of saying, "See Naples and then die." If Americans wish to see Naples as it is, I would say ride through its long, beautiful streets at fashionable hours, visit its stately palaces and churches; then go off into its suburbs and back streets, climb one flight of stone steps, spend half a night on its streets, with its commingling throng of humanity, and then you will know what Naples is. There are many interesting ruins in and around the city; to the historian there is much of interest, for during the palmy days of Roman grandeur, Naples was one of the chief resorts for possessors of wealth and pride.

We were glad when the steamer came and we aboard and in our quarters. As it was over due it did not stop long, and we were soon out on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. We passed the coast line with its green fields, vineyards and orchards covering the hills, with many white villages partly hidden away among the hills. Sometimes we could see with our

glasses the people on the shore, and the goats and cattle among the rocks. We missed one historic point, the Strait of Messina and the shores of Sicily. It was night while we were passing, but the lights on the hills on either side of the strait showed that life abounded, and the numerous sailboats indicated life and activity. Though the shores were invisible I realized that we were passing through historic waters, and near historic shores with which a part of the world's history was closely connected, and so I spent the larger portion of the night in thought and calling up the history of the past. Without previous arrangement we met several of our Umbria fellow passengers on the steamer who, like ourselves, were going to warmer countries. Among them was a Miss Havens, of Chicago, a missionary to China. She had been twelve years in China and had been home visiting her brother and sisters, and was now returning to her mission. We formed her acquaintance and she requested the privilege of making the third one of our party while in Egypt and Palestine. She was a lady of superior mind and scientific attainments and well posted, had traveled on foot two days on top of the great Chinese wall, and she gave us a vivid description of it.

We landed in Alexandria March 4, 1892, and suddenly stepped out of western civilization into semi-barbarism. It seemed like going into a new world.

We were surrounded by a different race of people, speaking what was to us a new language, dressed in strange costumes, with novel habits and impulses; all seemed to be pushing, rushing, shouting and gesticulating in a frantic manner, which for a time was quite bewildering, but by going slowly and acting in a more composed manner than we felt, we soon mastered the situation and were driven by an English-speaking driver to an English hotel, where we had time to adapt our thoughts to the abrupt introduction into Eastern life.

Then we took a three hours' drive through, and around the city. We went to the remains of the old wall of the days of Alexander, and to other old ruins; to the beautiful gardens along the great canal, to the old tombs, through the long streets occupied by hundreds of shops and bazaars, and through the open, noisy market places. Here we first met the huge, ugly, repulsive-looking camel, with its enormous load, with the ever-present little donkey and celebrated historic, but not very picturesque-looking driver. The strange mixture of contrasting nationalities was interesting and striking. There were representatives from all European countries, and all Eastern nations excepting China; they made a perfect babel of tongues as they talked, shouted and yelled, making an unpleasant impression on our untrained ears; but we

were tolerably apt scholars, and made good progress, even the first day, in our lessons, not in learning language, but in adjusting ourselves to the new life.

We started by rail for Cairo; soon passed the marshes and were out into the great valley of the Nile. It was a complete surprise; it far surpassed in beauty my highest ideals, rose-colored as some of them were. We were fortunate in the time of our visit. The weather was that of early June in our country; the wheat was in full head, barley just heading, sugar cane ripe and being cut, vegetables in all stages of growth. Hundreds of people were out in the fields at work, with camels and donkeys nearly as abundant as people, all loaded with fresh-cut clover, vegetables, sugar cane and other products on their way to market; while on the canal there were many sail and rowboats loaded with the fruits of the rich soil, all presenting a charming picture of Egyptian life as it was in the days of Moses. In places we were reminded of some of the most beautiful prairie scenes in the northwest of our country, with the addition of magnificent groves of the stately palm trees. In fact, it is hard to exaggerate when speaking of the Nile valley when seen under favorable circumstances.

Next morning, after our arrival in Cairo, we started early for the great pyramid. Nine out of ten Americans care nothing for the city until they stand

on the great pyramid and see the sphinx. We drove along a beautiful avenue on the bank of the Nile, then crossed the river on a massive iron bridge, along another broad avenue of acacia trees, six miles to the west of the valley. At first sight there is a feeling of disappointment. It looks low and squatty, but as we approached its huge proportions began to come up against the blue sky and our disappointment turned to awe and delight. When we arrived at the base, my friends thought it unsafe for me to attempt the ascent. Miss Havens was earnest, though very kind in her persuading. Even the old Arab sheik thought it imprudent and shook his head dubiously, but they knew nothing of my mountain climbing. We started with two Arabs a piece to "boost." Miss Havens kept close to me in her anxiety for my safety. As is the custom, we halted to rest about every hundred feet. At the first halt Miss Havens asked how I was standing it. At the second stop I inquired after Miss Havens. John Van Lindley was behind at third. I waited for Miss Havens to get well winded, and then started for the top. When we were thirty feet from the summit Miss Havens said softly to her boosters, "Hurry up, I cannot bear the idea of an old man getting there first, after saying what I did," but my attendants overheard it, and they began to boost with a will, and we were

almost carried up, Miss Havens arriving two steps ahead, but very tired, while I was not even weary. John Van Lindley was fifty feet behind, but came up all right. My stock went above par among the Arabs.

The scene from the top well repaid all the toil of climbing aside from the historical associations. But it has been described by tourists and in school books so often, that a brief outline is all that I shall attempt, though I found afterwards that I saw things which few mention, if they ever see them. The stones and plaster casing of the pyramids and all the old ruins have never been washed by rain, or moistened by dew; the constant exposure to blazing sunlight for unknown centuries gives them a peculiar look, not seen anywhere else, and it is the same with wood, metal and all artificial work; even the people bear marks of heat and light without moisture in the air. This is an interesting and distinctive feature of Egypt. Even the vegetation grows to maturity without any rain to wash off the dust of the desert.

Looking westward from the pyramid the unbroken expanse of brown sand looks dreary and desolate in the extreme. There is nothing in the wide, arid regions of our great plains and deserts that can compare with the Sahara in its repulsive desolation. We instinctively turned away with a feeling of fear and dread. As we looked to the south and toward the

valley, we beheld a wonderful scene. The deep green of the lowland contrasted with the naked hills on either side, with the towns and villages among the palm groves, with the busy life that disappears as the distance lengthens out, and above all the wonderful city, Cairo, that lay smiling at our feet, with its gilded towers, domes and minarets gleaming in the unbroken sunlight, formed a picture that belongs to Egypt and to it alone, for there is more or less rain in all other habitable parts of the earth.

The descent was more tiresome than the ascent, and we felt it considerably. We began to relax from the intense excitement, and are more conscious of pain. From the top of the pyramid we saw a lesser one near by, and southward in the desert a group of small ones, which were interesting objects as seen through the glass. The sphinx is near the southwest corner, and we looked down upon it in a way that intensified our desire for a nearer view of this wonderful work of a lost race, and to it we hurried on reaching the ground. To me it had an interest equal to anything ever seen before or since. The sand has been all cleared away, and we now understand the figure; it is a human headed lion, ninety feet long, lying down with the fore paws extended as in nature. The whole thing has been cut out of a solid rock cliff, it is still a part of the rock formation, and has not been detached. There is a

space of eight to twelve feet wide excavated all around it four feet lower than its body, thus leaving it as if it were lying on a long block of stone.

It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the massive figure. Everything is in such proportion. The joining of the lion and the human neck is so perfect that we could not determine the point of the union. The whole figure can be better understood by saying that from the tip of the chin to the top of the forehead is fourteen feet, and this measurement is in harmony with the size of the forehead, body and limbs. The face has evidently been noble and very beautiful, but it is now scarred and mutilated. Some brutal Turkish soldiers fired a four-pound cannon at the head the ball striking the side of the face, but a genius of the fine arts could restore it. Near by the sphinx an old buried and lost temple has been discovered, and excavations promise rich discoveries. A long passage has been opened, which leads to an alabaster chamber so beautifully dazzling that the eye cannot bear the reflection when a magnesium light is introduced.

At last we turned from these wonders to the cool shade of the acacia trees, and took our lunch and compared notes and impressions, and here we fully realized the ability of our lady companion. She was not only posted in history, but a linguist and antiquarian. As we were preparing to go back to the city, the rank and

file of tourists were coming out to do their climbing in the heat of the day, instead of early morning as we had done. We went directly to the great museum, where the wonders of lost Egypt are now being collected on her own soil; we walked through the long hall among the relics of the past, until we seemed to belong to the past ourselves; but when we entered the hall of Pharaohs we were still more astonished and pleased with Miss Havens, for she could read the inscriptions on the coffins, which had been made 4000 years ago, giving the name and date of death of the now dry and shrivelled mummy, that was once a living king. The kings of the dynasties were ranged in groups in long lines in the hall of the kings with name and supposed period of their reigns. There was a break in one line, where three rather noted mummies were separated from the others. Miss Havens read on the papyri that they were father, son and grandson, the middle one the "Pharaoh of the Exodus," and the younger his successor. The three were in no way unlike the others excepting they were above them in height. Their biographies were written with the same characters as those of hundreds of years before and after their time. Upon leaving the museum we returned to the hotel to rest and discuss the ever-increasing wonders that were coming up on every side. We decided that Egypt had to be seen to be rightly under-

stood. The next day was spent in going through the city, driving through the clean streets of modern Cairo, thronged by people from every nation under heaven, with a strange mingling of extreme western and extreme eastern life. The bicycle rider went flying by, the donkey rider with driver running behind, the fine English coach and four whirled past, the huge freight camel with its great load and long swinging gait. The western lady, with head erect and open face, crowded the veiled and shrouded eastern beauty in the fashionable bazaars, each pitying the other for lack of taste and for being so benighted and barbarous. So it was at every turn in every department of business; the habit and usages and customs of 4000 years ago were seen from the electric cars; while the camel driver from Bagdad smoked his pipe from among bales and bundles looking with pitying eyes upon the horrid innovations, devoutly calling upon Ali and the Prophet to deliver him from the influence of the barbarians. In the winter Cairo is a paradise of beauty and enjoyment. In summer it is like a burning oven.

With regret we left the valley of the Nile and went nearly due east by rail to Ismalia on the Suez canal, there took steamer for Port Said on the coast. The ride on the canal was interesting but devoid of all romance. When in deep cuts we saw nothing but bare sandy or clay walls, when on the fills or aqueducts

across the valley and depressions the dreary burning sand stretches off to the horizon, which made the eyes and head ache like a snow field in the sunlight. Of the two the snow is the more endurable. We stopped a day and night in Port Said to see the "Half Way Place" of the world. All ships and steamers going to or from the east, stop there to hear the news, exchange reports, get supplies, send cablegrams, write letters and have a short rest. The port is always full of ships with flags of all nations flying from the flagstaff, while the character and look of the sailors defy description. They range from East Indian pirates, to splendid specimens of English and American manhood.

From Port Said we went by steamer to Jaffa in Palestine. The sea being quite rough, at Jaffa the steamer lay out a mile from shore. The passengers and baggage were picked up by brawny Arabs and dropped into boats alongside and caught by the fellows in the boats. It was a new and rather unpleasant sensation, this being dropped, but it was all successfully accomplished without a miss. The ride through the dangerous reefs in the rough sea was quite enjoyable, for we had such confidence in our Arab boatmen and their fellows on shore, that had we upset they would have carried us ashore upon their backs. This harbor and the reef through which we were passing has been associated with human events ever since the confusion

of tongues, hence a small adventure would have been enjoyable, but we landed safely and realized at last that we stood upon the Holy Land.

Jaffa is one of the oldest cities of the world. Pliny says it was a city before the flood. There is an undoubted record that it was an important city in the time of Sennacherib. It has had an eventful history, been destroyed and rebuilt many times, and has been closely connected with Jewish history since the time of Joshua. It was the seaport of Solomon, and a portion of a massive sea wall built by him is still standing, though today it is nearly a hundred yards inland. The crusaders made it one of their strongholds, and many of their walls and towers are still standing. Among the interesting relics is the house of Simon, the tanner, with a stone tan vat in perfect preservation standing before a group of houses surrounding the small open court, showing by their construction that they were built before our era. In an orange orchard, some distance off, we saw the house in which Peter restored Dorcas to life, now partly under ground. It belongs to the same period as the house of Simon.

The city has 25,000 inhabitants, Mohammedans, Jews and Christians, and to the historian, antiquarian and general reader is full of interest. For a mile or more it is surrounded by orange orchards, gardens, vineyards and flowers protected by thick hedges of

thorny cacti. There are many hospitals, schools and churches maintained by Europeans, which are doing much good. Eastern life is seen here as at Alexandria with persistent unchanging customs in contrast with European improvements. The ties on the Jerusalem railroad were delivered on the landing by ships from Norway. From the landing to the construction train they were carried on camels, six being a camel's load, and it was a novel sight to see a long line of these strong animals carrying their unwieldy burdens; everybody gave them the right of way as they passed.

In the noisy market place we saw for the first time "two women grinding at the mill," though we did not take one as in the scripture; we also saw a man grinding alone, perspiring as in a harvest field; both mills after the pattern of those on the oldest monuments in Egypt. It was the same with many things on sale. There has been no change for 4000 years, and the mechanics and craftsmen worked like automatons with their primitive tools. All seemed as incapable of change as the camel to alter his hump, or the Chinaman his bias eyes.

At 4 p. m. we took a carriage and drove two hours to the town of Ramlah, along a fine pike road, equal to anything in Europe, and crossed the plain of Sharon with all its wonderful memories. Ramlah was one of the crusaders' important depots. A large ruined

church, and a well preserved massive stone tower still remain to tell their story. There is a grand view from the old town. We slept at a German hotel, found good, clean beds and German food. In the early morning we started for Jerusalem. It would take a book to describe all the historic and interesting places and events on the road, such as the scene of Samson's exploit with the foxes, the valley of Ajalon and Joshua's long day, Latroon and other strongholds of the olden time of the Crusaders, Kirjath-Jearim and its events, Nicopolis, Ain Kairaim, the birthplace of John the Baptist, Emmaus, near which runs the brook from which David chose the stones to slay Goliath of Gath, tomb of Samuel and a score more.

Contrary to all my expectations the approach to Jerusalem was not as sensational and exciting as my childhood dreams had pictured; we could not see the city until within thirty rods of the north corner of the wall near Jaffa gate. A new city is building up to the north and west that hid the wall as we approached from that side. We stopped in the new city at the Howard hotel in view of the Jaffa gate and tower. It was afternoon when we arrived, but we soon started out with a native Greek church Christian as guide and interpreter, Elias Salmon, who spoke American well. We entered the city at the Jaffa gate, went through the street of David, Christian street, two or three mar-

ket streets, to the church of the Nativity and back through the bazaars with our stock of reverence for the holy city rapidly going down. We were astonished and disgusted with the loathsome animals, dogs, donkeys, camels, cows, sheep and goats, and the throngs of dirty, degraded people, with every kind of a horrid smell that can be imagined, and were ready to say that all our toil and travel had been in vain. That night in comparing notes all united in one thing, that Jerusalem was the dirtiest city we had ever seen, and that the beautiful ideal pictures of early life were ruined, and we were so stirred up in mind and spirit, that we did not sleep well, but we saved ourselves from condemning it too hastily.

Next morning we set out for Jericho and the Dead Sea. Older tourists and our guide advised this as a remedy for our disgust with what we had seen. The trip was made on horseback. We passed Gethsemane around the south end of the Mount of Olives, by Bethany, then through hills and low mountains, past the spot where Christ laid the parable of the Good Samaritan, and a more fitting place could not be found. We passed the brook Chereth where the prophet hid from his enemies, a thousand feet below the mountain road upon which we were traveling. Suddenly at a turn in the road, we came in sight of the valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Mountains of Moab and Mt.

Nebo. The scene was wonderful, and so many events rushed through the memory that it was a partial compensation for the disappointment at Jerusalem; though the wide plain of the Jordan was nearly desolate, the mountains all around were naked and bare, there was something grand in the history of all the eye could see.

We visited the site of Jericho and found that scarcely a fragment remains, save the wonderful fountain that was inside its walls; it comes out from under a heavy archway from under the hill, it is clear and pure and will fill a fifteen inch pipe all the time. The fountain is what made Jericho such a noted city in Joshua's day. Not a living thing was seen on the barren hill where the city stood. Two miles away there is a miserable dirty, flea and bug infested village that bears the name. Fortunately for tourists, the Germans have built a nice, comfortable hotel, where we lodged, but the evening was disturbed by the hideous shouts and discordant sound of drum and horn in the hands of pilgrims, who were returning from a shrine called Job's tomb. They were a wild, repulsive looking rabble, dirty, ragged, beggarly beings.

In the early morning we left the hotel and started for the Dead Sea, two hours' ride across the deserted and desolate valley. As we approached the sea we saw and passed among peculiar-looking sand hills and

irregular ridges, showing that the sea had once covered much larger area than now, and those hills were the old shore lines. When we reached the sea, another shadow came over our dreams. All had pictured in childhood a dark, silent body of water, surrounded by black, frowning cliffs and caverns, all gloomy and horrible. Instead, we stood on the shore of a sparkling lake, with a white-pebbled bank, the waves gently rippling at our feet, no cliffs near, the mountains sunlit and brown like all others in the country; everything different from our ideals. It was true all was silent; there was no noise of insect, reptile or bird, but the stillness was soft and soothing; there was more of reverence than of terror.

As the custom is, a part of the company went in bathing, and instead of swimming, just floated on the surface on account of the density of the water. My friend, John Van Lindley, went in and could not get under water until he jumped up and went down head first, and then only for a moment. A stout English lady made long and persistent efforts to go under, but failed. She floated like a cork and was very much worried at the failure. From the sea we rode four miles to Joshua's ford of the Jordan river, and here was another disappointment. It was just a common muddy-looking river, nothing sacred, holy or wonderful in sight. In places the mud of a recent overflow

was not dry. The river was thirty yards wide and twenty feet deep, flowing five to seven miles an hour, and we were four miles from its mouth. The shore is lined with a thick growth of small trees and brush, much like other rivers. Though disappointing to the eye, it was none the less interesting on account of its wonderful history in connection with the human race, the course of empire and the rise and fall of the kingdoms.

Before we had made half the distance from the sea to the river, all who had bathed began to twist and squirm in their saddles. The salt brine on their backs was almost unbearable. My friend's head especially was feeling exceedingly unpleasant. When we reached the river they did not stand on the bank hesitating, but made haste to plunge in and get rid of the salt of the Dead sea. There is no trace of the old ford now. The deposit of thirty centuries has filled the valley many feet deep, and there are no fords for many miles up the river. The recent overflow had left a deposit about as thick as common writing paper. It was drying and curling up, and had a slight alkali taste, and was a yellowish brown in color.

Upon returning to the hotel tired and hungry, we lay down early and had a good night's rest. The next morning we had a rough ride back to Bethany, where we took lunch, and rested in the shade of some

olive trees by the wayside, then visited the house of Mary and Martha. It belongs to the period of Simon at Jaffa. Sixty miles up a small ravine on the east side of the Mount of Olives are many old tombs cut in the rock, from one of which Lazarus was raised from the dead. We ascended the east side of Olivet, by a very rough, stony path to the top, where are several buildings, including an old Turkish tower and minaret. From the top of the tower there is the finest view of sacred and wonderful places in all Palestine. To the east is the Dead sea, to the west the Mediterranean, before and beneath is Jerusalem, which lies at an incline, so we saw all its streets, houses, walls and the Mosque of Omar as the central figure. This view was so impressive that my feeling of disappointment measurably left me, and I began to see things in a new light, and the whole scene took on a different coloring.

The place where the tower stood was probably the spot where Christ stood when he wept over the doomed city with its millions of inhabitants, and while I was gazing in awe at Jerusalem as it is, my mind was filled with this thought, "What might have been," if Jerusalem had received the Savior, and I could not refrain from tears when all the past came up in memory. The descent on the west was so steep and rough we went down on foot, as far as Gethsemane, where we stopped an hour to examine the sacred spot. It is

now enclosed by a wall and iron grating, so people cannot carry all the earth away, a sad necessity, for thousands of visitors were annually carrying away a handful of the sacred soil.

We returned to our hotel with very different feelings from those we had on leaving, and the next day walked more than half around the city on the wall; we could look down in the streets without wading through the muck and garbage. We could also see the noted houses, churches and sacred places. From the northeast corner we looked upon Calvary, on the east side we looked into the valley of Jehoshaphat, where Absalom's pillar is cut out of the solid rock, and has remained through all the vicissitudes of time unbroken and well preserved. It is nearly fifty feet high and stands out as a landmark. Lower down we saw the tomb of Jehoshaphat, with a large chamber that opens into secret caves and passages not yet explored. Then we saw the pyramid of Zachariah. This consists of a solid block of stone sixteen feet wide and deep, twenty-nine feet high, and hewn out of the solid cliff, with a broad passage all around its base. The face of this block is beautifully ornamented and it is held in great reverence by the Jews, especially by the remnant of the captivity, who still live in the valley of the Euphrates and eastern Arabia. From the corner at the temple grounds, we looked south on the

slope of the mount and saw thousands of white stones, marking the graves of Jews who have been buried there through many centuries. On the other side the scenes from the wall were very interesting, but not like the eastern.

After viewing the city from the wall we ventured on a general survey. At first the streets seemed intricate and confusing; many of them are steep and have a succession of stone steps, others are vaulted over and covered with houses. The principal ones are pretty well defined and easily followed, but all are very narrow. The Street of David is but sixteen feet wide, with no sidewalk. It starts from the Jaffa gate and goes eastward to the temple grounds, and is lined with shops, stores, groceries, fancy bazaars, manufactories of trinkets and toys, shops where shoes and sandles, in endless variety, are to be found, and a few rooms in which primitive silk weaving is going on.

We went to St. Stephen's gate near the north corner on the east side, and started westward, and passed through a very interesting part of the city. We went through St. Anne's church. Near it on the other side was a deserted puddle of stagnant water, said to mark the Pool of Bethesda. Then came the Chapel of Scourging and the Street Via Dolorosa, along which a detestable superstition locates the "Fourteen stations of the cross," each of which is

visited by multitudes of ignorant, deluded people, from which we turned away in disgust and pity. We saw the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, which contains the Ecco Homo Arch, a fragment of the Judgment Hall of Pontius Pilate. From the roof of that building Jerusalem and the temple can be seen to great advantage. It is probably the best view in the city. Christian street deserves especial notice. It runs from David's street towards Damascus gate, and unites with the one from St. Stephen's. Near to the Jaffa gate we turned to the right and ascended Mount Zion, passed the tower of Hippicus, when we came to one of the cleaner portions of the city. There are several churches on Mount Zion. The view from the top of the Armenian church is fine.

The trip through these streets, and the scenes from the lookouts, had given us quite a correct idea of the lay of the city, so we now explored the corners and outlying portions, and got a clear impression of the character of the inhabitants, and thus received a better understanding of the time coming when the "Sanctuary shall be cleansed."

We visited the Mosque of Omar, or Haram, as the Turks call it. The description I had read prepared me to see a very beautiful edifice, but when we entered the building illumined by the morning sun, I was amazed and bewildered at the dazzling splendor

that met the eye on every side. When I stood by the dome of the rock, the Holy of Holies, where the ark of the covenant once stood, a feeling of solemn awe came over me, and I felt as if the place were holy still. I had seen the church of St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in London, Notre Dame and the Confessional in Paris, the Cathedral at Strasburg, and many other churches, some of which were more vast and imposing in size, but nothing had ever approached in splendor to what the Mosque of Omar is inside its walls. The Mohammedans have lavished untold millions in beautifying their sacred shrine. All the artistic skill of western civilization, united with the voluptuous imagination of the east, has been combined in producing an object not surpassed by any age, or people. The venerable High Priest and Patriarch was very kind in answering questions, and seemed interested in our country and our rapid national expansion. The two hours spent with him in that wonderful building, on that sacred spot, will not be forgotten, nor can I think of him but as a brother in the hope of immortality.

The Jews have several synagogues in the city, one more noted than the others, its green dome is a distinctive mark in looking down on the city from the Mount of Olives. It holds some very ancient and badsomely inscribed rolls of the Old Testament. The

Jews are debarred from many privileges and subjected to annoying persecutions from the bigoted eastern Christians, as well as Moslems. They are not permitted to enter the old temple grounds, but there is one part of the old wall of the temple enclosure where they are allowed to gather. "A retired place on the outside of the southwest wall of the harem is the only spot where the children of Israel are permitted to congregate, freely to gaze at, to touch, and to weep over the old stones hewn and laid there by their ancestors. The foul, obscure entrance to this place, through a narrow lane, is a fit type of the abject misery of their race here and elsewhere. Here they come in numbers, especially on Fridays. Jews of all countries and of all degrees, rich and poor, men and women, some in velvet and rare furs and some in squalid rags, bring with them their Old Testaments, which they place in the crevices between the massive stones, and from them read aloud the story of their former glorious days, confessing their sins with tears and loud lamentations: reciting touching prayers and calling upon "The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," to remember and fulfill His ancient promises to His chosen people. Those standing close to the revered wall rest their hands upon it sobbing, while those further off stretch out loving hands to touch its stones. Old women sit upon the ground reading or reciting the promises, and stop to

wipe away the tears that stream down their wrinkled faces." As I stood gazing upon this strange, sad scene, there came again the voice to my mind, "What might have been," instead of all this sorrow.

Outside the city for many miles around every valley, rock and hill has some connection with historic events of the Holy City, and it is hard to make a selection when there is not time to see all. We began our outside excursions by visiting Bethlehem and Solomon's Pools. We passed several modern villages built by the Germans, French and Russians, each nationality having large hospices where the throngs of pilgrims find rest and shelter at small cost.

At Bethlehem we saw the ruins of the inn that was "full" when Joseph and Mary arrived, also the half cave mangers under an overhanging rock, in one of which the young babe was laid when born. These mangers are now surrounded and covered by an immense structure, resulting from the union of several churches; as in many other places there is much bigotry and superstition connected with the place. From the east end of the hill on which the town stands, across a narrow, deep valley, we saw a broad plateau of a few thousand acres, on which the shepherds were watching their flocks the night when Christ was born. They had about one and a half miles to go to find the babe, then to return across the valley to their flocks.

That plateau is a sheep and goat pasture today. There were thousands in sight when we were there, and thus has it been through all the intervening centuries, and always will be, because it pays. When we turned away from Bethlehem, we were satisfied that the Scripture is true concerning it and its part in history.

Solomon's Pools, three in number, are several miles further on, and are supplied by a fountain that would fill an eight-inch pipe. An earthquake fractured them, so they hold but little water, yet the under ground aqueducts are perfect, and furnish some water to the city. The reservoirs are large and massive, showing the style of concrete masonry of that time, giving us a key to compare the age of ruins. Here is masonry of Solomon's epoch, while Alexandria showed that of Alexander's day, the pyramids that of prehistoric period, and so we may learn as by an alphabet the era of ruins by the character of their masonry.

On our return we stopped at Rachel's tomb, and called up the history of the Hebrews since she was laid at rest, not only of that nation, but the whole human race. This tomb is and has been held in reverence through all time, and has always been kept in repair. Its present form is a solid pyramid of stone. It has been repaired by the Moslems. At the tomb the road divides. The main road goes to Hebron and a horse path turns to the right, leading to Ala Karim, the

birthplace of John the Baptist. It is a beautiful village, surrounded by green fields, orchards, gardens and vineyards, the prettiest rural spot in Palestine. There is an ancient church here that was built in the fifth century. It has since been enlarged, and was quite imposing as seen from the hills. It belongs to the Greek church. The Sisters of Zion have a school for girls near the village, which adds to the interest. Another route, which is very rocky, passes a Greek monastery, and comes into the Jaffa road near the city.

In going out by the Damascus gate, we turned to the right from the old road and ascended a hill, where, near the summit, there is a small bench or plateau of a fourth of an acre; there we went up a steeper grade to the top, where there was a circular area of about one acre, shaped like a shallow wash pan turned bottom upward. This is Mount Calvary. From the top we could have seen into the outer court of the temple. At the foot of the hill near where the ascent is made there is a low cliff of rock with a crescent shaped garden of three-fourths of an acre. At the left of the garden entrance are several tombs cut in the low cliff, which in their finish show they belong to the day of Christ.

When we climbed the hill to the little plateau, we saw the place where the women stood "afar off" during the crucifixion, yet could see and hear all that

was said and done. On top there is room for a thousand people to stand and the hill is nearly solid rock, and has not changed and could not change, so we came away satisfied that we had seen Calvary. It was natural and easy, when Christ's body was taken down, to come to the west end of the little garden, turn in and place it in its resting place. But what of standing where the crucifixion took place? Every one has his own impressions. Some feel like and do pray, some thank God that they have been permitted to stand on the sacred spot, some shout and go into ecstatics, while many others have no feeling or do not show it in any way, but to me the place did not seem more sacred than any other; but the thought of what had gone out through the world from that spot was almost overwhelming. From there Christianity had gone forth, and I seemed to look down the centuries and see what it had done, and on to the end of what it would do.

Off to the right of the Damascus road beyond the hills is the "Tomb of the Kings." It is a large, rock-hewn chamber open to the sky, about thirty yards square. The west end of the excavation is cut into passages and curiously cut chambers, niches and shelves for the reception of the sarcophagi, which have all long since disappeared. There is one large chamber which has been closed with a huge, rolling stone, which is still standing in its groove at the side of the.

entrance. This excavation is thirty feet deep, and has a reservoir in the southeast corner, which still holds water. A mile and a half further on there is a broad high archway cut in the face of the hill with a broad passage cut far back in the solid rock, with tomb chambers cut in the sides. This is the "Tombs of the Judges," a dark and gloomy place, yet like that of "The Kings," very interesting, and gives a deep and definite impression of the truthfulness of the Bible record.

The valley of Hinnom begins near the Jaffa gate, on the southwest side of the city. It is deep and now dry and desolate looking—Tophet-Gehenna. It runs southeast between Jerusalem and the "Hill of Evil Counsel," which is now attracting much attention from the fact that it seems to cover what appears to have been an ancient subterranean city. It is now being explored and promises to be exceedingly rich in relics as far back as the old Hittite times. All the way down the valley the hills are honey-combed with rock-hewn chambers, some of the passages leading off hundreds of yards into the hill, just how far is still unknown. It is becoming more and more a question of when, by whom and for what purpose those vast subterranean passages and immense chambers were excavated. The three hills, Mt. Zion, Mt. Moriah and Mt. Akra are standing above a vast underground city.

The entrance to it is near the Damascus gate. The excavation goes back to the remotest antiquity. Much of the work was done by a lost race, possibly ten thousand years ago. Some of their methods of work and their tools tell a tale of silent wonder. At the point where the valley of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom unite, there is a deep well, or an artesian fountain, which, when there has been a heavy continuous rainfall, overflows and sends a river of water down the valley. It is supposed to be connected with the great fountain, or lake, that underlies the whole section, for in boring in the new city, an inexhaustible fountain is struck at a depth of two to three hundred feet, and St. Mary's fountain, near the Golden gate, is a regular intermittent spring from the great fountain.

On the slope of Olivet, opposite the union of the valleys, is the hospital of the lepers, where they lodge and are supplied with abundance of good bread and water, but are not permitted to enter the city, and can only stand outside on the east and north of the wall, nowhere else. Of their looks and horrid condition I do not wish to write, for it fills the mind with inexpressible pity, loathing and horror to see the frightful condition some are in, dying by piecemeal and yet cannot die, suffering death a hundred times before it comes.

As the Mosque of Omar is the most beautiful

thing in Palestine, so is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher the biggest humbug in all the east, if not in the world, and the Christian nations should unite in suppressing it at once; in fact we grew weary and disgusted with the senseless superstitions that met us at every turn, and in every place. One impious American prayed the Lord to send another Joshua to cleanse and purify the land again. Yet there is so much to see, so many Bible and historic memories called up in and around the city, that we felt like throwing the mantle of charity over much that was repulsive. Notwithstanding there is muck and mire in the streets, superstition, bigotry, sin, suffering, sorrow and shame to be met, it pays any one well read in the Bible and history to visit Jerusalem and study its past and present; for as its past has been connected with humanity, its near future promises to become more so. The slow but sure building of a new city outside the wall, the steady increase of English and American influence is not without deep significance.

We left Jerusalem and returned to Jaffa, and there took a steamer for Beyroot. Had a pleasant trip, found a good hotel and on the 20th took diligence drawn by six horses, three abreast, for Damascus, over a good pike road, built by the French. We crossed the Lebanon amid a whirling snow storm, with all the higher portion of the range still covered with many

inches of the winter snow, and for a few hours we suffered severely with the cold. We lunched at Stora, beyond the mountain, and there took a private carriage and turned aside for the ruins of Baalbec, where we arrived at 5 p. m., cold and tired. As there was no fire at the hotel, we rebelled against such treatment, and by a little positive reasoning we were soon supplied with a large brazier full of burning charcoal. We were soon warmed and ready for a hot supper served in real eastern style.

Though late in the day we were so excited at being near the world's greatest wonder in the line of ruins, that we took a short run to the great temples. Our interest arose to the highest point of intensity as we slowly walked around and through the fallen grandeur and departed glory. On every side was a mass of wreckage that was so stupendous and bewildering, that we stood and gazed upon it in awe. All that we had seen before became dwarfed into a miniature, the mind was full of astonishment when we realized that all that wreck was once in the form of a beautiful temple. The mystery that covers Baalbec adds to the impression made on the mind at the first sight. We recognize the fact that the foundations of these ruins were laid by a lost race, who left no other monument to tell that they had been.

When darkness came we returned to our brazier

of coals and talked long over the new experience, and that night I dreamed of wandering back through the infinite past and lived with the people who are now silent in the dust, and who have left nothing but ruined towers and temples; and realized that they had lived and died as this generation was living, moving where now,—

"The spirits of the desert dwell,
Where eastern grandeur shone
And vultures scream, hyenas yell,
'Round Beauty's mouldering throne."

I was suddenly called back to earth by the clang of the brazier, and a big, burly Syrian dumped his charcoal on the fire, calling out we knew not what, but supposed it must be breakfast, and so we arose to find a misty, cool, bad morning. After we had breakfasted we started out in spite of the rain to see the ruins more in detail. We went to the northwest side, where we saw and touched three great stones. They are 13x13x62 feet long, and are on top of the prehistoric wall about fifty feet above the foundation. They have been transported three-quarters of a mile, and lifted to their place. There is no mortar or cement visible, yet the joints are so perfect that I could not thrust the point of a little blade of my pocket knife an eighth of an inch into the joints at any place. Just beneath these large stones are many 12 feet thick and 30 to 36 long.

In the quarry we could see the place where the three large stones were cut out, and alongside a fourth one has been quarried and left lying. It is 14x15 and 72 feet long. It is finished out but never moved. Why, tradition does not tell, and history is silent. I climbed to it and walked its length. One can only realize its enormous size by standing on it. The quarries extend over many acres and in places are fifty feet deep.

At the southwest corner there is a portion of the wall 125 feet high, the highest in the ruins. The great open, inner court is 450x400. On the west side there are no chambers; on the other three sides there has been a second massive wall thirty to forty feet from the outer one. The space between has been built in large chambers, many of them showing great beauty in design and finish. The surface of the inner wall is adorned with the highest architectural beauty of the various nations who held control. On the south side we saw the six great columns that are still standing, the landmark of the ruins. They are 84 feet high, 7 feet in diameter, and are held together and to the wall by blocks of stone 6x6x12 feet. The tops are 125 feet above the foundation of the portico. The temple of Jupiter, which stands near the temple of the Sun, on the south side, is in better state of preservation, but smaller. It has been very beautifully ornamented and was built at a later day, probably by the Phenicians.

Everywhere we were impressed with the vastness of the structures. The builders were our superiors in mechanical skill and architecture. The sculptures were perfect in their kind and more ideal than at any later day. The lost race seems to have been giants in every particular. The evidence left is convincing. When the Greek came with his refinement, he built on the prehistoric foundations that had not been wrecked by war and earthquake; to the Greek structure was given Greek adorning. When the Roman came he added Roman art and beauty, and at last when the Turk came he began to destroy, and the earthquake of 1759 finished the ruin.

There is as much of the prehistoric temple under ground as above, and that part, though choked and filled with rubbish, is too strong for even earthquake power. Stand where we would inside, or outside, the walls, or on the hills overlooking, the impression was the same, that of wonder and astonishment, and the question came up, why should the grandest thing of earth be ruined by the bloody hand of war? In all descriptions I have seen given by historians and tourists, the half has not been told, nor can it be. One must stand in the great court surrounded by the vast wreckage and stand on the tottering wall and gaze on the whole scene to fully comprehend what Baalbec was in its glory, and what it is in ruin.

Like all other ancient ruins, the neighboring hills and cliffs are full of rock-hewn chambers and passages, and it pays the trouble to visit some of them; each nation has cut its own favorite form of chamber and passage, sometimes they are in proximity and in interesting contrast. To the east, in the valley, are many rock chambers ingeniously cut so no water will get in from the winter rains, suggesting the idea that they may have been graneries or storage places.

We returned to Stora in a heavy rain-storm, then took diligence and reached Damascus near night, and were again quite cold, for the Anti-Lebanon range of mountains was covered with snow, and it was melting very fast. Another brazier of glowing coals gave us grateful relief and a good night's rest, though at all hours we heard the rushing of many waters, the hotel being on the bank of a river. We spent two days in and around the city. In one respect it was disappointing. It has many marks of beauty, and not many of age. It had nothing startling or sensational, but much that was very interesting. I marvel not that it is the oldest city in the world, for there is no better place for one. It is in the midst of a lovely fertile plain, irrigated by two mountain rivers of pure sparkling water, which never fails, with a healthy, temperate climate, and so long as men dwell on earth some will live at Damascus.

We drove far out in the valley among green wheat and rye fields, through a wilderness of mulberry and fruit orchards and vineyards, to where Paul was smitten down. On return we drove around the city to see the remains of the old wall; we saw the window through which Paul was let down, near to the Jerusalem gate. We walked the whole length of the street called Straight; it varies from a straight line just enough to prevent one from seeing through from either end, but in standing in the middle it looks perfectly straight. We walked many hours through the noisy markets, bazaars, wheat bins, camel and donkey market, and passed through the long street where silk weaving is carried on, and the primitive loom is plied by hundreds of sad-faced women. Then we visited the street given to the manufacture of toys and little fancy articles to sell to tourists and strangers. It is proverbial all over the east that you must never offer a Damascus merchant more than one-third his price, or you will be deceived; the native guides will run travelers into the shops to get them swindled in trade instead of showing them the city.

The day before we arrived, one of the singular events occurred that comes in Mahomedan countries at irregular periods, and always among the descendants of Esau. Suddenly a man among the day

laborers felt himself inspired to sing the songs of praise considered sacred by all Mahomedans. He went to the priest of the principal mosque, and asked to go to the minaret at midnight to sing; at first the priest doubted his sanity, for he knew the man had no voice for singing, whereupon the man began singing with such supernatural melody that all men were amazed. In answer as to when and how he learned the sacred songs, his reply was: "Allah (God) taught me." So he was permitted to sing, and the whole city was electrified with the sublime music that came from the lofty minaret for an hour beginning at midnight. The two nights we were there the man sang his sacred songs, and though they were in the Syrian tongue, I had never heard such soft and perfect melody come from human lips. The contrast between his voice and his fellow-countrymen was greater than that between a wood lark and a cawing crow. It was deeply interesting to me, for it seemed as though God had not wholly cast off the children of Esau, and in the day of restitution might call in the seed of Abraham.

On the return from Damascus we again suffered from cold; on the Anti-Lebanon range a bleak wind blew through the pass, and on the main range there had been eight inches more snow since we passed. Soon after leaving Stora, we met a large detach-

ment of Turkish recruits going to Damascus for drill and instruction; they were wild, rough-looking fellows, and were cold and noisy, for they had just passed the snow line; behind them came 125 pack camels, roaring and bellowing with the cold. It was a novel sight, and required much skill on the part of our driver to avoid collisions with these unwieldy animals and their bulky loads. We also met a long train of freight wagons, each wagon drawn by three horses in tandem style; they were very difficult to pass, for the drivers were burly men and not very accommodating in yielding right of way. Near the summit there were hundreds of wild mountaineers shoveling snow into two-bushel baskets, and carrying them on their heads to the top of large stone houses, into which the snow was dumped for summer use. Inside of the houses there was much shouting and yelling amongst those who packed the snow into a solid mass; it was truly a wild, novel scene; part of the time everything was obscured because enveloped with clouds of fine, drifting snow or frozen vapor, and then the snow shovelers would make extra noise amid the whirling clouds. The ascent and passage was slow; as we were quite cold, my friend and I got down and walked and ran a mile or more amid the snow, mist, clouds and mingled flashes of sunlight, a thing I would recommend every one to do who has the strength, for

it is an experience that is full of life and exciting energy; the occasional glow of sunlight was charming beyond description.

It took three hours to pass through the snow belt, then we came down into bright sunshine, amid green fields, orchards and groves, the lower portion of the range being covered with terraced gardens. A distant view showed many white villages nestled among the trees on the steeps. Soon we got sight of Beyroot, the broad valley, the bay, and the blue sea beyond. It was near sundown when we reached the city, where we enjoyed a warm room and an unbroken night's rest in what seemed civilized society, and found our bundles, which we had left at the hotel, all safe. Next morning, March 25th, 1892, we took carriage and were driven over a good pike road, and in three hours reached Friends' Mission at Brumma, on a foothill of Mt. Lebanon, 2,500 feet above the sea. We were kindly greeted by the Friends, and found a quiet hotel and rest. We were introduced to all the managers and officers and many of the membership, and felt as though we were in touch with home life. Six weeks of constant travel in strange lands, among new, interesting and ever-changing scenes, in contact with different people, together with the effort made to see, hear and remember all, was beginning to draw heavily on my

powers of endurance, and rest was needed. We were much surprised and pleased with the situation, surroundings and prospects of the mission; everything indicated permanence. The buildings were all solid, well-built, stone structures; the grounds are being improved and beautified; a quiet, home-like influence pervades the mission, which is working out a change in that village and also those which surround it. A wide influence has been gained over the untrained ignorant mountaineers, and it is marvelous to see what a door the Lord is opening in that land and how He inspired Eli Jones to select that spot to found a mission.

From the buildings and from the hilltops near by, the scenery is grand and beautiful. All around south, east and north, are lofty, romantic mountains, toned down and harmonized by a soft blue haze; to the west is a wide expanse of the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, with the beautiful city of Beyroot and its harbor and shipping. Farther off beyond all, from south to northwest, the central range of Lebanon stood out in bold relief, covered with snow, which gives a sense of silent, majestic grandeur to the wonderful filling in.

All around the village, across the mountain on which it stands, and down the long slopes on every side, were beautiful groves of young pine, inter-

mingled with fig, mulberry and olive orchards, vineyards, wheat fields and gardens, all resting on and made by terraces built up by means of stone walls. Across a ravine to the east, we counted eleven villages, and down the western slope five other villages, all surrounded with orchards, gardens and groves. So beautifully blended together are nature and art, that the eye does not grow weary with seeing, as in more historic places.

On the Sabbath, 26th, we attended Brumma Monthly Meeting. William Allen, of England, was present, and delivered a good sermon, which was translated into Arabic by one of the members, a teacher in the boys' school. In transacting the business, there appeared to be as much sound, practical sense used, and as clear discernment manifested, as in the average American meetings, and there was real, living faith present. In the evening there was a general collection of the members in the boys' school room, with tea and lunch and a kindly greeting, while William Allen gave an informal address.

After breakfast next morning we walked three miles towards the summit of the central range to another summit, from which we had a wider and grander view of the ever-changing scene, everything, everywhere intensified by the great glittering snow fields in the background. By a kind invitation we

took lunch at 1 p. m. with Miss Ellen Clayton and Miss M. E. Stephens, of England, the efficient managers of the medical hospital. Afterward they took us on a long tour of inspection, and a long ramble up and down the side of the mountain, through villages out of sight from the top. There was a constant succession of surprises; at every turn, in and across every ravine, there was something new and almost startling. By hundreds of years of hard labor the whole mountain side had been terraced and cultivated; nearly everywhere grape vines were being trained along the walls. The houses were all of stone, and flat on top, built into the side of the terrace; in many cases we could step on top of the houses from the next terrace wall. Children and chickens abounded, the former black-eyed, bright little fellows, who in infancy and early childhood are nearly white; the chickens seemed to be a part of the household; eggs are abundant and cheap and universally used by all classes.

The greatest wonder of the day was a genuine, primitive bake oven. It was in the shape of a big jug, with the neck and upper part off. It was cut in solid rock, five feet deep and three in diameter, and was heated by dry grass pulled out of the gardens and the twigs from fruit trees and the refuse from pruning. When the oven was hot, two women

sat down by it with a tub of dough and wooden trays as big as a common dishpan turned bottom up; the round of the trays just fit the curve of the oven. The women took lumps of dough about the size of a pint cup, and dexterously spread them into thin cakes on their trays, about fourteen inches in diameter, then leaning over, reached down and dabbed it to the side of the oven; the cake adhered and was baked by the time another was ready. These cakes, which are made from rye, are stacked in piles, and are the bakers' bread for Arabs, and nearly all Western Asia and Northern Africa. When the oven cools a few handfuls of dry grass are thrown in, which restores the heat. While watching this, allusion to grass and the oven in scripture came to mind: "The grass that to-day is, tomorrow is cast in the oven." From the oven we ascended by winding paths among gardens and orchards and over walls, and learned more than we would have thought possible when we started, for we saw life as it is, and has been, for 4,000 years, with no sign of change. The spades and mattocks are the same in form as chiseled on the monuments while the Hittites were in the land. Some of the foundations of the terraces were built before the time of Hiram. When we returned to the hospital we were tired, but highly pleased with the tour, and the kind ladies would not let us go

until we had cake and a cup of tea, and we promised to pay the debt in a similar manner if they should ever come to America.

One morning, by invitation of Miss Cadbury, and Miss M. E. Harris, of England, who have charge of the girls' school, we went to the school building at 6:30 a. m. to see the whole routine of morning work, the getting up, washing, sweeping, dusting, making up of the cots, cleaning and refilling the olive oil lamps, and the old fat Syrian man cooking the breakfast on a Syrian stove with one-fourth the wood used in America. When the bell rang we went to breakfast; the girls sat at a long table, thirty-two in number, while the teachers' table sat across the end of theirs. The girls had batter cakes, dried and preserved fruit, with water to sup; the most novel thing was the way the water was drunk. It was in small jugs or jars, with a spout on one side like a tea pot; they took the jug and held the spout about two inches above the mouth, and poured the water in without touching the lips, and they did not miss their mouths a single time; at first it was hard for us to keep from smiling. When the meal was finished, a portion of scripture was read in Arabic, while we followed the reading in an English Bible. Afterwards I gave the girls a talk on my travels, and at their earnest request, some adventures of the Underground

Railroad, of which they had heard from the boys. We next listened to the reading in English of one of the advanced classes; though most of them spoke every word in plain English, there was a peculiar Syrian, yet sweet intonation, that was truly charming. As I walked back to the hotel, I was impressed with the conviction that the Lord does all things well. The Syrians are made to live in Syria, not in England or America; they can be made good Syrians, and nothing else. As well attempt to make Syrians out of Carolinians or Hoosiers.

To the northward of the city several miles, and down the mountain from Brummana, is a celebrated place, now becoming world-wide in its importance, the "Gates of the Kings," where the mountain comes down in an abrupt cliff to the water. Across the outer end of the bridge a pass has been cut and worn, by long use, nearly one hundred feet wide, with tolerably steep grade. Through this pass came and went all the conquerors in the olden time, and at one place many of them engraved their images, with an account of the expeditions, victories and conquests. Some have become almost illegible, whilst others are well preserved. The records go back to early Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek and Roman periods; among them is that of Sennacherib. There are two that bear the marks of prehistoric time, not less

than five thousand years ago, and probably much older.

This ancient pass is not used now; a French company has blasted a wide road in the solid rock, at the foot of the cliff near the water line, which makes a nice drive from the city, but in going we walked down the steep side of the mountain to the pike, and there took a carriage. In making the descent we passed through a Maronite village, seemingly hanging to the side of the cliff, and the people were curious to see the two old men who traveled unarmed from the wonderful land of America. Our return drive brought us to a point on the bay due west of the mission, where a French company have a five million dollar contract to build an immense breakwater to protect the harbor of Beyroot. The company ran a railroad five miles up a ravine, where the rock formation stands nearly vertical; here great masses are blasted and fall to the floor of the ravine and break to pieces, so the great derrick can swing them into the cars.

After a time the engineers discovered a break or crevice on top of the hill, from four to five hundred feet above the floor, and conceived the idea of making a blast that would shake the whole country. They accordingly worked to that end, and gave out word far and wide among the villages that on the

afternoon of a given date the explosion would be made. By noon of that day the opposite hill across the ravine was covered with thousands of natives anxious to see the wonderful event. Several thousand of the spectators were on a level with the mass to be exploded, and from four to six hundred feet away. When the hour came the signal was given by a long, shrill whistle of a locomotive in the valley. In an instant an explosion louder than thunder shook the hills and mountains for miles around, and the whole side of the hill was hurled into the air and fell two hundred feet to the floor with a deafening crash that was more fearful and heard further than the explosion. It was successful almost beyond the expectation of the engineers, and second to none ever made, excepting the one at El Paso, Texas. The effect upon the natives cannot be described; they stood still as death, seemingly without breathing, for nearly half an hour; then a tall chief shouted at the top of his voice, waving his turban, "Great is Allah!" "Great is Allah!" Then the vast multitude seemed moved as if by a whirlwind, and for many hours they shouted like men possessed, waved their hands in wild gesticulations, danced and swayed in the intense excitement, and only ceased when overcome by exhaustion; then they began to slowly disperse, and at sundown all were gone. English residents said this

event, with the impression made, even though it were never written, would go down in tradition at least five hundred years. Every native was impressed with what a wonderful people the Franks (French) were, and French influence was greatly extended.

During our stop we reviewed our journey, and found we had unconsciously learned much about eastern and foreign travel, how to adapt ourselves to change of climate, latitude and elevation. My health had steadily improved in spite of constant travel, and I can say that invalids need not hesitate about traveling in the Eastern country, if they will use a little practical judgment about eating and dressing. We still wore our winter clothes and were comfortable; at all times when making extra effort, as in climbing hill and mountain, taking long walks, we pulled off our coats, even though the weather or elevation was cool. We did not cumber ourselves with much luggage, took nothing but a grip sack that we could carry in our hands anywhere and any time; this made us independent of the vexations, extortions and deceptions of porters, dragomen, donkey drivers and cabmen. The eastern people seem to be a unit in defrauding ignorant foreigners, especially those who are purse-proud and out on grand parade.

In leaving the mission we felt as though we could not bestow too much praise on all those in charge

of the schools and the entire church membership. They did all they could to make our stay pleasant, and in addition very kindly gave much valuable information concerning eastern life, the history and traditions of the Mt. Lebanon region, the deciphering of ancient inscriptions, and other kindred subjects. We had learned how thousands of mountaineers live in Syria, and the amount of labor it has taken through all the centuries to terrace and build the walls that are seen everywhere. We could better understand the predictions concerning the future of all that region, for in our daily walks and talks we were alive to all the new and interesting surroundings, for we were moving amid the scenes of the oldest inhabited land since the flood.

On the morning of April 5th we bade adieu to our kind friends, especially to Theophilus Waldmeier and his excellent wife, and the general superintendents, who had been very kind in giving us information. We took a carriage and drove down to Beyroot, where we were to meet four Englishmen and six Americans. We had parted in Jerusalem; some went through by donkeys to Damascus, others up the coast by Tyre and Sidon, all to meet at the hotel in Beyroot the evening of April 5th to take the steamer the next day. At sundown all were in with two additions, Scotchmen. We sat up late rehears-

ing adventures, comparing notes, giving results of observations and impressions, together with the expense of the trips. It had cost several of them fifty dollars each, none less than thirty, while we had spent but twelve dollars and a half apiece, though we had traveled the greatest distance.

On the morning of April 6th, 1892, we boarded a Russian coasting steamer bound for Athens, Greece, though expecting to be coasting a week among the islands. When we engaged our passage, some weeks before, we thought the steamer sailed from port to port, but when we learned that we were going on a coaster we were rather pleased than offended. Our passage was paid for the voyage, the accommodations were good and most of the passengers were tourists, so all settled down for a pleasant time. The weather was very fine, so we could be on deck all the time, besides many of the party were good historians and the voyage was through the most historic portion of the world.

From Beyroot we sailed north forty miles to Tripoli, and stopped one day and night while taking on 20,000 boxes of oranges. It was a very interesting day to the tourists; it gave another opportunity to study the Syrian character. The fruit was brought out on small sail boats, manned by four to six men; each carried two hundred boxes; sometimes there were twenty boats waiting their turn to un-

load. In watching the maneuver of the boat crews, their undignified, selfish character could be seen; every one was shouting and giving orders, bent on getting the advantage of the others, resulting in a constant pushing and bumping among the boats, and to vary the scene a few lusty fisticuffs would be exchanged. The Arabs and Syrians can make more fuss and noise over small things than any other race; they have more respect for the law of might than that of right. They have antagonized the rest of mankind so long that their very nature has become vindictive and vicious. During the day there was one amusing incident: a negro commanded one boat and seemed to be an acknowledged leader among them; he was very noisy and blustering, but by some unlucky turn fell headlong into the water; his huge form made a small whirlpool as he went under, and when he came up sputtering and blowing he called lustily for help. He was soon drawn in, amidst shouts of laughter; he was thoroughly demoralized, his flowing Turkish garment was slapping around his limbs, and he looked as though he had received a good toning down and was less demonstrative during the remainder of the day.

From Tripoli we sailed to the island of Cyprus, making a short trip, then sailed along the shore, much of the time so near land that we could see the fields,

orchards and vineyards, with white cottages and small villages on the hillsides and in the narrow valleys running inland. Everything, as in Egypt, indicated that life and property were more secure under English than Turkish rule. The next island of note was Rhodes, which was once noted in history and a Christian stronghold against the conquering Turk, and it has sustained many sieges and assaults. It is now almost barren, and with but few inhabitants. The glass revealed the ruins of many strong walls and broken towers, and the hills were bare of trees and vegetation; it is one of the greatest ruins of the middle ages. We passed close under the west shore of Patmos, and failed to see a living thing; all seemed barren, naked rocks coming down to the water's edge in ragged, irregular cliffs; but for its association with John's revelation, it would be devoid of interest. Many times we passed through narrow channels between small islands, and could see the people walking about, the cows and goats grazing on the hills; in a few instances we saw fruit on the trees. At one time I counted nine islands in sight; islands or the main land were always in view during the daytime. From the ship's log-book I drew our winding path, and it was a marvel of intricacy and showed the perfect knowledge of the pilot.

We ran down the long bay to Smyrna, where we

stopped a day and part of the night. Most of the party landed and made a short run of forty miles by rail to the ruins of Ephesus, but it was a cool, rainy day, and the trip was not very satisfactory. Ephesus, like Jericho, is almost all gone; it is difficult to trace the old wall and to locate the great temple of Diana. Five miles inland from the present landing are solid, massive walls, showing where the harbor was before the great earthquake changed the coast line for many miles. Smyrna is a beautiful city of over 200,000 inhabitants, built on the side of a hill sloping far back from the bay. It has been destroyed and rebuilt so often that there are few remains of its old edifices; even the last portion of the old wall was being taken down to give building room. It is European in look and character, being rather Italian in outline. Nearly half the people are Europeans, and the business seems to be largely in their hands; here we saw a few drays and hacks in lively competition with the camel, donkey and porter. Upon continuing our cruise back to open water, the cruise was continued through many narrow channels and beautiful bays. At all the stops the Greek began to predominate among the people, and European dress prevailed, with a small percentage of Albanian costume (a man in petticoats).

In seven days we reached Athens, and no week

of travel had been so full of interest, nor had any land or water called up busier memories of past thousands of years. We passed many battlefields and points where naval engagements had occurred where the fate of nations and the world had been decided. Many of the scenes from the steamer's deck were truly inspiring; we could see islands covered with ruins, great sea-walled harbors, without even a fishing boat to relieve the desolate solitude. The clear, blue sky, the warm spring weather, the deep blue of the water, all united in intensifying the contrasts, and in clothing things with light, life and beauty.

We landed at Piraeus, the port of Athens, in the afternoon, and took a carriage in preference to rail, driving over historical ground, among green fields and orchards, seven miles to the city, which was almost as interesting as Jerusalem, and had nearly as much of the world's history associated with it. We started at once to walk through the beautiful, modern Athens; we strolled about until night through the broad, clean streets, into the public halls, over their marble floors, among the beautiful mansions, and stopped by the way to look into the faces of the people, so as to fix the national type in the memory. Even when twilight came it gave an additional interest—that peculiar inspiration that Mrs. Hemans, Byron, and others seem to have caught while moving amid

the same scenes. When we entered the dining room at the hotel we were astonished and delighted to see over the door in large letters: "No smoking allowed in the dining room." It was the one hotel on all the continent of Eurpoe that we saw where there was not more or less smoking, not only in the dining room, but at the fashionable "Table d' hote," "where wine, wit and wisdom has free course." We visited many of the most celebrated hotels in every capitol of Europe, and we found smoking in every dining room, and wine and strong drink on every table, hence our surprise to find this prohibition in little Greece.

Next morning at an early hour we were standing amid the splendid ruins of the Acropolis. The first emotions and impressions were similar to those at Baalbec—they were too deep for words, overwhelming and almost oppressive in intensity—for on that spot I had realized the attainment of one of the fondest, brightest dreams of early life. I had seen Baalbec in its fallen grandeur, and now saw the second wonder of the world in the grandeur and beauty of its fall. As I walked among and over the hidden pillars and arches and looked up to the broken walls, a new light came to my mind which gave me a higher, clearer understanding of why the Lord chose the Greeks to be third great empire to

prepare the world for the fifth and last. A people who could unite so much of art, exquisite beauty, impressive grandeur in one temple, were a people who would stamp the spirit of their guests upon the world in characters that would not die. To one acquainted with the events of history, there are few places more interesting than Athens and Greece, for the fate of civilization, humanity and refinement seemed centered there, and radiated outward through all the lands included in prophecy, and into all the fields of science and discovery.

To describe the ruined temple on the Acropolis would be beyond my ability, for it is different from anything seen elsewhere, so there is no standard of comparison. As we now saw it we were almost glad that it was a ruin, for as such its beauty cannot change—the marble is imperishable. We can easily picture in our minds how it looked in the glory of its perfection, but when thus perfect its beauty could and did fail and fall, but in its fallen grandeur it will be there for all time. From any point of the ruin the view is charming and grand, and from its loftiest dome, when Athens was in her prime, it must have been tenfold more inspiring. We stood in front of the temple ruin and looked down a hundred feet, and a few hundred feet to the right saw Mars Hill, a place second in interest to Calvary. Upon leaving

the Acropolis, we ascended the worn stone steps to the top of Mars Hill, now a naked rock not an acre in extent, but it shows that a building was once fastened on it by iron bolts to the rocks. While standing there full of thronging memories, the same voice that sounded in my ear at Jerusalem spoke again: "What might have been." When Paul stood on that rock 1,800 years ago, Athens was the scientific center of the known world; the philosophers of all lands came there to learn wisdom. There were in that day 30,000 shrines in and around the great city where religious offerings were given to the multitude of gods. There was one shrine to the living God, to them "Unknown." When Paul preached to the assembled philosophers the "Unknown God," it was to the wise "Greeks' foolishness." It was while I was calling this to mind and asking the questions, "Where now are the 30,000 shrines, where all the wisdom of the philosophers, where now is Athens, where is Paul and his God?" that the voice came; "Had Jerusalem received Christ, what would she have been to-day? Had Athens accepted the gospel preached by Paul, what might Athens have been to-day? Instead, what are they to-day? Athens, without a promise; Jerusalem, still trodden down. What of the wise Greeks who laughed at Paul?"

From Athens we sailed in a good steamer for

Constantinople, another coaster, which took us again amongst beautiful islands, around historic headlands, past low, green shores, and over waters made memorable by naval conflicts, passed the head of the celebrated battle scene of Salamis, and one could imagine the fearful conflict raging in the narrow strait between the great fleets of Greece and Persia, with Xerxes, the haughty king, watching the destruction of his fleet, with no power to succor or to save. We passed the Dardanelles in the afternoon of a bright, still day, and the interest became intensified every mile, for each foot of land and water had been the scene of thrilling events. The guide books were in demand among the tourists; all were aglow in calling memories of the past; quotations from history, poetry, romance and tradition were uttered with shouts of delight. Here the hurrying scenes of centuries seemed crowded into so small a space that the mind could comprehend and imagination have free play.

On that spot the Persian thousands landed, and on the plain out yonder "The glad earth drank their blood." Just over there the "Grecian phalanx hewed its dreadful way 'mid that wild carnival of death." There was where the Roman legions first set foot in Asia. Over beyond that blue hill "Cross and crescent both went down in the dark vintage of the grave." The enthusiasm went on as successive points

were passed, and when we came to the place of the wonderful pontoon bridge the interest was intense among the soldier element of the party. About night we entered the sea of Marmora, and afterward all were ready for rest, at least rest of mind, for few places are more exciting than this crossing place of the world.

It was early morning when we came into the Bosphorus, and were in sight of the Golden Horn. Everything seemed to unite in giving a peculiar glow of beauty and splendor to the marvelous scene. Towers, minarets, domes, spires and gilded palaces glittered in the early sunlight; the wide expanse of the Pera rising from the water's edge was all aglow with light Stamboul, with its lofty minarets, partly in the shade, was beautifully outlined on the blue sky beyond the hills. Scutari seemed like a quiet resting place nestled among gardens and groves. The low rumble of the great city came floating out on the morning air as the soft, light mist from the water floated away, making a picture not to be forgotten, for a finer one is rarely seen in any clime; but alas! few are more delusive.

With eager feet and great enthusiasm, I stepped into the boat to make the landing, and sprang ashore more like a boy than an old man, anxious to enter what promised to be a paradise of loveliness. But

alas! alas! when I looked around into the faces of the rushing throng of strange beings that surrounded me my enthusiasm was gone, all my fond anticipations were blasted. It seemed as though the concentrated vindictiveness of all the earth had been poured out and infused into the population of Constantinople, that the essence of all earth's wickedness had united there. I shudder to think and realize that volcano of malice and hate that was there, ready to explode at any time without a moment's notice. Up to that day I had not felt any sense of insecurity, fear or danger, but then and there I did; a feeling of unrest took possession of me. The result was the stay was shortened to two days instead of a week.

During that time, however, we saw much of the city and environs; saw the people and their habits; in fact, we made good use of the opportunity to take the last lesson of eastern life. We climbed the old Venetian tower, built five hundred years ago, to get a mind picture of the vast scene, which was on a scale of magnificence that will never be forgotten. The whole city was mapped out at our feet, while the blue hills extended beyond the reach of the eye on the European side. Over in Asia, low hills and far off mountains formed a charming background, while the bright waters of the Straight and Horn were

sparkling in the sun. I should be glad if the impression of the city could pass into oblivion, and the one from the tower alone remembered; yet the stop in Constantinople paid richly, and to one with stronger nerves a longer stay would be enjoyed.

The return trip to London lay through Roumalia, Bulgaria, Servia, Hungary, Austria, Germany, Belgium and northern France, across Europe from east to west. As we wished to see the country in passing, we stopped each night, and always took the slow local trains, in some cases going at the speed of only twelve miles an hour. Much of the time we could see the people at work in the fields and gardens, and had a good view of the kind of implements they used, the harness of the horses, carts, cattle, and little farms marked by white stones at the corners. We could look into the back yard of many homes, and watch every day domestic life untrammeled. In this way we saw and learned much from the practical side. Much skill is evinced in economizing time, labor and space in the densely populated districts. In some places every wall, fence, sides of buildings and tops of out houses were covered with vines, and stakes were driven in the ground on which were boxes with vegetables growing in them. It seemed literally cultivating the air.

We stopped one day or more at several noted places, Belgrade, Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Wells, Nurem-

berg, Frankfort on the Main, Bohn, Brussels, etc., etc. This gave desired opportunity to study humanity at home, in the great centers of business where national characteristics were highly developed. Oft times I stood for hours without weariness and watched the tide of life go by; looked into the strange faces, and read their hopes, fears, aspirations and ambitions when they did not have their masks on, for nine people out of ten do not wear the mask of restraint when rushing to and from business; therefore, that is the time to read their minds and the secrets of the heart. No people in Europe are a greater wonder than the Hunns. They are a distinct race, strangers in a strange land, holding their possessions by right of conquest, without knowing from whence they sprang in the distant past, but they have come to Hungary to stay.

The whole trip from Constantinople to London was a continued surprise. I was not prepared to see so much beautiful country, or so many places that would remind me of home and native land. The greatest astonishment was the broad plains of Hungary and eastern Austria; they were very much like the finest parts of Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, equally as fertile and under far better cultivation. Then in western Austria and in Germany there were rural scenes that called to mind eastern Pennsylvania, central Ohio and Indiana, with double the population.

The valley of the Danube was much like some of our beautiful American valleys. It is underestimated by most writers because less known; it is very fertile. While the Rhine and its valley is picturesque when measured by European rivers, yet it is very much overestimated. The Columbia river and its tributaries have more grandeur and real beauty than all the rivers of Europe. The Hudson is as fine as the Rhine; the Kanawha has far mare grand mountain scenery. The valley of the Yellowstone is much more interesting, especially to the scientist, than any European region. We must not attempt to measure Europe by American yard sticks, or we shall do Europe injustice. The Lord made Europe a small place, and it is not its fault that it is so. Pile all the mountains in Europe in one heap and the Sierra Nevada and Coast range would double the size; so it would be with many comparisons. Thoughtless Americans make themselves offensive and contemptible by constantly refering to the size of our country, while shrewd Europeans measure them by the size of their folly and pass them by. That class of Americans are like some of the English who are always talking about old John Bull, London, the Queen, etc., etc.

It would take much time to describe the many local points on our way. Belgrade was interesting on account of its past in the fearful conflicts that took

place in and around it, during the long war with the Turk when he first entered Europe. Buda-Pesth is a beautiful city, the capital of the wonderful Hunn. Vienna is one of the greatest cities of the world. It has many points common to other cities, but there are portions that date back more than a thousand years; when every house was built with thick walls for defense, and the streets so narrow that heavy stones could be hurled from the windows and house tops upon an enemy below. As life and property became more secure, the houses were less massive, and when gunpowder and firearms were invented the construction of the houses assumed the modern form. This gradual progress is peculiar to the older portion of Vienna, while the city, as seen today, is one that has all the interesting things of art, inventions and science that we see in the great cities of the world. We stopped at Wells to see a small town that has changed but little in five hundred years. Many of the houses are one story at the side, and three stories at the end, with a gable to the street. The people move about as though they were dreaming and belonged to the past.

Nuremberg is a remarkable place and very old. Its citadel dates back to the fifth century, and many buildings are on foundations laid in the twelfth century; most of the old wall is still standing in a fair state of preservation. We visited a market in an oblong

irregular open space, which was kept by women. The stalls and tables seemed to be permanent fixtures and the market for all time. Many of the women had their knitting and sewing, or were mending clothes, making baskets; in fact, there were various kinds of handicraft going on while tending the stalls. The men came and went as purchasers, but there was not a man to be seen as a salesman; most of the women were middle aged, or over, and all seemed to be settled in business for life. It was a general market where all home wants could be supplied.

Frankfort on the Main river is one of the interesting places for tourists to stop. It is especially historic, for it goes back to the days of Roman conquest and defeat; but, as a city of today, it is best known for its zoological and botanical gardens and museum. Though not as large as some, they were as fine as any we had seen. They had the most perfect specimen of a white polar bear that I ever saw, also a pair of New Zealand ostriches, the only ones we found in all our trip. If the tourist wishes to gain information and solid knowledge, Frankfort is the place to get it.

Bonn has its peculiar features as a city, but to me it had a sad interest. A niece was buried there and I wanted to see her grave. The cemetery where she was interred was a new one, a mile out of the city among

broad green fields, and was kept in nice order. I did not understand a word of German, yet when I wrote "Mary Coffin" on a card, the woman in charge gave me an earnest, kind look, and then led me directly to the grave. By signs I told her my relationship to the buried one, and she extended her hand in deep sympathy, and pointed to the grave as being alone; mutely saying, "Alone among strangers." She was past middle life, yet active and strong, and had a mother heart and knew how to sympathize with others. When I turned away from the lowly tomb, I thought that I too, might fall by the wayside and possibly fill a stranger's grave, but I have the picture of Mary Coffin's sepulchre and the green fields around as distinct as when standing there. One pleasing thing at Bonn is its long shady avenues of grand spreading trees, that impart a look of rest and quietude that leaves a pleasant memory.

When we entered Belgium, there was a marked change in the condition of things everywhere. More men were in sight than in any other country. Out in the fields, on the highways, in the towns and cities were many young and middle aged men. This gave a new aspect to domestic life. This is owing to the military system not being so rigid and merciless as in other states. Consequently there are more men, in proportion to the population, who are producers.

Therefore, fewer old men, women and children were out in the fields, fewer young girls were compelled to do menial labor. There was a more cheerful look in the faces of the laborers; few mothers were seen carrying small infants and burdens at the same time. The little farms and gardens were better cultivated. In fact, everything and everybody had a bright look. In the city of Brussels I was astonished to see over shop doors names familiar at home. There did not seem to be a name in Brussels but that could be found in Indianapolis and Cincinnati, and it seemed like getting back among home folks to read the many signs along the streets.

From Brussels we made a quick run to London, crossing the channel at Dover. In a few days we found our friends, Mary C. Woody and Lorena Reynolds, and had a glad meeting with them. They had seen much of English life, and held religious service with the various missions in London and other cities. When we gave in detail our travels, it seemed almost past belief. We had accomplished far more than the average tourist, and to my companion, John Van Lindley, it did appear wonderful that we should be able to see and do so much among strangers, unarmed and without escort.

CHAPTER TEN.

Seeing London—London Yearly Meeting of Friends' Church.

We were in the grand old city once more, with many new ideas, and a wider range of thought, and increased respect for England's true greatness. We proposed to settle down to regular work in seeing London and the five millions of people inside its corporate limits; but it would take many months to write up all that would be interesting to an American, besides it is an every day occurrence to see letters written by enthusiastic tourists from London, who know but little of their own land, save their own state and home circle. To such, London looks very different from what it does to one who has seen other lands; therefore, their accounts are highly colored and misleading. We began by taking long rides on top of the double-decked omnibuses and tram (street) cars. Thus we were at least twelve feet above the pavement, and could look down on the great throngs of vehicles and thousands of pedestrians that crowd the sidewalks. Sometimes we would ride out on one line three to five miles, then

change to another going at right angles, and ride some miles in that direction, then go on foot a mile or two, then ride again, always circling so as to be home by night. Some days we would ride twenty or thirty miles. Then again we would take the under ground and overhead railroads, and travel to all the prominent places, scarcely ever returning on the same line to our starting point, Broad street station. We had chosen this because from there we could radiate all over the city and converge from all places. We explored this vast city many days. We went to the British museum, South Kensington museum, St. Paul, Westminster, Tower of London, Greenwich, The Strand, Kew Garden, Zoological Garden, Prince Albert's monument, London bridge, the wonderful docks, meat market, fruit market, Crystal palace and at least fifty other celebrated places, institutions, collections and exhibits.

The British and South Kensington museums are the finest of the kind to be seen anywhere. Prepared specimens of every animal, beast, bird, reptile, fish and insect in the world can be seen, together with fossil remains from all lands. In Kew Garden we found specimens of plants, vegetables, trees and flowers from every corner of the earth, either under glass, or in the open air. In the Zoological garden we saw every living thing that can be kept alive in the climate of

England. In the great library may be seen a collection of books, rolls, manuscripts, terra cotta tile and tablets in every language living or dead, among which the student may spend a life and not learn the half.

In Westminster Abbey we saw the resting place of saint and sinner, the gifted and the great, the base and the vile, monsters, murderers, tyrants alongside of martyrs, philanthropists and Christian statesmen, with all their names written on the roll of fame.

In this way we spent nearly three weeks before starting on our second great tour, and also awaiting the coming of London Yearly Meeting of Friends' Church. This annual assembly of Friends, or Quakers, is looked upon as the highest authority in the church throughout the world, and a report of its deliberations is received with great interest by all the membership. Its regular session began May 18th, 1892, at Devonshire House in London, and no event in my life was looked forward to with much more eagerness.

When I first entered the room where it was convened it was with a certain feeling of awe and reverence, for I had formed a very high ideal of the wisdom and piety of that almost divinely inspired body of Friends. The veneration that filled my young heart, when I saw and heard Anna Braithwaite preach at New Garden, N. C., in 1828, had lived with undimin-

ished freshness, and that feeling had been kept alive through all the years, by the frequent visits of English Friends to America. When my emotions toned down, and I looked around, my ideal dream began to fade, and a feeling of disappointment dimmed my eyes with tears. When the reaction passed and I began slowly surveying my surroundings and drawing conclusions, I perceived the large room was tolerably well filled with serious, solid thoughtful, reverent looking men much above the average of those I had been meeting in traveling through the city and country, but not divinely grand and noble, as seen in my ideals of early life.

The business was conducted in much the same way as in American Yearly Meetings thirty years ago. The delegates were called in regular order, absentees were noted and reason for their absence given. Correspondence from other Yearly Meetings of the world was read, and after the reading of each epistle, a committee to reply to it was appointed, and the committee was instructed as to special messages, or information wanted. When the epistle from Iowa Yearly Meeting was read there was quite a diversity of feeling and opinions. Many disapproved of Iowa's innovations and departure from the long standing usages of the church. Some of the speakers seemed ready to cease correspondence with that Yearly Meeting, and the dis-

cussion was spirited and earnest, but the clear, sound reasoning of the more charitable and liberal, prevailed, and the discussion closed with good feeling and harmony. But later on when the request from Iowa came for a delegation to be sent from England to establish a new Yearly meeting at Newburg in Oregon, the controversy was revived, and another spirited discussion followed. Some of the more conservative were ready to refuse recognition to the new meeting, but again the clear, cool, descernment of superior minds arose above the narrow conservatism; all were at length willing to yield to the judgment of the more spiritually minded, and harmony again prevailed.

I had no credentials from my home, as I did not start from there on my trip, but Dr. Mendenhall and the faculty of Guilford college, N. C., had kindly given me a general pass. After the business of the meeting had gone on for some time an usher came to me and asked if I had credentials. I replied that I had, which seemed to satisfy him for the time, but afterwards he said the clerk must see them. This I complied with, but declined to have them publicly read. American Yearly Meetings had long since drifted from this exclusiveness, so the event was a surprise, though kindly meant and kindly done.

When the triennial reports from the Quarterly Meetings were read, the wide and varied fields of labor

in which Friends were actively engaged were apparent. They seemed to be taking part in all great movements to save, elevate, convert and refine humanity, not only at home, but in all lands throughout the world. It was easy to discern the internal condition of the church: an antagonism in modes of work, but not in spirit, or purpose. In the reports there were complaints of negligence in attending religious meetings, remissness in minor duties and of indulging too much in worldly ambition, and like Americans favoring departures and innovations from the good old conservative ways, to launch out into the broad field of liberalism, which to some seemed to bode evil to the church and Christianity. During the consideration of this subject the real depth and breadth of the wonderful spiritual life of the meeting was seen and heard in its full grandeur and beauty. In spite of narrow-minded conservatism, zeal without knowledge, stereotyped formality, the evidence of a pure, refined spirituality was manifest, and in the end hushed a factious opposition into silence, and it seemed that a soft, sweet influence covered the assembly with a mantle of love. One of the speakers presented a grand thought, which was that the Gospel of Christ contained truths that the highest attainments of modern thought and intellectual insight could not comprehend, that we of this generation are yet seeing through a glass darkly. The

highest spiritual life is but the dawning of a far grander enlightenment yet to come. The discussion was truly a fine spiritual feast, and gave evidence of a pure living faith, which marked a day of progress toward a higher triumph in Quakerism throughout the entire church.

The forenoon of the 20th was given for meetings for worship in Devonshire House and other places. The manner in which the meetings were held, carried me back to Indiana and Western Yearly Meetings 30 years ago. They began with a hush of profound silence, that called up the memories of childhood, when the venerable, yea, to me almost divine form of Nathan Hunt sat at the head of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. There was no singing, no introduction of subjects, no preliminary remarks, no expectant look of curiosity, or anticipation, no reading a portion of Scripture, but the ministers moved right out at once with their subjects. The style of oratory was deliberate, smooth and fluent, very impressive and sublime. There were no fiery, lofty flights of eloquence, and impetuous enthusiasm, as seen in our western country, no assentive responses, no emphatic amens, nor encouraging words from the audience; all were motionless, profoundly still, and reverentially attentive. As the minister deepened and widened in his discourse, it seemed as though great waves of thrilling, but silent ecstacy

would sweep over the assembly, like the wind across a golden field of grain. Such meetings the younger generation in our northwest have not seen, nor could they rightly understand them if seen, for western life has drifted with the current of events, and away from silent meetings and former usage, so far and so rapidly that the past will soon be forgotten and be known no more.

When the regular business of the meeting was resumed the report of the relief committee to the famine stricken provinces of Russia was read and the explanations, and account of the terrible suffering was deeply interesting and instructive. The amount of relief had been large and effected much good in a quiet way. I had read accounts of relief associations, about which much had been said, but their work was small when compared with that of Friends, of which the outside world knew nothing. The reports from Friends in Australia and New Zealand were full of interesting facts, especially to Americans, who are accustomed to long distances. In explaining how, and where Friends were situated, two meetings were as widely separated as London and New York, yet the future of the church in that far-off land was full of hope and promise. It was much like our great west 35 years ago, before the spirit of expansion and evangelizing was infused into Iowa Yearly Meeting. A far grander result than

came to Iowa will come to London Yearly Meeting, when she receives the outpouring of the spirit, and the call to go forth into the field of the world, now white unto the harvest.

The amount of business transacted by the meeting each day was a surprise to strangers. Friends have taken a part in all the charitable work of the empire, such as schools, homes, relief associations, home and foreign missions. They also have a care of trusts, gifts, endowments, relief funds, rents and leases, and many and varied other things not known to us. Much of the business was done through judicious committees, who give the subjects entrusted to them their careful examination and mature thought; then they embody their judgment in their report, with propositions, or suggestions, as they may deem necessary; the reports are generally received and entered on the minutes without discussion; in this way the routine business is easily and rapidly disposed of. The thorough business training nearly all English Friends have enables them to manage the many interests in harmony and dispatch.

The meeting held in Devonshire House on the Sabbath was very different from public meetings in America. There was nothing to distinguish it from joint meetings of business, but the absence of business. There was but little difference in numbers, or in any other particular feature. The sermons and prayers

were delivered with measured precision, and reverential decorum. All the zeal and fire seen in America on such occasions were lacking; it was not so edifying as the meeting held for the membership alone on a previous occasion. The meetings did not seem to produce a single ripple in the tide of life outside the house; a few passers by would stop a moment to look, then pass on with no further thought of what was going on within. This was in striking contrast to the way nearly all American meetings are looked upon by the comunities where they are located. Western Yearly Meetings especially are regarded by all the neighborhood as one of the sensational events of each year; tens of thousands of people attend on Sunday and excursion rates are given by the railroads for the meetings. To see the world-honored London Meeting so little heeded and seemingly unknown was not only a surprise, but a disappointment.

The business sessions of one day were taken up in reading and considering the reports of the Home Missionary committee. They were long and full of interest; the lengthy discussions gave a clear insight into the varied opinions, preferences, prejudices, hopes and fears of the membership. The subject was opened by what might be called the opposition, who endeavored to show that the usage, modes of procedure, manner of work and teaching of the committee and its workers

would lead, was leading, directly to a "paid ministry and ecclesiastical bondage." Many, probably more than half of the speakers of the opposition, repeatedly referred to Iowa Yearly Meeting's unpardonable departure from Friends' sacred principles and usages; this seemed to be a favorite weapon to combat innovations. To me their ignorance of the real situation in Iowa was painful, yet I could think kindly of them when calling to mind how impossible it was for Friends living in London and England to understand the surroundings of the membership in the limits of Iowa Yearly Meeting; even should they go there they would not comprehend what pioneer life is, and has been, unless they resided there two years or more.

When the advocates and defenders of the home mission work came forward with their justification and clear, solid, Christian liberal arguments, it was a relief to every missionary. Their representation of the claims of the great work was so calm and convincing, and at the same time so kindly, that all opposition was finally hushed into submission. That all might be satisfied with the onward movement, it was determined that a conference of delegates from subordinate meetings should be called, where the subject of missions of all kinds might be examined and discussed apart from other church business. The Quarterly Meetings were directed to send delegates, and the Home Missionary

committee was made a part of the conference. This seemed to calm the troubled waters, and the meeting adjourned under a feeling of thankfulness that all had ended so well.

To study the hearts of those attending the meeting, I spent some time each day in walking about among them, and in sitting down and looking into the faces that were passing, while listening to their kindly greetings and pleasant talk, I studied their bearing one towards another. I had learned much in this way before the discussion of home missions came up. That debate opened several doors to my secret study, and before the meeting closed I had gained a valuable lesson in humanity. My first drill in this kind of study was among the ignorant slaves of the south, but this one was among the highest civilization of the world. If I should draw conclusions it would be that a crisis will come in London Yearly Meeting, which if passed successfully will be glad tidings to England and the world. Through Friends there will be a revolution brought about that will send peace and not a sword to the ends of the earth, and the Gospel will be preached to the poor, not only in sinful London, but in all the cities of the world.

The most remarkable and astonishing statement made during the meeting was the unquestioned one that there were thousads of heathen, pure and simple,

within an hour's walk of that meeting. One speaker used the words "almost savages." It was so astounding to me, that I took note of the direction indicated, and subsequently visited that part of the city and found it really awful and horrible in suffering, poverty, degradation, starvation, sin, shame and untold crime. A place to make the soul sick, probably the darkest spot on earth; it would be hard to overdraw the picture or exaggerate its fearful misery.

When the subject of corresponding with other Yearly Meetings was under consideration, the discussion took a wide range, and was not only surprising, but almost startling. Some of the members proposed corresponding with all bodies of people in America calling themselves Friends. Others suggested issuing one epistle for all the meetings of the United States, retaining Canada as a colonial meeting. Iowa was again reviewed and severely criticised, in one or two instances almost amounting to persistent misrepresentation, but as on previous occasions, the clear spiritual discernment, sound practical wisdom of the liberal element of the meeting prevailed, and it was decided not to vary from former usages.

In discussing the report on schools, and the education of the children of artisans and members in limited circumstances, a very strange revelation appeared behind the scene, as viewed by any American mind and

convictions. It was evident that English Friends were full of the spirit of class distinction, yet all unconscious of the fact. This stands as a barrier in their way to wider usefulness. The poor see, feel and resent that spirit. As I sat listening I inwardly exclaimed, "Oh! that they could see themselves as others see them, then what wonderful things they could do. Heathenism would disappear in London and in England; a mightier power than the Salvation Army would move upon the hearts of the fallen."

Another public meeting was held on the 25th, but it differed from the previous ones only in the character of the sermons; in depth of real spiritual life I had rarely heard their equal, delivered as they were before an audience educated and trained by a higher civilization, the result was as grand and inspiring upon the listener as our finest outpouring of lofty, fiery eloquence upon an audience of hardy pioneers.

London Yearly Meeting is a study, for its influence upon England and the English speaking people everywhere is out of proportion to the number of its church membership. Why it should be so is not easily understood until one has attended its annual gathering and studied well its inner life. As I looked and listened I saw such evidence of grand spiritual light, that I felt almost like bowing the knee in reverence before it and its achievements, but before words could

be framed into fitting speech, suddenly I was startled by the falling of a shadow of blind devotion and reverence for empty forms and usages. In listening to the expression of opinions relative to the many good works in which the membership was engaged, I could understand why Friends' Monthly Meetings established in the wilderness had all the essential elements within themselves of civil government and spiritual life. It was easy to see from whence came William Penn's wisdom, by which he gave the only model government the world has seen since the law was given to Moses. We can also realize the true grandeur of England's higher attainments towards a Christian civilization. In the midst of my joy and gladness another shadow of bigotry and prejudice fell and checked my enthusiasm. So we find it in many other things. It seems that the highest civilization and spiritual growth is often cumbered by human weakness.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

London to the Land of the Midnight Sun—Russia—Across Europe—Italy, Switzerland France, Spain and Portugal—Back to London.

Four weeks passed so pleasantly in London sight-seeing and at our quiet home that we were almost unconscious of the lapse of time. Our kind host, John B. Watts, and his three bright, charming daughters, and noble son, had done their best to make our stay both pleasant and restful. Their home was in a quiet part of the city, and possessed a rare treasure in a beautiful green yard behind the house, shut in by trees and vines. On this green we spent many delightful evenings. My friend, John Van Lindley, joined the young people in their sports, while our host and I talked of far-off lands, and of life in London. I could entertain him with stories of travel, and he instructed me in English history and England's growth, and together we discussed the all-absorbing topics of the day. The subjects which claimed much attention were title to real estate, ground rents, ninety-nine year leases, entails, house privileges, etc. The close of May warned

us that we must be off on our second tour while health and opportunity offered.

At 3 p. m. June 3d we took train for Norwich, there took steamer for Rotterdam, and arrived the next morning. We rode through the beautiful tree-planted city and its profusion of flowers, then took cars for Amsterdam. The ride through the rural country was especially charming, when contrasted with the endless brick walls and stone pavements of the great city. The whole country is intersected by large canals, in which, in many places, the water stands above sea level, but a few inches, while all the country is sub-divided by small canals and ditches, most of them several feet below sea level, which stand full of water, the surplus being constantly lifted up into the large ones by thousands of huge windmills. As far as the eye can see there is an unbroken expanse of green fields and avenues of trees along the large canals. From among small clumps of trees and vines arose the chimney tops of the grand old Dutch homes; the fields and farms are subdivided and bounded by ditches, which serve as fences, and for highways, as much of the travel is done by water. Strangers are astonished at the number of small boats seen on hand at all places. They are used instead of wheeled vehicles, and are of all sizes, shapes and artistic construction.

The larger portion of Holland is devoted to grow-

ing grass, rye and millet, the other to gardening. There are thousands of spotted cattle, black and white, on the pastures. In nearly all the fields tubs are standing containing a mixture of salt, clay, oil cake and sulphur for the cattle to lick. While other arrangements incident to dairying gives the country a practical, domestic, homelike look, and we felt that we were in a home land. Windmills are abundant, and of immense size, some with arms thirty feet long, and five wide; they are very powerful motors. When a score of them are in sight propelled by a stiff gale they present quite an imposing appearance. They lift or pump the water from the lower ditches into the canals, and move the rural machinery of the country.

By the happy counterbalance of wind and water, Holland is made not only inhabitable, but a land of beauty and productiveness, and we wonder no longer how the Dutch have managed to supply the world with so much cheese.

We spent a day in Amsterdam, a city of 400,000 inhabitants, in riding on the street cars and busses, through the long shaded avenues, beautiful parks and gardens, and noted the profusion of flowers that decorated nearly every home, showing the passionate fondness for plants of the so-called stately Dutch. Many of the streets have broad canals running through them, crowded by all kinds of water craft,

from the fishing boat to the ocean steamer. Everything indicated a seafaring commercial people, whose bronzed features and fearless bearing showed they were a race "Who go down to the sea in ships," and it was plain to be seen how and why Holland had furnished so many old ugly fighting sea captains in the past, and disputed so long with England for the supremacy of the sea. Even yet they have the elements of power among them, and are ready to fight at the smallest provocation, if the thing would pay.

From Amsterdam we started by rail for Bremen, Germany, going southeast to Wesel up the valley of the Rhine, then north and in a circuitous route to see more country, and save doubling back, and we were well paid for doing so. Our way was through green pastures, among fields of grain, extensive gardens and homes adorned with the ever present beautiful flowers. We passed through broad level plain-like expanses, under a high state of cultivation, with evidence of thrift, economy and industry, and were still among a network of canals which covered the whole country. Here we saw the pleasing and singular phenomenon of ships and steamers sailing across green fields, through orchards and gardens and standing in the front yards of many residences. In reality they were sailing in the large canals which we could see only as we crossed them. This is one of the charming

sights of this country, and propably not to be seen any other place.

Soon after passing out of Holland into Germany, we entered the wide rolling plain that we had crossed farther south on our trip from Constantinople, with the same grand succession of broad green fields, pine forests, and fine old homes. It was bright June weather. Everything was clothed in deepest green. The rye fields were whitening for harvest, the wheat in full head, the clover in full bloom, the door yards aglow with flowers, and best of all, bright, happy children were out in the warm sunshine, rolling, romping on the grass, climbing the trees, and the boy portion, true to life the world over, was throwing stones. It seemed like riding through a fairy land of sunshine.

We had an opportunity to study the German system of forestry in this part of the country better than any place yet visited. In western Germany forestry is not only an industry, but a science. We passed through a country where all waste and unprofitable land was being planted in timber, and there were many valuable woods of well-kept trees, and still more were being planted, which in time will be both useful and ornamental. The result is being watched with much interest by other countries, as it may open up a new possibility for treeless regions. As we traveled northwest the interest in all the surroundings increased. On all sides

were grand old homes, where families had lived for centuries, some of each generation remaining with their parents, adding house to house, until there was a beautiful village around the original mansion, giving all an additional charm. Old trees overshadowed the village, some of which were a century old. Each day we marked the increase of sunlight and the shortening of darkness.

With feelings approaching the enthusiastic, we arrived in Bremen, one of the great shipping ports of western Europe, a city that bore an important part in the middle ages, as well as in more recent times. It was a bright, warm evening, and I could see to read until a late hour. Next morning I could see to write at 3 a. m., and there seemed to be an unusual stir in the city: at 4 a. m. groups of people were moving along the street, all going in the direction of what seemed a large body of native woodland. The throngs gradually increased and at 7:30 we joined the multitude and entered the forest. There we learned that it was a national festival, held in a wildwood park. There was one large music hall, a picture gallery, museum and numbers of beer gardens. In the midst of the grounds there was a charming lake for boating, with serpentine shore. Soon the park teemed with tens of thousands of people of every age and condition, all dressed in their best clothes. The walks were filled with mothers

and happy-faced children. Older people were gathered around the beer tables swilling at their mugs and making the air fetid with tobacco and other fumes. Others were listening to the music that rose and fell in thundering peals. The old and infirm for the time forgot their feebleness, the poor forgot their poverty, the sorrowing forgot their trouble. The hearts of the poor were made glad by gifts to their children of sweetmeats and toys; the proud and haughty unbent, the aristocrat, for a day came down to ordinary life, all blending into a common humanity of relaxation and sociability. To me it was a day of deep interest. It gave me an insight into German character seldom found, for during that day the old Teutonic heredity cropped out unawares. Upon returning from the park we took a street car and rode through the long, shaded streets, visited some of the oldest parts of the city, dating back into the days of war, revolution and conquest; we also passed some of the wine vats, which had figured in the scenes of the days of chivalry. At 7:30 p. m. we started for Hamburg and arrived there at 10 p. m., while it was still light.

Next morning we were out early, took a street car and rode many miles through the city and out into some beautiful suburbs, where the houses were all aflame with brilliant flowers and plants. We then took a walk along the docks and wharves, among the

canals and storage depots. We noted the stagnant water and unhealthy condition in nearly all the canals, and predicted fatal results, if the cholera should come to western Europe, which it did two months later. This city is very old and was made notorious by the First Napoleon, who purposed to construct an immense navy-yard at this place in which to build ships to invade England. History tells of his distastrous failure, and that by it the town Hamburg was given to the world; the name signifies total failure.

From Hamburg we continued northward, through the same rich level country, mostly in grass, on which vast numbers of cattle were grazing. They were rather larger than Holland cattle, but smaller than English or American. The whole land is divided into small fields or lots. It was a surprise to find many large peat bogs along our route. Hundreds of men were busy cutting and stacking the peat sod to dry for winter fuel; in some bogs the quantity piled up would seem amazing to those ignorant of its use and value as fuel. It takes the place of the coal and wood used in America.

We arrived at Kiel, on the Baltic sea, June 7th, the day the Emperors of Germany and Russia met in that city, and we were much pleased with the coincidence. It was especially interesting to me when I recalled the history of all that north country for the last

ten centuries, to the time when Russia was unknown as a power in Europe, while the Norsemen dominated western Europe, and as I saw it there and then, how changed! It was truly a grand day in Kiel. Each emperor was escorted by a fleet of gun boats and a strong marine guard, with a fine display of all the dignity and majesty of royalty. Most of the inhabitants were out, together with many thousands from other cities and towns, who were charmed and entertained by the splendid music of the bands, the marvelous evolutions of the marines and the deafening salvos of heavy guns fired by the fleets and responded to by the shore batteries. The harbor was alive with pleasure boats and steamers, gaily decorated with flags and fancy streamers. The whole city was aflutter with banners. When starlight came the sky was ablaze with rockets and fire balls, flashing out their meteoric showers. At 11 p. m. the departure of the two emperors was announced by the simultaneous discharge of one hundred and twenty heavy guns, which shook the solid earth with their deafening roar. It was another opportunity to study Europeanism, and I tried to take the lesson with all its surroundings for future use. I spent most of the time walking amid the throngs watching the expression of countenances, so as to see in what way the vast pageant was affecting them. I especially noted the children, who were out by the

thousands, with eyes dilated, faces all aglow, their faculties strung to the highest point of tension.

When the last salute was fired, the last shower of rockets discharged, there was not a child in all the thousands but received a lasting impression of the wonderful power and majesty of royalty, which every succeeding display of the kind would keep alive and strengthen, and thus they would grow to maturity with a reverence for the emperor and the nobility, and be willing to submit to an oppressive rod. This the crowned heads appreciate, and never miss an opportunity to cultivate and intensify. While I was learning this lesson, I thought of the tens of thousands who were that day starving in southern Russia, and of the ship loads of republican flour that was sailing at that very moment to relieve that starvation, while the two emperors were squandering thousands of dollars in that worse than sinful display.

At 1 a. m. we took a steamer for Korsor, on the island of Zealand, where we arrived at 9 a. m., June 8th, and took rail at once for Copenhagen, arriving at 10:30 a. m. After lunch we boarded a street car and rode many miles through and across the city; then we took a walk into back ways, looking into odd places and seeing many strange things, with undesirable encounters as to smells and sounds, incident to haunts of poverty, suffering and sin. Copenhagen is an inter-

esting old city, with a history that goes back two thousand years. It was one of the strongholds of the old Viking kings, and bore its full share in the wars and revolutions of modern times. It has 350,000 inhabitants now, and will continue to be an important place for a long time to come. It is still beautiful in spite of age. The old high gabled, tile covered houses make a pleasant contrast with the modern style of adorning with tinsel. The people of the wide world today seem to have little knowledge of the history of that north country. The mass of humanity are apparently wholly ignorant of the wonderful power and influence Denmark exercised in controlling and collecting what was called "Sound dues," toll exacted from all ships entering the Baltic sea through the narrow sound. The final abolition of these dues became an international question and agitated Europe for several years. This fact seems to have dropped out of popular history, yet it came and went within my memory, as did the abolition of the corn law of England.

We left Copenhagen by rail for Elsinore, where we crossed the sound into Sweden. The ferryboat that took us over brought 2000 Swedish children to Zealand on a picnic. It was a charming and almost marvelous sight to see the order and ease by which so many children were disembarked without accident; they were in charge of young ladies, who formed them

in a procession and marched to a beautiful grove, where a festival was to be held in the warm sunlight.

We entered into Sweden at 11 a. m., and I was full of feelings of joy and triumph that I had at last reached the land of my paternal ancestors; the land of the grand old Norsemen, and of the heroic Swedes of modern history. With eager eyes and listening ears we started by rail for Christiana in Norway, 372 miles away. Every place had an interest, every fiord, battle and contest; all the broad fields and green valleys had been the homes of happy thousands through long centuries; the nursery of millions of brave men, who were master spirits for a thousand years. The history of their noble deeds and acts of tyranny, their stirling virtues and disgraceful crimes, their daring deeds of discovery, their conquests and the wild career of old Sigurd, the crusader, had impressed and charmed my early life, and when I found myself actually passing through the wonderful land not in dreams, but in fact, I was so full of strong emotions that utterance was taken away. Earth, air, tree and water seemed to glow in the sunlight with unnatural brilliancy; but there came a reaction, and I saw things in a more practical light, and began to draw pictures in memory for use at future times. For fifty miles the country was almost level, very rich and in high state of cultivation. Like Zealand, it was one wide expanse of

rural beauty, with abundant evidence of solid home comforts and wealth. From the green lowland we gradually ascended among the rocky hills, which were covered with pines, that slowly increased in extent as the hills grew into low mountains, and we were soon among some of the great pine forests, and on the outskirts of the lumber regions. As we advanced objects of interest opened up on every side. There were narrow green valleys among the mountains, overlooked by dark forests, dotted with lovely houses, which had a peculiarly charming, romantic look, amid such grand surroundings.

We were full of enthusiasm for the north country, when we arrived at Christiana in Norway, where we found much that was decidedly interesting, which modern history does not record, and of which little seems to be known by this generation. There are old monuments, old buildings, museums, galleries of paintings of rare beauty, old runic collections which now have a double interest since the Anglo-saxon is found to be the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The monument of Sigurd, the crusader, is held almost sacred by the people. The old ship recently unearthed, built a thousand years ago, has a special interest as showing the skill in ship building at that time. There is a very massive tower standing on a hill outside the city. No one knows by whom or for what purpose it was built,

all is mystery. There is no tower like it in Norway, and it stands there alone and unknown.

We went north over a hundred miles to see the forests in all their native grandeur. Upon returning we started east toward Stockholm, on the Gulf of Bothnia. The whole trip across Sweden was one continual change between green valley, bright sparkling lake, pine covered hills, clear rapid streams; and many times all these were grouped into one scene, forming a picture that was marvelous for its blending of all that was romantic, wild and rugged. The steady lengthening of the days, the mild and soothing sunlight that falls over the dark green pines, when it is night in other parts of the world, throws a strong facination over the mind which is both pleasing and startling. When we reached Stockholm we were surprised to find it so charmingly situated, and so beautiful, the most so of any city in Europe, if not in the world. Every element necessary to make it thus seems to be there, and the taste and practical skill of an intelligent people has been utilized to adorn the city and perfect the harbor, which is situated at the outlet of a vast inland system of lakes and rivers. There are many pleasure boats which take tourists long rides among the hills, along the rivers and connected lakes, amid romantic and interesting scenes. There are also many lumber ships going up the river and into the lakes for lumber.

Some of them are constructed so as to carry whole trees to be used for piling. These are taken all over the world and acknowledged a superior article.

The ice and snow do not all disappear in the great interior forests until June, and then come six to eight weeks of constant daylight and hot weather. The rivers are still flush, fish are abundant, and vegetation makes a marvelous growth under the stimulus of light and heat. This is the time of year to visit Stockholm and the far north. Twilight begins about the 12 th of June, and there is but a short space of time between sunset and sunrise. During the twilight we could see to read. June 12th I read until 11:30 p. m., and at 1 a. m. the sun was visible, and at 12:30, midnight, June 15th, we took a coasting steamer for Haparanda in the far north, and went up the Gulf of Bothnia. The ride down the river and out into the open water was very fine. Seen at an hour when our distant homes were shrouded in darkness made it more impressive. As we went north we left all night for many days.

The scenery up the gulf is grand, not only on account of its beauty, but because of its distinctive native peculiarity. All along its shores are narrow inlets called fiords. These run back sometimes many miles and terminate in a land-locked bay. Other times they are the outlet of lakes and great watersheds. Often

they are but two or three hundred feet wide, but forty or fifty feet deep, so the largest ships can be towed in and out. From the fiords small side valleys run out between the hills which are all in meadow, with cattle grazing in the bright sunlight; sometimes there will be a broad expanse where the mountains fall away and the hills sink, a charming picture of rural life peculiar to Sweden.

As we went up the gulf, each day everything became more interesting, the night disappeared, the two, then one hour of twilight came, then none at all, and all was day; that is, though the sun disappears below the horizon the light is clear as if the sun were only behind a cloud at noon. In many places there were so many small islands that the way seemed completely closed in, but a sudden turn around a headland, and a broad expanse of sparkling water would appear. We were not out of sight of land at any time; the beautiful pine-covered islands, or green mountains were always in view, and the eye did not grow weary with the ever changing panorama amid unfailing light. Even the desire for sleep left me while in the land of daylight.

Not the least wonderful thing seen along the coast and in the fiords is the vast amount of lumber. It is piled up on the shores and in great rafts afloat in the bays, which were constantly being loaded into ships and

coasting steamers in quantities almost beyond computation; the lumber ships are seen by hundreds loading for every part of the world. We went ashore at Umea to see one of the largest lumber yards in Europe, if not in the world. I had seen some of the largest lumber districts in the United States, as at Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Portland, Oregon, San Francisco, New Orleans, New York and Boston, but the lumber yard at Umea was nearly equal to them all combined; there was a small bay, about five miles in circuit, at the head of a fiord at the mouth of a river, which had a large number of mills running all the time, for there was no night, and the shore of the entire bay was piled with lumber from twelve to twenty feet high. I counted one hundred ships loading with lumber for foreign markets. With my glass this whole wonderful sight could be seen from a small hill. I could see the derricks swinging their immense loads of lumber from off shore on to the ships, hundreds of stalwart, bronzed men were stowing it away. It was a scene worth a long journey to witness. It would have been interesting anywhere, but seen in that far north country under perpetual daylight, as we saw it, it became doubly so. Here, I may say, that Sweden and Norway have been furnishing Europe with lumber for centuries, and they can do it for a long time to come. The forests reproduce very rapidly when cut

down, and the government now regulates the cutting, so the supply will be virtually perpetual. Besides, since the building of railroads in Russia, many millions of acres of splendid pine forests have been available for the market. Russia, also, regulates the cutting of her forests to insure a continuous growth. The lumber business furnishes labor for half the people of Norway and Sweden, and many thousands of the young men serve as sailors on foreign vessels, especially English, and in addition to the good wages, learn different languages and make interpreters and guides.

Our steamer often stopped from three to six hours at the way ports. This gave opportunity to go ashore and see the villages and people, sometimes to take long walks over the hills, and to see the peculiar construction of the log houses in universal use; the size, color and quality of the horses and cattle, their little one-horse carts, the odd arrangement of the harness, etc., with much more that was novel and pleasing. Another thing we enjoyed was the curiosity of the natives in wondering why two old foreigners should wander about seemingly with no business in view. Ordinary tourists went to the hotels and asserted their dignity, or to the saloons and drank strong drink. Therefore, the people scrutinized us, gave a significant shrug of the shoulder and head, and let us pass

on, thinking, "though daft they are harmless," and we went on our way and enjoyed our opinions, and highly prized the facts we learned.

At Lulia we stopped some hours, from 9:30 p. m. to 1 a. m., as there was much freight being handled. It was as light as noonday and I could not sleep with wonders all around me. When we pushed off we had 200 boys on board, sons of lumbermen, who were going to a military barracks up the coast for their first two months' drill service for the army. They were samples of undefiled Swedish life and home training, wild as colts, good natured, gay as birds, full of frolic and fun; they could play leap frog with such a vim that they seemed as though they would stove in the deck. Yet there was not an angry word, or row of any kind among them. They disembarked at Torra, and broke away from all discipline and ran shouting up the hill, where a file of soldiers were waving their caps and cheering. We now entered a more beautiful fiord than any we had yet seen. For about ten miles the country was a broad expanse of open grass land, thickly dotted with homes. The return down the fiord was fine beyond description, the sun shone from the northwest lighting up everything with the first soft yellow light we had seen. We entered the Haparanda river at the head of the gulf at 10 p. m. with the sun shining brightly. It was six miles up to the city,

where we arrived at 11:20 p. m., when the sun seemed to sink behind the land, but after we had walked three hundred yards into the city, the sun was still visible among the pines, and at 12:15 a. m. it was above the pines and very bright. We saw the sun at midnight for the first time between June 18th and 19th, 1892.

Though we had attained one of the ambitions of life, yet it was not as sensational as expected on account of the gradual approach and the becoming accustomed to the continuous light for several days before, yet it was grand beyond expression to really see the sun at midnight with our living eyes. At twelve o'clock the night of the 19th, the sun just touched the horizon again in a clear sky; when an hour above, the light assumed a soft yellow color, and a feeling of stillness and quiet seemed to rest on all nature; the rays of the sun appeared to slightly vibrate. This was probably caused by coming across a broad expanse of water in the river. The birds grew still when the sunlight turned yellow, the chickens rested from their labor, the cattle, horses and sheep laid down on the grass; all was still except the people; they seemed to be going continuously. Vegetation was making marvelous growth. In six weeks all kinds of vegetables mature, such as cabbage, beets, turnips, Irish potatoes, beans, peas, pumpkins, tomatoes, etc. Rye, that is up three inches when the snow disappears, will be fit to cut in

six weeks, and so it is with wheat, barley and grass. The snow brings down large quantities of ammonia, which is taken up by the soil and makes plant food abundant; then the stimulus of constant sunlight, heat moisture and highly electrified air causes all vegetation to develop in a way not seen anywhere else.

The midnight of the 20th was partly obscured by clouds, but was more beautiful than the sunlight. From behind the clouds brilliant streams of light radiated in all directions, the flashes going upward reminded me of some thunder storms at home, when flashes of sunlight break through the advancing storm, but there was the constant, ever-changing streams that seemed to be phosphorescent in their composition. I sat up to see the wonderful display; nor was the flashing light alone interesting; everything on all sides was full of beauty. I felt that the earth and air had new combinations of natural forces, but predominating over all was the highly electrified condition.

We spent part of the time walking about among the scrub timber and through the low marsh lands, and at almost every step made some new and startling discovery. The whole country was strewed with water-worn bowlders. In places they are piled up in long walls as perfectly arranged as if put there by skilled masons, in other places they are in well-shaped coned mounds. These, by a majority of travelers, are

mistaken for old runic remains, but a careful inspection shows that it is the work of the pushing power of ice in its periodic freezing and expansion; in many places large bowlders have been pushed several hundred feet, deeply striating the bedded rock, and compact gravel and clay. The gulf has once been much larger than now and is still receding. As the water line changes the ice reaches new stones and pushes them ashore, and the walls thus pushed into position show the different levels of the water in the past.

We crossed the long foot bridge across the river to Tarnea on the Fniland side, and found an odd old church; it belonged to the period of at least 1200 years ago. It was built of heavy pine logs, which would bear powerful thumping before giving way. The stone wall by which it was surrounded is still standing, and is six feet above ground and six feet thick. It had been used both as a church and as a place of defense in time of danger, but the most astonishing thing was the names on the old tombstones. Even to the very oldest written in the present alphabet, they were but a repetition of family names now found in Nantucket, North Carolina and other parts of America. Some that were five hundred years old were still legible.

To me this discovery was priceless in one respect. It opened up new light on the Anglo-Israel subject and confirmed many family traditions. It intensified my

interest in that country, and proves that there is much valuable history lost by our ignorance of the region included in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland and the Baltic provinces. From Sweden may yet come master spirits that may save Europe, as did Gustavus nearly three hundred years ago, for the race is not degenerating by immigration, nor exhausted by emigration, but is simply resting while the pendulum of events swings to the opposite point of the arc.

On the 21st there were some clouds, but the midnight view was pretty good. Just after the sun passed the lowest depression, it went behind a narrow belt of clouds, which became at once intensely luminous. During the passage it seemed to partake of the brilliant glow of the northern light, though not flashing. Most of the day preceding we spent looking into the out houses, barns and snow sheds to see what winter life was in that latitude. There was every possible machine, device and implement for working in, on and with snow, great heavy sleds like those used in Canada, as well as smaller ones for light work, all kinds of craft, hand sleds, snow shoes, fur and reindeer robes, and foot guards, and many things of which we know nothing. Contrary to the teaching of books, there is no real darkness in the winter, the bright snow and constant coruscation of the electric flashes, or northern light, make it nearly as light as a full

moon on snow in Indiana. The men can, and do, cut logs all winter in the forests, and make them into rafts on the ice to float to the mills on the coast with the spring flood. These are but a few of the conditions we find in the land of the midnight sun, and I must say here, there are many other places much better than Haparanda to see the phenomena, but it costs more money and time. One can go where the sun shines constantly for two months, and where people live with tolerable comfort, if they have plenty of money, an article which was not very abundant with us.

We arranged to start on the return trip the morning of the 23d by steamer, and fortunately the previous midnight the sun was obscured by clouds, which became luminous, as if radiating light themselves, but soon afterward they parted and let the sunlight through, which shone like sheets of flame on their illuminated sides. This was more wonderful than anything we had seen, and it left an enduring picture. We had seen the grand sight of the midnight sun in all its beauty. We were full of its grandeur and sublimity, so we made haste to pass on before anything could mar the picture.

At 6:30 a. m., June 23d, we took a small steamer for Uleaborg, in Finland. It was rather a cool, drizzling day, but we made the port at 6 p. m. The 24th was the great festival of midsummer Sunday in

Finland, and we stopped to see it. While there we made the acquaintance of Prof. Alfred Eckholm, one of Finland's leading champions against Russian attempts to encroach on their freedom. From him I learned much of the legendary history of Finland and Scandinavia as a whole. I also caught a glimpse of the inner life of freedom that is growing strong in secret and will one day astonish all Europe and make Uncle Sam glad.

We were taken to the beautiful park on the river by the professor where thousands of the people collected to hear addresses, listen to splendid music, the singing of triumphal patriotic songs of freedom, where they ate, drank and were happy and forgot their sorrows for a time. From 5 p. m. to 3 a. m. the festival went on amid the soft, bright sunlight, and the pleasant sound of the waters of the great rapids, until the music and song began to die away, and soon all were gone, but the drunken, who were left to sleep out their stupor, for there was nothing to molest them.

That day's mingling with the multitude, together with Prof. Eckholm's rare ability to impart historic information, made it a day long to be remembered, and the lesson was invaluable in the line of some of my specialties. Here I was shown a singular record. For four hundred years an accurate account has been kept of the gradual rising of that north country out of

the water. It has been twelve inches for every fifty years, as marked on a stone pier, where all can see. It is also recorded in the college. The harbors, outlets and cliffs show that this had been going on long before the actual gain was thus noted. At Copenhagen there has been no change in the water line in that period of time. Why no one knows.

At Uleaborg we took rail and ran down to Waso, on the east shore of the gulf. Here the train stopped for all parties to stay over night. The passengers went into a large hall and laid down on cots and at 5 a. m. were awakened and the journey resumed. We now ran out into the lake region, and were surprised to find a fine, fertile, rural country under a high state of cultivation, fully equal to Denmark and Sweden in all the elements of nationality, instead of being a bleak, frozen region, with dwarfish, stupid people. It is quite the contrary. The people are a well-developed and a fearless race, patriotic to a fault. The last day we were in Finland, a drunken man who could talk American boarded the train and began conversation. He said his home was in Michigan and he claimed American citizenship. He was still drinking, and he soon began to use foul-mouthed American vulgarity. When I requested him to stop his talk, he became abusive and violent. I at once astonished the conductor and mail agent by demanding that the Ameri-

can part of the drunkard should be put off the train, stating that any claim Finland had on him I did not wish to antagonize, but I had an interest in the American part. The result was that he was put off at the next station amid a storm of Swedish and American profanity. I subsequently learned that but for his claim to American citizenship I might have been interviewed by Russian police for a reason for such an assumption of authority. We stayed a few hours at Viborg, a small city at the great outlet of the lake system into the Baltic sea. There the amount of lumber and railroad ties was beyond credibility to those not familiar with the business. Here also is the future fashionable tourist's resort, especially for those who delight in yachting. A line of water communication through lakes and rivers of many hundreds of miles reaches far into the pine forests of the interior, amid scenes of wild romantic solitude, little dreamed of by the outside world. In the near future a line of steam or electric yachts will open this wonderful land to the astonished and delighted fashionable world.

We arrived at St. Petersburg at 11 a. m. and found much confusion at the station by the arriving and departing of detachments of soldiers who were being transferred to various points. We were so entertained and amused with the novel and strange things around us that we failed to look for the English

speaker before he left, and we had some trouble in finding the American consul, but finally we reached his office and were soon equipped for a tour of the great city. It would take many weeks to explore and understand the Russian capital, and much paper to write a description of it, for St. Petersburg is like Cairo and Constantinople, different from all other cities. It has peculiar characteristics, and in its streets we saw many types of humanity as well as nationalities. The city is a wonder to all intelligent people, and especially to those who have read and been interested in Peter the Great and Queen Catherine. The wide, clean streets, splendid palaces and public buildings, the shops, markets, parks, and long shaded avenues make it the equal of any city outside of London. In walking and riding through its streets everything called to mind the genius, sagacity and devotion of its noble founder. It was with feelings almost reverent that I stood beside the little boat he built with his own hands when he first came to found the city, and I had a similar feeling when looking at the small yellow house he built for his home, now become sacred, and later on, when in the hall of the Golden Chariots, there was nothing so interesting as the rough two-horse sleigh built by the great man. The print of his hammer on the braces, nail heads and bolts claimed my attention more than the Russian art of today. As

we went through the museums, art galleries and halls of other collections we saw the rude weapons of defense and domestic use in the past, alongside the results of recent discovery and invention. The finest native productions in the art galleries are placed beside the old barbaric ideals during the grand old runic ages, when mythic sagas had such power over the untutored race. Everywhere we saw the evidence of the rapid uplifting of a whole race (Moscovite) from degradation to the higher standard of civilization, refinement and powerful nationality.

One of the most surprising things in the city is the hall of the Golden Chariot, a thing almost unknown to the world. When a new emperor is crowned a very beautiful chariot is made, overlaid with gold and adorned with precious stones, with all the art known to the mechanics up to that date. The chariot is drawn by four white horses almost covered with gold plated harness and trappings. It is driven to the home of the prince, and from there he is taken to the grand cathedral, where he is crowned, from thence he is driven to the palace. The chariot then takes its place in the hall and is never heard of again. The harness is hung up in an adjoining hall, with the many presents sent by chiefs of distant tribes, governors of provinces, noblemen, cities and foreigners. In no other place did we see, in so small a space, the widely

varied tastes, ideas standard of civilization of the different portions of the vast empire than among the presents sent to these emperors; as to the chariots, no two were alike in style. As we stood in these long halls it seemed more like a fairy dream than a reality, if we leave out the question of utility; those chariots were the most beautiful things in Europe. They are about forty in number. Standing in its place just where it was left after the explosion is the shattered chariot in which the Emperor Alexander was killed.

While in St. Petersburg we learned some very valuable facts, which were fully confirmed in after journeys. If we have read history fifty years ago, and compare its teaching with facts as found today, it sometimes seems very contradictory. Cities of that date on one side of the river are today only suburbs to the railroad city on the other side. Beautiful things described in the books as being on the roadside are now miles away "on the old road" scarcely known. Much as it is at home when we compare thoughts, facts and figures. The Yankee of New England, the fire eater of South Carolina, the man of honor from Kentucky are known no more. American covers all. Talk to the young generation of Europe about Yankees, and they will associate the name with some place in China; talk of Kentuckians, and they try to place them in Kent county, England; speak of fire eaters, and they

think of the fire worshipers of Persia. So I find something to learn everyday, and when and where least expected the facts are most startling, things that shake our faith in historians and learned scientists.

St. Petersburg has nearly one million inhabitants, and is making greater progress than any other large city in Europe, or western Asia. Like many other commercial cities of the north, it is built on piling driven from 12 to 80 feet in the marshy soil, yet no one would think in riding through its long streets and looking at its massive buildings, that it was standing where there was once a swamp. Nor is it an easy matter to realize that it has been built up by a people who have come up from barbarism in two hundred years by their own efforts.

We started from St. Petersburg for Moscow, the sacred city of the Russians, at 3 p. m., June 28th, and that night there was one hour I could not see to read distinctly, though it was quite light enough for walking about. We had traveled two thousand miles in continuous daylight, from Stockholm to Haparanda, thence to St. Petersburg, and now the road to Moscow was taking us out of the daylight region, and the first real darkness was refreshing. Our route ran through an extended plain that surrounds the Baltic sea, and its connecting waters. We had pictured in our minds a dark and rough looking country, when we entered

Russia, but we found it quite the contrary. The vast forests of hemlock, pine and birch were more grand and beautiful, if possible, than in Finland, and to our astonishment, the lumber yards and floating rafts were as large as any we had seen. The open land reminded me of the great prairies of our far west; it was rich and capable of supporting an immense population, if properly cultivated, but the lack is just here, excepting around some enterprising nobleman's residence, where the whole country is so improved that it seems like a broad field of sunlight amid darkness. The hamlets of the peasants look very dirty and repulsive, while the people are the picture of extreme degradation and neglect, though they all look as though they had enough of rough food, still it hurt me to look into the faces of the women and children, they appeared so hopelessly and helplessly low in the social scale. Though the men were far from clean and most unkempt, they were well built and strong. It was refreshing to know that these were representatives of all Russians of two hundred years ago, and that the present higher type had evolved from this unpromising state. Therefore, the possibilities are unlimited for the next two centuries. Most of the distance of the five hundred miles to Moscow was comparatively level country. The first two hundred was through the southern limits of the vast pine forest that extends to

the Arctic ocean, and will furnish an inexhaustible lumber supply to Russia, when she has 200,000,000 inhabitants living between St. Petersburg and Olulorshio.

Moscow is a beautiful modern city. From the ashes of its burning by the French in 1812 it has grown until it now has nearly a million people, and it is held in high reverence by orthodox Russians. Many priceless relics, in the form of Saga legends, and runic traditions, perished in the conflagration, but the patriotism of the people is making great efforts to restore the loss as far as possible. In building tasty and handsome churches they have made a success, nor are their broad, park-like avenues excelled by any other city. The average tourist is charmed with what he sees, the rides along the clean streets are most enjoyable, the museums and other public buildings are large, stately edifices, displaying much taste and architectural originality, showing the natural ability of the Muscovites; while others sought their favorite amusements I wanted to see the grand old bell whose voice was hushed in 1812. I found it in a small open space near where it fell when the tower was burned. It rests on a granite block about three feet high, and the huge clapper lies on the ground under it, the large fragment broken out is leaning against a block of stone. As I walked around it to more fully comprehend its im-

mense size, 22 feet high and 21 feet in diameter, weighing 219 tons, its wonderful history, and the strange and terrible events that have transpired since it first pealed out its thunder tones came to my memory, and the fearful scenes of war, blood and desolation, which Europe has witnessed, passed in review with startling vividness. To see the bell was one of the ideals of early life, and when I stood by it in old age, I thanked the Lord for that as well as many other achievements that once seemed so far away and well nigh hopeless. After having seen the bell I had little interest in other things in the city. The lesson learned of Muscovite character was similar to that of the Hun, they are strangers in Europe, but have no ancestral connections left in Asia, and are lone races among the nations of the earth. Say what we may of Russia and her people, there is an internal potency capable of making a wonderful nation in defiance of opposing forces. Like the United States, there are unlimited resources within the bounds of the empire to make a nation in spite of the outside world.

From Moscow we made a long run to Warsaw in Poland through the same level prairie-looking country, with much uncultivated land and many ugly villages, as on the other route, though the cultivated areas were more frequent and larger, showing a steady advance in refinement. Sometimes portions of the forest would

come in view, and then, on the other hand, glimpses of the plains of southern Russia, terminating in Hungary, were seen from the great land swells, giving interest to the entire journey. As we went farther westward, the larger towns showed contact with other than Russian civilization, there was a mingling of people, costumes and habits of life until we crossed into Poland, then everything changed. Fine fields of grain were on every side, with meadow land in the valleys, and cattle grazing on the hills, the villages and farmhouses were bright and clean, all bore the mark of happy home life. This sudden transition out of gloom into sunshine was charming and refreshing, especially when we had been under a certain half-defined restraint. As we went forward all things seemed to grow brighter. The rye fields were ripe unto harvest, and the first shocks of ripe grain were seen in northern Poland with other vegetation well advanced, for it was on the border land between the long day and long night. It will be in place to say here that in three hours after we left St. Petersburg, I perceived that a detective was detailed to keep an eye on us wherever we should go. He was faithful to his charge, though he was ignorant of my knowledge of his business. Instead of being annoyed by his espionage, I was glad and felt safe from personal danger, for so long as he saw no harm in us, he would keep us from harm. After crossing into Poland I recognized him by signs

and gave him to understand that we appreciated his watchful care over us. He was completely taken by surprise, and by look and action showed his astonishment. He and the conductor had an earnest and animated talk, and then he disappeared and was seen no more.

We made a short stop in Warsaw, which is an historic place. Few cities in Europe have as thrilling history, both in the past and more recent times. Few have seen more sieges, sackings and massacres, and few have produced such men as John Sobieski and Kosciusko. The Poles are identical in race with the Fins, Swedes, Danes and all Scandinavians. The first thing a Polish mother teaches her child is to hate Russia with perfect hatred. Name Russia to a Polish man, and he instantly frowns and looks cross, but is silent, but the women utter a low, but fierce imprecation with flashing eyes. The patriotism of the people of Warsaw is so strong that they keep the palace of Kosciusko in order and just as he left it the morning he went forth to his last battlefield in defense of Polish liberty. Americans will catch the fire if they remain long enough in the city.

From Warsaw we ran north to intercept the great railway line from St. Petersburg, and then turned southwestward to Berlin, where we arrived the afternoon of July 3d full of new thoughts, new knowledge

and new ideas of humanity. There we found welcome letters from home and friends forwarded by Cook & Son from London. We celebrated the Fourth of July in Berlin in riding on the street cars and in omnibuses and suburban railways, making not less than one hundred miles of travel, with several miles of walking. To attempt to describe the city in detail would be as difficult as to tell of London, for it is the second city in interest in Europe with its museums, libraries, art galleries, zoological collections, parks, gardens, halls, palaces, churches and marks of older and stormier days. Like London and other great cities, Berlin has its local scenes of extreme misery, want, degradation, sin and shame. A walk among them makes the heart, soul and stomach sick, and the eyes dim with tears, for which there is no help. We spent the 5th and 6th in constant walking and riding. An especially enjoyable walk was "Under the Lindens," and to the playground, where hundreds of small children are taken out to play in heaps of sand and piles of mortar, out of which they make mud pies, etc. We occasionally varied the scene by ascending towers, spires and high places to get a view of the magnificent surroundings.

There is one striking difference between the people of London and those of Berlin; in the former, it is possible to reason with a man, and he will give you a respectful hearing and accept your views if they be

good and true, but it is just the reverse with a Berliner. He is proof against anything not German. The only way to change him is to alter the composition of his beer.

From Berlin we started south to Venice in Italy, crossing Europe from north to south. We chose an unused, or unpopular route not laid down in the guide books; it was by way of Dresden, Nuremberg and Munich, through one of the finest agricultural sections in Europe. Harvest was in full tide, the whole journey across the plains, until we reached the Alps, was one continued scene of activity. Thousands of people were in the fields cutting the grain, grass, hoeing the sugar beet fields, weeding and cultivating the Irish potato, working in the market gardens, pulling the flax, gathering the mulberry leaves to feed the silk worms, or in the vineyards among the vines. In one market garden I counted one hundred women and girls in nearly a straight line hoeing vegetables. It was a beautiful sight, though a shade of sadness crossed the picture, for here, as in all Europe, the old men, the women and children have to bear the crushing burden of supporting hundreds of thousands of idle young men, who are compelled to serve in the standing armies.

Sometimes the railroad ascended long swells in the rolling plain. From these summits the scenes

were grand beyond description. Often it was like a vast expanse of patchwork in brilliant colors, with endless variety. Sometimes miles away there would be a parallel swell in the country, while all the intervening lowland was visible to the eye. One never grew weary of gazing on this enchanting picture, and to crown all there were the magnificent highways distinctly outlined across the rural map, by their white graveled and stone-paved beds, many times bordered with long lines of beautiful trees. At one time the sublimity was intensified by the shadow of a summer cloud, slowly floating over the vast expanse with its outlines sharply defined. We purposely traveled on the slowest trains, as before stated, so that we could look down into the little gardens and fields by the wayside and catch a glimpse of the domestic life among the people. The children everywhere were doing service according to their strength; in some places the larger ones had charge of the smaller ones out under the trees, others were carrying water in jugs to the laborers in the fields, or they were watching the docile cows and milk goats by the side of the railroads and highways. One place a boy in charge of a cow had gone to sleep and the cow was standing with her head over the little sleeper keeping guard; in another place two girls were in charge of some milking goats; the smaller girl fell and was hurt and began to cry, instantly the mother goat

ran to her and licked her hands and bleated as to her kids; when all was well again the goat went back to grazing, but looked back twice to make sure all was safe. Still another time a small boy was holding a cow close to the railroad, and was so interested in the approaching train that he forgot his charge, but the motherly cow began pulling and gently pushing the boy out of danger. The passengers seeing this unusual act involuntarily cheered. In an instant the cow gave a bellow of defiance and sprang between the boy and the train and braced herself for a battle. This was such unmistakable instinct, connected with intelligence, that it drew forth much discussion among half a dozen nationalities aboard the train. To me it was an additional item in my philosophy, that mind is not confined to man alone.

We crossed our route from Constantinople at Nuremberg, but did not stop, as it was day time when we passed and had made a visit there, but we stopped off at the celebrated old city of Munich, with its almost fabulous scenes of the days of war and chivalry. The Tyrolese Alps were a disappointment when we actually came in contact with them. They are not superior to the mountains of West Virginia, and not nearly so extensive or rugged. There is wilder and more beautiful scenery on the Kanawha river than any we saw among the Alps, leaving out Mt. Blanc and its neighborhood.

It was July, and the summits of the mountains were still covered with snow, and they were frequently in sight for several days as we went west from Constantinople, and this view of them made them very imposing, but afterwards when we saw them covered with green forests, or cultivated to their tops the whole scene was changed; their snow-clad grandeur was gone, and they were as Pennsylvania, Virginia, or North Carolina mountains, when measured with the great ranges of the world. The false idea we get of the Alps comes from English writers, who have not seen other mountains, and from Americans who have but little knowledge of our country. I cannot understand how one who has seen the mountain ranges of the western half of our continent can see anything but beautiful foot hills in the Alps.

In the summer of 1893 I met an Englishman with his family at Victoria, British Columbia, who was making a tour of the continent. He had landed at Quebec and crossed by way of the Canadian Pacific railroad. He had never before been out of England or Scotland, had seen no mountains until he came to the Rockies, when he became highly excited over what he saw. But when he passed through the unsurpassed grandeur of the Frazier river mountains he completely lost his head. When he found that I had some knowledge of such scenes he delivered himself about in this

way: "Take the biggest liar that ever lived, a perfect Ananias, give him the eloquence of the ages from Demosthenes to Gladstone, fill him with the inspiring influence of imaginative poetry, from Homer down to Whittier, then blindfold him so that he need not blush at his extravagance, and bid him deliver himself of all this combination of ability in describing that scenery, and the half will not be told." Then he clapped his hands in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. I told him there was but one grander thing to be seen on earth, a first-class storm at sea, and with increased ardor he exclaimed, "May the Lord send it." At this point his fine, intelligent wife and daughter interfered and toned him down to more practical things. This Englishman was one of the kind who unwittingly convey false ideas of places and things, for let them see ever so much in after times, there will be nothing equal to the Frazier river region.

We had left the Alps in the books go, and remember them as we saw them, small but beautiful mountains. When we descended to the plains of Italy, we were struck with the contrast between the extremes of Europe, Finland and Italy. In Finland we saw stalwart, brave, kindly, noble looking men, and beautiful, strong, healthy, motherly looking women, who seemed to bear their portion and enjoy life. In Italy it was the reverse, and in some instances the contrast

was not only painful, but revolting, especially with the women. Sometimes when we were walking in flower gardens, delighted with the surroundings, some woman watering, training and cultivating the scented flowers and plants would raise her head for a moment, and show a face so haggard, sad, sorrowful and despairing, out of which all joy, all hope and aspirations were gone and gone forever, that we instinctively gazed at her with pity and horror, and that face remained in the memory, when the flowers were forgotten. So it is everywhere as you go out into the highways and byways, while walking upon the marble floors and thronging the great halls of wealth and pride, those sad, sorrowful despairing faces will be raised toward you from their menial, unwomanly labor, and those hopeless eyes will look appealingly into yours. This is the sad side of life of more than half the women of Italy, and as to the men, you only have to go out on the streets of our cities and look at the lowest types you can find, and then imagine men three degrees lower, and you have an idea of the condition of tens of thousands of Italian men.

This contrast was not confined to the people alone. In Italy every available square yard is under cultivation, and much of it has been for 3000 years, while in the north country less than half is cultivated. The semi-tropical fruits and flowers and the totally

different climate from the north, made this second visit to Italy more enjoyable. All the way from Berlin harvesting was actively on, and in Northern Italy wheat and rye threshing had begun; we were surprised to see several American traction engines and separators at work. It made me think of home work to see familiar machinery in a foreign land, surrounded and managed by another race of people, but there was this difference in results—there was no waste of grain or straw. The latter in particular was stacked in the most neat and artistic as well as scientific style. The stacks were the shape of an egg, with the little end down, and combed smooth; there was not even one loose straw, and it seemed as if not one was lost. I was surprised to see more machinery used on the farms of Norway, Sweden, Finland, Austria and Northern Italy, than in all Europe outside of England. Across Central Europe the grain was cut by hand; in many places by the old primitive reaping hook or sickle. Everywhere women and girls were binding grain sheaves, sometimes middle-aged women were using the sickle, but nowhere the scythe. In many places the grass was all bound into bundles and stood up to cure; this was the work of the women and girls. It was quite common in Germany, Austria and France, where they cure hay in the same way we do, to see a woman pitching the hay on to

a cart, with a girl loading, while the men were mowing and raking. Oftentimes in Italy and France women were on the stacks shaping and building, while the men were pitching up to them; the finished stacks were so beautiful that it showed they were very expert. In Southern Europe the stacks were nearly all the same size, about one good, two-horse, American load.

My friend, J. V. Lindley, being an extensive nursery and fruit man, had an eye for fruits and flowers, so we always found something interesting where there was ground and humanity; he saw the fruit and flowers, and I the people who cultivated them. When in the grain fields and meadows we could jointly call to mind when we were boys engaged in the same business and with similar implements, and in addition we astonished the natives with our skill and knowledge of their tools, but we soon learned not to stay longer in one place than we were popular.

We found so much that was new in Italy, that it is difficult to give brief outlines where all was so interesting. Our objective point was Venice, where we arrived July 9th, 1892, just five months from the time we left Guilford College, North Carolina, and about seven months after I left my home in Indiana, and to me it was another ideal realized. In early life the history of Venice had a peculiar

fascination; now the fact that I actually stood in the square of St. Mark filled me with a thrill of joy and a secret feeling of triumph, as on similar occasions. Here was another, once hopeless, desired attained, and I still possessed mind and strength to appreciate the achievement.

The city, as seen by those who know not its origin and stormy history, is a thing of beauty and delight; but Venice, as seen now by the historian, is a lovely ruin, slowly sinking out of sight. On every palace, church and tower is written neglect, decline and ruin; there is scarcely a trace left of its meridian grandeur. When I stood on the great tower of St. Mark and looked out where once a thousand ships rode at anchor in the great harbor, there was nothing but a mud flat, without a man or boat in sight, and I looked down in the city for the splendid palaces that were so famous centuries ago, but they were gone, or now dark and sea-stained and falling into decay. The lion of St. Mark was much disfigured; the four brazen horses that once shown like a flame of fire were rusty and rayless; the cathedral of the patron saint was rapidly sinking into decay; the once unrivalled stained glass windows were dingy with accumulating dust; there were no longer hands of willing devotees to cleanse and purify its sacred interior, once the city's pride and boast. The people have lost every trace of Ve-

netian character of the past, save their murderous vindictiveness, which happily is kept in check by the strong arm of united Italy.

We took a long ride in a gondola through the most popular portion of the city, along the great canal, down the Rialto, under the Bridge of Sighs and other celebrated bridges, then to see the other side of the whited picture we took a ride among the back canals and by-ways; we thus found the city might still be classed among the novelties of Europe. In one place we saw a mother teaching a six-year-old boy to swim; she stood on the lower step at the water's edge. She had a rope ten feet long around the child; he would run down three or four steps, jump out as far as he could, then go down feet foremost out of sight, come up kicking, splashing and laughing, while his mother pulled him ashore, and the same thing was repeated until he learned to come ashore without help, and gradually became a young duck in the water. A short distance farther on two ladies were teaching some little girls in the same way; we were told that every child in the city is taught to swim at an early age. We passed two men who were bathing in the canal where it was not twenty feet wide, and right before the water front of other houses; no one but ourselves appeared to be annoyed with it, and the men appeared to be orderly and quiet. We

encountered other sights, sound and smells that shall be unmentionable; these like bathing seemed to be the established custom. Those who do not wish to see this side of Venice would better keep in the popular highways, but to me the dark side was the most instructive, for when we rejoined the companies of tourists at evening time to rehearse the events of the day, not one had seen any of the small things that in the end become the more interesting. On one occasion I happened to refer to the decayed condition of the piling at the water line under one of the palaces, and not one of the party had ever known that the city was all built on piling, and that every year houses were taken down to save the valuable marble of which they were built. When a north wind blows for several hours, the water is slowly driven out of the Adriatic, making a difference at Venice of from three to five feet. When this happens, it is a wonder to take a boat ride in the back canals where the piling is not hidden by casing, for then and there the true condition of the city can be understood and its end predicted. Yet nine out of ten tourists who visit Venice will remember it as one of the bright pictures, but the tenth will think of it as a city on which the hand of retribution has fallen with crushing weight, and humanity will not shed one tear of pity when the last stone sinks be-

neath the waters of the sea, for her crimes have been without name and number.

We left Venice at 8 a. m. one beautiful morning, and rolled slowly over the long causeway bridge to the main land, and were soon among the orchards and gardens again. We glided by palatial halls with their wealth of flowers, and low, repulsive hovels, where hunger, suffering, sorrow and sin held sway. We were charmed with the high state of cultivation witnessed on all sides, but saddened by the sight of the degradation that thrust itself into or across every picture. Milan was our next stopping place; its intimate connection with some of the world's decisive events were still fresh in my memory, but its chief attraction was the wonderful cathedral, which has been building six hundred years, and will require two hundreds years to finish, but when accomplished will be the largest of the kind ever built. The annual revenue on real estate furnishes the money for its erection; this is the reason that it has been so many centuries in building. Three wings out of four are nearly completed, and one hundred towers out of the one hundred and forty contemplated. There is a school for architects where young men are trained for life, so that there will never be a time when there will not be one or more architects who will comprehend the whole plan. Its architecture is

more complex than that of any other building constructed by men; no two things, no two parts, no two patterns are to be alike; eternal variety is the rule. As we stood on the central dome we seemed to be surrounded by a forest of spires, and the roof is truly a wonder in its varied forms, figures, colors and designs; the great flagstones composing part of the roof are a marvel of human ingenuity and mechanical perfection. It is impossible for me to give a description of the bewildering splendor of the interior, even in its unfinished condition.

Many relics of the middle ages make the city of Milan interesting. In its art galleries are numerous celebrated pictures, before which lovers of art delight to linger, and like so many other places, there are rooms and sections that would seem more appropriate at a bathing resort among half civilized people. The surrounding country is a delight to any one who is connected with fruit growing or farming, for like the cathedral, there is a variety, though here it is in products, appliances, adapting means to ends, and utilizing space; in no place did we see more trees trained against walls and at the ends of buildings. The manner of treating and training the vines in vineyards was, in many cases, new and novel. The mulberry tree was abundant; gardens and small farms were devoted to its culture in Southern France and

parts of Spain, but nowhere did we see such vigorous growth as on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, where there was less care and greater altitude.

From Milan we went northward into Switzerland, passing through St. Gothard tunnel, the second longest in the world. It was a notable fact that we had now gone through the two largest tunnels and crossed the two greatest railroad bridges, had climbed the great pyramid, been on the walls of Jerusalem, on the ruins of Baalbec and the Acropolis, witnessed the midnight sun, and were still alive to occurences. Upon leaving St. Gothard we went through Lucerne, Berne, etc., by a rather circuitous route to Geneva, which we chose as the better way to see the country. Instead of finding it all a broken mountain region, it was much like Virginia and Pennsylvania, with broad valleys and moderately high mountains, entirely different from the representation of tourists and residents of cities. More than half is available for fruit, grain and grass, giving it quite an agricultural look, much like other mountain districts in Europe.

Geneva failed to fill the picture, as given by enthusiasts; it is inferior in many essential features to Stockholm, Sweden. Instead of being surrounded by giant mountains, it lies in a broad valley, on a narrow lake, which is not to be compared in beauty to Puget's Sound, Lake Tahoe and a dozen other lakes

in our country. The nearest mountain is at least three miles away, and anywhere on the Pacific coast would be called a foothill. Taken altogether, Geneva was a total failure when compared to its book reputation, yet viewed simply upon its merits, its is a beautiful city in a bright, green valley, and in winter time, when the mountains are clad in snow, would be charming. The people were far more interesting than the cities, lakes and mountains, and I soon learned why the Swiss were so brave and free. The mothers are free, therefore the mothers of free men. Every time I met an old grandmother I felt like taking off my hat and cheering; though she might be old, gray and tottering as she went, yet there was that conscious light of freedom in her eyes that age could not dim. I involuntarily exclaimed: "God bless the mothers of Switzerland."

We can make a first-class Switzerland out of part of New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and another from North Carolina and Tennessee, all the time leaving out the small neighborhood of Mt. Blanc, and still a third but grander one can be made from the head of the Missouri river, surrounding Gallatin valley.

Rumors of cholera had been increasing for weeks, and we shaped our movements so as to head it off as much as possible. We hurried up at St.

Petersburg to get to Moscow in advance of it, for it was coming rapidly on its old route from Astrakhan on the Caspian. Four days after we left that city it came, and while we were in Berlin it reached St. Petersburg, when we were in Venice it was at Paris. At Geneva we learned that Spain would quarantine against France at a given date. This shortened our stay at Geneva, as we were anxious to visit Spain, so we departed, going by way of Lyons, thence south to Versailles, and from there due west across Southern France to Irun, on the Bay of Biscay on the Spanish frontier, and entered Spain twelve hours ahead of the inhibition.

While at Geneva we made several local trips, going out to the mountains, up and down the valley among the vineyards and orchards and the interesting villages. Two days before our arrival a steamer on the lake had been blown to pieces by defective boilers, and several lives lost. While we were there a heavy landslide closed the railroads at the lower end of the lake. This made quite a stir among the travelers, but we took it very coolly, as we were still good for a twenty-mile walk and could go around land-slides. However, we were not obliged to do this.

Lyons is the greatest silk manufacturing city in the world; cocoons from all parts of the earth are shipped there, and many thousands of people are en-

gaged in the factories. For miles around there are large mulberry groves, and hundreds depend for their bread upon gathering the leaves to feed the silk worms.

The journey southward to the Mediterranean, and then to Irun, was through another beautiful portion of Europe. All of the land is under the highest state of cultivation. We passed through a succession of wheat and rye fields, rich vegetable gardens and fields, green meadows, mulberry and chestnut groves, fruit orchards, and on all sides harvest and threshing were going on. The hay, straw and grain were put up in the same egg-shaped stacks that we saw in Italy. Every section seemed to have some local specialty; some way of doing certain kinds of work peculiar to itself. This was also true as to kinds of grain or fruit. A few miles would be devoted exclusively to some one thing, then in an hour we would be in the midst of another sort, and so it continued, giving a sensational interest to the whole trip. An additional beauty was the Pyrenees mountains, which were in sight every hour, covered with forests to their summits, and sharply defined against the clear sky.

With all this perfection in agriculture, the dark shadow of the war system of France is blighting the bloom of its beautiful valleys and dwarfing the hopes of its toiling thousands, while wealth and pride revel

in the metropolis. The canker of poverty and want is visible in the faces of the laborers in the fields, and the vine dressers on the hills, and the sad countenances of the mothers speak louder than words. Ragged, hungry children are as placards by the wayside that tell the story of silent, secret decline, furnishing a dark background to the bright, sunlit hills of seeming prosperity. Though out of the popular route, this trip across Southern France will pay any one who loves rural scenery, and to pass through a land connected with such stirring, historic events, will pay both time and expense.

Our first contact with the Spaniards was unpleasant. The ticket agent on the Spanish side of the frontier was a splendid type of Castilian woman, with a wealth of black hair and piercing black eyes. When she found we could not speak her language she deliberately extorted ten dollars more than the price of each ticket to Madrid. We knew it, and through an American speaker demanded restitution, but with a defiant toss of the head she told us to "Help yourselves," and we did, but when we arrived at Madrid we reported the same to our minister, who took careful note of the case and bade us go our way. A month later he sent the money to our address in London, saying he had caught the lady nicely, and that she was made to properly refund and was discharged.

From Irun we went direct to Madrid, though the railroad was very serpentine in its course through the mountains and of but little interest, and not much different from the French side of the line, excepting there was more land sown in wheat. After a few hours' ride over a rolling country, the whole scene suddenly changed, much to our astonishment. All the surrounding looked and seemed as though I were again in the great central valley of Mexico instead of Southern Europe. On every side there were marks of an arid, irrigating region, the grass was brown and dry, wheat was standing dead ripe in the field or lying on the ground not bound or shocked, as though there was no rain to damage it. The streams of water were low, and in places dry, the work in the fields was being done as in Mexico, the people look and moved like Mexicans and Arabs of Syria.

As we advanced into the interior our astonishment increased; instead of seeing mowers and threshers and modern agricultural implements, we saw the same tools as in Egypt and Syria, and the work all being done by hand. There were large threshing floors cleared off the ground, to which was carted and carried on donkeys and the heads of women and men, the sheaves of grain, and threshed by the primitive methods used in the days of Abraham. On some of the

threshing floors were heavy poles pinned together, and dragged by four mules or a yoke of oxen. Sometimes several mules or oxen were tied abreast and driven around to tread out the grain; in one place twenty-five mules were going on a floor 200 feet in diameter. These floors were near the villages, and all the inhabitants were engaged in the work. While the treading was going on in one part of the yard, others were busy raking up, carrying away and stacking the straw; still others were piling up the wheat in the chaff into large, conical piles; others again were throwing the wheat high into the air with large, wooden shovels, and "the chaff of the treading floor" was blown away by the wind.

At one village we counted three hundred people and seventy-five mules and oxen, all working harmoniously in their places. Five dozen sheaves was a load for a cart, one dozen for a man, and six to eight sheaves for a woman. During the harvest time of six weeks it scarcely ever rains, especially away from the mountains, and there is no necessity or hurry in saving the grain or hay crop, probably a good thing for lazy, indolent people. Next in line of surprises was the waste, worn out and abandoned land seen on every side, sadly reminding us of the southern states of our own country. We soon saw and learned that there was more of such land in Spain than in

all Europe, outside of Turkey. It was distressing to see long gullies and fallen stone walls, where once had been luxuriant fields, olive groves and broad pasture lands. Steady decline is seen in the once stately mansions, partly in ruins, and in part inhabited by a remnant of a once noble family. We often saw the remains of old olive orchards, which covered thousands of acres, now slowly disappearing, with no sign of new orchards being planted. In like manner large forests of the cork oak have been wantonly destroyed, while none are replanted. Where once were beautiful lawns, parks, waterways, laklets and pleasure grounds, now cattle and sheep browse among the thorns, briars and dwarf bushes. Many of the smaller towns and villages are sunburnt, flowerless, shadeless, cheerless-looking places; possibly near some of the towns there yet remains one of the many beautiful, suburban churches that adorned the whole land when Spain was in her prime. Every mile we traveled in all the country was a surprise and disappointment; we seemed to be among ruins too recent to have the charm of antiquity, and too old to retain much of their former glory.

When we reached Madrid we were prepared for disappointment, and rather enjoyed the situation, for the Spanish capital has a wonderful record for wealth and grandeur, and there is still much that is impos-

ing and sublime. We made haste to explore the larger portion of the magnificent palaces, cathedrals, museums and splendid, princely mansions; then, as usual, we started on the byways, but to our horror we found that we were in the midst of a vindictive, murderous race of men, who were smarting under the galling consciousness that they had fallen so low, that there was none so vile as to do them reverence. The sight of self-conscious, haughty Englishmen, who walked their streets, fired their revengeful spirits with a thirst for blood. Neither the English nor Spaniards have forgotten the days of the great armada, and the haughty boast of the King of Spain to carry England away by handfuls. Now England has Spain financially by the throat, and delights in torturing her fallen enemy by occasionally tightening the grip. As in Constantinople, we felt a sense of insecurity, and turned away from the byways with fear and loathing.

As soon as we stepped off the train at Madrid we inquired of an Englishman for the American minister. Immediately a tall, sharp-eyed man turned round and looked me in the face for a moment, then assumed indifference, but presently he repeated his look, and before we started away he had inspected us the third time. I, too, had been watching him, and had his picture fixed in my mind. We had some

difficulty in finding our minister, but eventually succeeded. When we came out of his office my man was standing on the opposite side of the street, evidently thinking that I did not see him. It was nearly a mile to the hotel we had chosen, and we walked slowly up one of the principal streets; by the time we had gone two squares my man passed us with his sharp look. I now told my friend that we had a life guard, as in Russia; very soon he passed us again, and before we reached the hotel he had gone by four times. He was a detective who understood English, and he was passing to catch our words. I, too, turned detective, and resolved to keep my eye on him, though I was glad he had us in charge. When we came out of the hotel to start through the city, he was standing near seemingly unconcerned, but I caught him on a pin hook the first effort. I said to my friend: "I will look for some sensible fellow, and see if I can make him understand by signs where we want to go." Then we settled on our route, which I believe my man heard. I looked about aimlessly until I caught his eye, then approached and began my pantomimes, which he seemed to readily understand, as with my cane I marked out on the sand every point we had mentioned. I saw he was caught, and although he tried his best to take us unawares in our talk, when he was in sight we were

always speaking of the glory of Spain, or other things he cared nothing about. We left Spain and Madrid without his finding out that I knew he was a detective. I saved him a good deal of travel by talking over the places we would visit; thus he was able to go across the country and be there when we arrived, with his keen, black eyes and poorly-disguised indifference. My friend said I might amuse myself with detectives, but there were better things which entertained him.

We left Madrid for Lisbon, in Portugal, early in the morning, and were soon out into large wheat fields and olive groves, which had once covered many broad acres of land, and occasionally passed the remains of vineyards, parts of large estates which are now neglected or in a poor cultivation, while the mansions belong to the same were invariably in ruins. Everywhere the villages had the same sunburnt, cheerless look, the same primitive style of agricultural implements, the same eastern style of building; the oxen, though strong and large, were yoked in primeval fashion to carts of similar date. The plains were destitute of forests, the low, naked, rocky hills had a desolate, Syrian look; but for the people it would have been easy to believe we were in Western Asia. The harvesting and threshing of wheat and rye was still going on. In many of the river valleys were fields of American corn, but it was the kind

grown in Mexico or on the lower Danube river, small, white, very hard, resembling the hackbury in the Ohio valley; two crops are grown each year. On some of the limestone hills were groves of mulberry trees like those growing on Mt. Lebanon, in Syria, which seemed to be very productive in fruit and leaves; the second crop of leaves was being gathered.

With all of this outward sign of decay and decline, the whole of Spain is full of interest to the historian. Like Greece, it has had much to do with humanity in the past, and nearly all its rivers, valleys and mountains have witnessed stirring events—it has been a battlefield of the world. It was famous in the days of the Judges of Israel as a trading mart and for planting Hebrew colonies. The early Iberians seem to have been a highly civilized and commercial people. It was the field on which Rome and Carthage first met in their struggle for empire. Then it became one of the principal provinces of the Roman empire, and in the revolutions that convulsed the world from the seventh to the thirteenth century, Spain bore an important part. In modern times she has been one of the grandest, as well as one of the most wicked and cruel, nations in Europe, and is now suffering retribution.

We entered Portugal after night, and made the run to Lisbon in the dark. Though it was but a

few miles, I regretted missing the scenery, but we were compensated by the view of Lisbon, which is a very beautiful place, with an inland harbor. Like the cities of Spain, its numerous marble palaces, public buildings, old, princely homes of the nobility, its monuments, colonnades, parks and gardens attest to its former wealth and power. Alas! like Venice, there are signs of decay and wealth on every side, the rust and dust of ruin is tarnishing its golden sheen, its marble halls are being stained with the mildew of time. As I walked the beautiful streets and down to the landing, the history of Portugal's glory and her King John came back to memory. I thought of the tide of wealth that once came into port from all the earth in her fleet of a thousand ships and of her influence among the nations, and when I turned to contrast the Lisbon of to-day, with its empty harbor, with the Lisbon of the past, the contrast was so striking and sad that I had to dismiss the subject and try to hide the picture. Nor was the historical part alone deplorable—the inhabitants are a far sadder sight when we remember that noble, Iberian race from which the Portuguese descend. To-day not one in five is of pure blood; all the others have a combination of African, East Indian, Moorish, Siamese, Arabian and Turkish, with other undefined mixtures. At first sight the amalgamation

is repulsive and revolting, but we soon become reconciled when we see no trace of prejudice among the people.

Those who remember the account of the earthquake at Lisbon, as given in the school books of sixty years ago, will also call to mind the picture of the ruined wharf, and be intensely interested to see a part of that dock yet in sight; the harbor at Lisbon brings to recollection many other memories of schoolbook stories. Indeed, a visit to Lisbon will remind one of much important history, for Portugal, though a mere speck of territory in Europe, did a wonderful amount of colonizing; it planted many colonies around Africa and in southern Asia, besides the now great Republic of Brazil.

We went north from Lisbon on the return trip to Oporto, through Northern Portugal and Western Spain; the country was much the same as that we had passed through, though there seemed to be more unproductive, neglected land. From Oporto we went eastward to Salamanca, a city celebrated through all history, and especially during the five hundred years' war with the Moors. It bears the marks of age, of battle and siege, and if its old walls could speak they would tell of murder, torture and crimes untold; but it will figure in history no more, its days are numbered. Then we went to Valladolid,

another city with a wonderful history. It was once a beautiful place and a grand country, but is now on the decline. It was one of the headquarters of the Christian heroes, who never bowed the knee to Moorish power. In that part of Spain Pelagius did some of his most heroic deeds, and finally turned the tide of conquest and saved his country. We crossed the Elbro river, the celebrated pass where Pelagius made one of his celebrated strategic moves, which made him a terror to the Moor. It is in a beautiful, romantic country, which men might die to defend, as did those fearless mountaineers. We reached the Spanish frontier at Irun, where we entered France and felt quite a sense of relief and safety when we crossed the line.

Before dismissing Spain, I would say that all who wish to study Europe as it is to-day, should visit Spain and Portugal so as to see their present condition. The striking contrast between them and other nations of Europe will be forced upon the traveler in a startling manner, and the lessons taught are es sential to an intelligent understanding of modern history and the relation existing between Europe and America, and the English and the Spanish-speaking peoples. Those who do not care for such study, I would advise to leave Spain and Portgual out of their European tour. Spend the time and money in seeing

Norway, Sweden, Finland, and the Land of the Midnight Sun. Aside from history, Spain has nothing but what can be duplicated in other countries, but the places just mentioned have attractions not seen anywhere else, and they are alike interesting to historian, scientist and tourist.

On the morning of July 24th, 1892, we bought tickets for Orleans, France, but a bewhiskered, self-conceited official put us on the train going to Lyons, and we were in a through car and no conductor or guard came in, but as we were carried on the sun shone in on the wrong side for us to be going towards Orleans. We made several efforts to make ourselves understood, but failed until we spied a young Englishman at a station, to whom we explained the situation; in a moment he saw the mistake and called an official. We knew the railroad laws in such cases, and required them to send us to our destination by the nearest route; we had been taken east one hundred miles in stead of north. We were changed to another road and whirled away, then transferred again, and at the end of five hours we were landed at Bordeaux, on our original route. From there we traveled through a very beautiful country of vineyards, rye fields and market gardens; harvest was still going on, and the country seemed to be in the glow of summer bloom, and in the midst of a pros-

perous year. It was after midnight when we arrived in Orleans; we were tired, hungry and out of all patience with everything French.

Next day we spent in the nurseries of T. and E. Transan, two of the largest nurserymen in Europe, whom my friend, J. Van Lindley, had met in the United States, so there was a hearty greeting between them. To my companion, the sight of this wonderful nursery was past description; to see it had been one of the hopes of life, and when it was realized it was a joy unspeakable. The proprietors were most kind to us, and were unwearied in showing us through their wonderful collection of the fruits and flowers of the world. This nursery has been generations striving to increase its beauty and usefulness. I cannot attempt a description of this beautiful place—none but an expert florist could do it, and no other class of readers could understand the portrayal. At the end of five or six hours I had to stop amid a sea of magnificent blooms and rest, while my friend went on with radiant face and sparkling eye among the ever-changing, but bewildering, world of beauty. Trees, fruits, flowers, berries, nuts, roots, bulbs, vines, creepers, dwarfs and giants were there being tested for use, ornament or information. Perhaps the most interesting were the hundreds of hybrids, budding, grafting and double vitalizing, in

ways and means that have never entered the imagination of the average mortal.

When I fell out of line and stopped, I saw many things that came within my comprehension, though dim-eyed. There were many varieties of trees and vines, with limbs bent down and covered with earth until rootlets were formed, then the outer end was cut off with the roots and propagated from cuttings and grafts as a new variety. What appeared to be genuine rose trees turned out upon close inspection to be roses grafted in a very ingenious manner into a shrub thorn, and I came to the conclusion that there were no rose trees in nature. These are but a few of the surprises that I came across among the great multitude of artificial products which are sold as natural, yet the world believes in them and is satisfied, and so it ever will be. The nurserymen are as skillful in carving, cutting, dissecting, destroying and restoring among the forms of vegetable life as are the surgeons in working with the more delicate and complex forms of animal life. At dinner we were unusually animated; I could not talk with experts on things pertaining to the craft, but when it came to telling American stories I was equal to the best, and bridged over the breaks in the entertainment.

From Orleans we went westward to visit the

second largest nursery at Angers, owned by Louis Leeroy, which was as interesting as the one at Orleans. We were shown through the home grounds, then Friend Lindley was taken out to see more extensive grounds a few miles from the city, leaving me to wander alone among the wonderful collection of all that was beautiful, useful, novel, charming, useless and monstrous, in fact, all that any of taste or any without taste might call for. The class who loves the truly beautiful would find it there in perfection, while those who liked to be humbugged could be accommodated to the full; those who want to be fashionable could be loaded with the light and worthless.

From Angers we went northward to St. Malo, on the channel, one of the old romantic cities of the middle ages. It stands on an island, and is one of the few places which has its old walls and battlements still perfect. It is so situated that it was strong by nature, and it was greatly strengthened by art, that until heavy guns were invented it was well nigh impregnable. We could walk around on its walls without danger, and it is one of the grand relics of the past. It is now a great resort for sea bathing, and has a novel contrivance for the sport: a slotted cage or house is made on wheels, which is run down a track until sufficient depth is attained, when the bath is indulged in without fear or danger; a hun-

dred such houses are manipulated by a small engine. Those who experienced it said it was enjoyable to be in the cage. When there was a rough sea outside the great swells rolled and broke harmlessly over them. A day at St. Malo is worth two days amidst the disgusting vanity and deceit of Paris.

We next took a small channel steamer for the island of Jersey, the original home of the Jersey cow; it is a beautiful place, and every available part is in cultivation. It is subdivided into small farms of from five to twenty acres each. There are many market gardens and immense glass houses in which fruit and vegetables are grown for the London and Paris markets. The celebrated cow is seen singly or in small herds, tethered to a stake, grazing in lots; they are nowhere running loose. When we consider the size of the island we do not wonder that the cattle are small. We found the day's ride most interesting, the fresh sea breeze, the green fields, and the ever-swelling chop sea made up a scene that we will not forget.

Our next stop was at the island of Guernsey, where a new surprise met us in the form of huge glass enclosures, in which all kinds of fruit and vegetables are grown. Like the lumber in Sweden, there were more glass houses on Guernsey than we had seen in all the world beside. The amount of fruit,

vegetables and grapes grown under glass is astonishing to Americans. We walked through one of the grape houses, 700 feet long, which had 20,000 bunches just ripening, each one weighing half a pound. Near by were several houses of tomatoes in every stage of maturity, so there may not be a break in the daily supply. One house, about twenty-five feet high, fifty feet wide, and seven hundred long, was full of ripe tomatoes. The plants were in boxes in tiers from the ground to the ridge pole, and presented a grand sight; the whole seemed to be a solid mass of delicious fruit.

There is a fleet of small steamers which carry the products of these islands to market. Some of them look like a solid mass of basket and boxes of fruit of every size, piled around a smoke stack, and moving over the water. We spent a day going around the island and among the glass houses. We also saw the native Guernsey cow grazing in the small lots, and we pronounced it better than the Jersey, when each is seen on its own soil.

The people of the Channel Islands are largely Norman in blood, but are intermingled with French, Irish and Scotch, consequently they have a singular mixture in language and local customs. Like many other mortals, they have a very good opinion of themselves. Almost any observer will be interested in

the amount of heavy sea walls that have been built around the islands to protect them from the terrible force of the Atlantic storms that come into the mouth of the channel from the west with a power that landsmen cannot understand.

From Guernsey we went by steamer to Weymouth, in southwest England, thence to London and to our former home, with our friends, John B. Watts and family, where we arrived at 9 p. m. July 30th, after an absence of fifty-seven days, having traveled nearly 10,000 miles. The four extreme points we had visited were Haparanda, Sweden; Moscow, Russia; Venice, Italy, and Lisbon, Portugal. We had passed through thirteen different nations, speaking seven languages besides English.

We finished our tour on the Continent without accident or serious delay at any place. We suffered but little inconvenience from ignorance of language, and we learned to travel at less than half the expense of ordinary tourists. We readily adapted ourselves to new surroudings, and had no difficulty in getting along with all classes of people; it was known everywhere that we were wholly unarmed.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Trip Through Wales—Ruins of Tintern Abbey—Across the Channel to Ireland—Dublin and Surroundings—Trip to the South and West, Lake Killarney, and the Wild Irish—Limerick, the Old Town, Treaty Stone of 1692—Go North and East—Sligo—Giants' Causeway—Go to Home of My Ancestors at Balynalinck—Old Temple and Burial Ground—Vision of the Past—Cross the Channel to Glasgow—Trip Through Scotland and Back to London—Voyage Home—Storm at Sea—Ship Disabled—Adrift Eighty-eight Hours—Land at New York—Return Home.

We rested a few days in London, then began looking toward the end of our long program. Ireland and Scotland were yet to be seen, both of them having particular interest, the first especially. On August 5th we started westward, going to Bristol, where we stopped and walked over and under one of the celebrated suspension bridges over the Severn river. It is over two hundred feet above water, and in a wild, romantic place. Then we passed through

the three-mile railroad tunnel, under the bay at the mouth of the Severn. From there we went to Tintern Abbey ruins, on the Wye river. It is one of the finest in England, and was built in the fifth or sixth century, before images were admitted to other churches. It is two hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and the gables one hundred feet high. The walls are very massive, but still perfect; all the wood work has been gone for centuries. It stands in a deep, romantic mountain glen, at the head of small-boat navigation. The ruins were forgotten by the outside world for many hundreds of years, until a railroad penetrated that region; now it is popular, and it is well worth seeing. We took a circuitous route through Wales and the Welsh mountains, and finally came out at Liverpool. There we took steamer and crossed the channel to Dublin, Ireland. The passage was made in the night, on smooth water, with quite a throng of tourists and business men. There was much Irish wit, English dignity and American exaggeration; it was a question as to which was entitled to the premium, the Irishman or the American. As we steamed slowly up Dublin bay, or harbor, I was charmed with its perfect beauty and sunlit brightness; it is one of the few places hard to over-color when seen under favorable circumstances. Dublin, like Constantinople, when seen in the early morning,

is a pretty picture, not to be forgotten; but Dublin is internally handsome, far more so than Constantinople. My friend being somewhat unwell, rested at a hotel, while I took a tram car and saw the beautiful city from end to end, and then ran out on the suburban roads. Like the landing in Sweden, I was full of expectation, and every object and place had an interest, for Ireland was the home of my maternal ancestors, and to see it had been one of the hopes of life. Now that I was actually treading its almost sacred soil, I was filled with emotions almost beyond control. By night I was tired and hungry, but full of enthusiasm for the grand old city, which has seen as much history as any nation in Europe. It was inhabited centuries before Rome or Athens were founded, and the Albanoids were in Ireland when Egypt was young. One of the interesting points in Dublin is the old cemetery, where Ireland's noble dead have been buried for four thousand years. Among the sacred tombs of the past, none is held in greater veneration than that of O'Connell, the gifted statesman and orator of this century. It was a grand and solemn enjoyment to walk among the tombs of our ancestors, and call to mind their noble deeds, and cast the mantle of charity over their sins.

From Dublin we went southwest to Port Arlington, thence south to Kilkenny and Waterford. It was

a grand ride through a charming panorama of green fields, grass-covered hills and low mountain ridges. On every side we saw fields of rye, oats and grass, with broad pastures on the hills, and in the beautiful valleys fields of potatoes. The grain and grass was ripe for harvest, while the potatoes were in their prime and rapidly maturing. As we went forward the scene was constantly changing as the hills and valleys came in view. Not the least novelty was the large number of fine, white hogs that were grazing like cattle on the green hillsides, and it is safe to say we saw more hogs in Ireland than in any country in Europe. Hogs would be a specialty in one section, while it would be sheep and cattle in another. The whole scene came to us like a revelation, for instead of finding it neglected and desolate, like Spain and Portugal, we found Ireland to be the finest looking country in Europe; yet I am sorry to say some specimens of manhood were in striking contrast with the glorious land in which they lived. Though earth, air and sky were inspiring, we could not shut our eyes to the fact that we were in the midst of a ruined, whisky-soaked, tobacco-smoked and priest-ridden people, for whom there is no hope until whisky and priests are banished from the land. But for this fact, everywhere staring us in the face, our ride through Ireland would have been the finest in all our

travels. No country ever presented so many possibilities in such desirable combinations, under such a climate and ocean surroundings.

In passing Kilkenny, all Americans involuntarily call to mind the amusing cat story, but are surprised to see so beautiful a town perched on the side of a hill of the finest variegated black marble, in such quantities that the streets are paved with it; the people seem to be unconscious of their world-wide notoriety. There is a grand succession of green hills until Waterford, on the southern coast, is reached. That place was famous two thousand years ago, and for a long time held out against the Norman conquest, but to-day it is only a nice sea coast town, with no distinguishing marks. We now moved west across the south of Ireland to Lake Killarney. Next morning walked out to the lake and noted every turn in the road, every tree and bush, for we were on sensational, as well as historic, ground. Near the boat landing we were rejoiced to see one of the grand ruins of Ireland's lost glory. This tower was built about the beginning of our era, by a war-like, independent tribe, as their stronghold, and so well was it constructed that it defied all efforts to take it. During the Danish and Norman invasions it withstood every attempt to besiege or take it by storm; in time there arose a prediction that it would never be taken until

attacked by strangers who would come by water. The Danes finally attempted to starve it out; to do this they went to the pine forests at the head of the lake, and built several flat boats to cut off supplies by way of the lake. When the garrison saw the boats coming they remembered the prediction, and at once fled to the mountains. The Danes tried in vain to destroy it; a square tower nearly one hundred feet high and forty feet square still stands unbroken. Many of the strong walls and outer defenses are yet standing in grim, massive greatness, defying even the hand of time. The ruins alone are worth a trip to the lake, even though that body of water is celebrated as the scene of St. Patrick's last effort and final success in destroying the wise old serpent in Ireland. Aside from these interests, the lake is more charming than half the popular ones of Europe. We took a boat ride and landed on one of the numerous little islands, where there was a church and celebrated school in the early centuries of our era. It was surely a model of sylvan beauty and rural solitude, surrounded by splendid mountain scenery; even yet there are traces of the secluded walks along the rocky shore. While we were out a sudden gale came through a mountain pass that made the lake dangerously rough. Our young boatman tried hard to hold his course; after a while we saw it was beyond his

power, and told him to run before the wind until we could get ashore. This he did and landed us two miles from our starting place; we walked back to the town, tired and wet, but highly pleased with our day's adventures. We will not forget the old ruin, the lake nor the dangerous run in an open boat before the gale. The town of Killarney is a clean, lively place, the inhabitants are all full of droll, mother-wit, ready to "answer a fool according to his folly."

We next traveled north to Tralee, a city of twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, hid away among the Kerry hills, and almost unknown to the world, yet it is one of the very interesting places on account of its people, who are pure types of Tipperary, or wild Irish, who have not yet lost all their tameless independence. They were the last of the Irish to accept Christianity, and they seem to-day as if they had received it but imperfectly. We took a long walk through the city, among the half wild people. It was market day, and there were thousands of the country and town folk on the streets and in the market place. They all talked the rich, bumblebee Irish; half the men and boys were armed with a shillalah. Everybody was talking and gesticulating, and at first it seemed as though there was going to be a riot, but we soon learned that all things

were normal. There was a multitude of little carts, loaded with country products, all managed by women; in fact, it was the only place we found where women held absolute sway. In more than one instance we saw women have their drunken husbands tumbled into the cart among baskets and buckets, and hauled away like sacks of meal. On the sidewalk and in the market the women held the right of way without question. The half-grown boys looked like compounds of frolic, fight and fun, and the men as if they were spoiling for a fight with their shillalahs. We were told that it took twice the number of police to keep order than it did in any other city under English law.

In one part of the market street, and in an adjoining thoroughfare there seemed to be an unsusual number of two-hundred pound ladies, all motherly looking, going about with huge baskets on their heads, clearing the sidewalks and opening a lane wherever they passed. Others were standing at the stalls, as noisy as parrots, while men and boys gave them a wide berth. If you want unadulterated Irishmen, go to Tralee; there is nothing stereotyped there. If you are an enthusiast over Irish independence, do not go there, or you will lose your faith in self-government for Ireland for many days to come, though it may not increase your respect for England's misrule.

I learned an additional lesson in humanity at Tralee, for there the worst elements of original Irish life can be seen. We are given a chance to contrast the Phenician colonist with the Hebrews, who came to Ireland about the same time. The fierce, ungovernable spirit of the Phenician, when under the influence of whisky, strong excitement or superstitious zeal, is harder to control than wild animals, hence the term wild Irish has been given the Phenician descent in southwest Ireland.

Our next move was to Limerick back into the conventional route. Limerick had so many historic memories that the following morning by daylight I was out exploring the city. I first went into old Limerick, the city in time of Cromwell, and found the ruins of the house of the general, which Cromwell battered down; then to the famous round tower, which withstood and defied every effort of Cromwell to take it. As seen now, it looks massive, gloomy and battle-scarred, and probably has seen as much sanguinary war as any tower of the last two thousand years, for it occupies the spot where the first tower was built twenty-five centuries ago. It is one among the many places that have witnessed some terrible massacres, feats of heroism, and half a dozen times has been the last stronghold of safety. Across the river from the old tower stands the treaty stone,

now raised on a pedestal over the spot where it lay in 1692, when the treaty of Limerick was signed on it. Yet that treaty was not kept, nor is it yet fulfilled by the English; this is a lasting blot on England's character.

The people delight to show a point in the wall where there had been a breach made by the English artillery, and the defenders had fallen. The English were sure of victory, when the women, seeing the terrible danger, rushed to the breach and fought with such frenzy that they were driving the English back, when help arrived and the city was saved; this was the last effort, and the English withdrew from the siege. The English soldiers said they never wanted to fight women again. This part of the island has seen many storms of foreign and domestic strife through all past history. On many of the hills are the ruins of watch towers, with strong walls enclosing one to five acres, in to which the sheep and cattle were driven at night. In time of war or civil commotions they could be run in on short notice from the tower, and a few resolute men could defend the enclosures for a short time against a large force. The sight of these old ruins keeps the sanguinary history of the country constantly before the mind, and at times mars the enjoyment of the traveler. The city of two thousand years ago, the one Crom-

well besieged, is fast falling into decay. The new city is to the west of the old one, on level ground, and more modern in style. It is quite a commercial point, and has little of the old Irish aspect left, but we saw a few forms moving amid the throng that seemed not of the masses; they looked like a superior race now nearly gone. They are the last of the chieftains, kings and nobles of Ireland, as given in song and story.

From Limerick we went northwest to Ennis, then north to Athenry, a by-way of the orthodox route. It was our intention to run down to Galway, but we found it would make a break in our time table, so we left that point out. Grass grew by the road side, in the fields, on the hills and to the mountain tops, among the rocks, along the streams; in fact, grew everywhere, unless the ground was in actual cultivation. In every possible place fine cattle, sheep and hogs were seen grazing on the luxuriant grass. Since the great potato famine, a generation ago, more live stock has been grown and more hay made than previously. We visited a festive park at Athenry; it was a Catholic feast day, and thousands of people were out, mostly young persons, and they were a boisterous, roaring concourse. At least one man in four was drunk, and all were more or less under the the influence of liquor, and, sad to say, many nice, beautiful girls were half intoxicated and voluble in talk and song.

We now turned our faces east across the central district to Mullingar, near the middle of the island, to a country as beautiful as the finest blue grass region of America; on the way, at Athlone, on Lake Ree, we saw another sample of Catholic festivals. Lake Ree is the great storage basin of the Shannon river, and is a fine fishing and boating place. Many thousands of people were congregated there, boating, fishing, drinking, dancing, fighting and storming about. The regular and extra trains were crowded, and it seemed as though half the men were drunk. One of them got aboard in charge of a seven-year-old daughter, who managed him as though he were a pig tied to a string. When the conductor came she handed him the tickets in simple, childlike innocence, and received kind words, not only from him, but from all. To me it was so horrid that I felt sorrowful all the evening, thinking of that child's sad fate.

We spent the night at Mullingar, and next morning started to Sligo, northwest, through the same succession of beautiful, green hills and charming valleys until we approached Sligo, when we met with ranges of hills called by the natives mountains. They extend all along the north coast, giving the country a picturesque appearance. These mountains are covered with grass to the summit, and constantly call to

mind the contrast beween that country and Palestine, where there is so much desolation. We were now in the Protestant portion of Ireland; we noted the difference in an hour's run. The farms were in better order, houses more comfortable, the people better dressed, more cattle and hogs in sight, and everything showed increased life, light and animation. Sligo, more celebrated by the bards in story than remarkable in history, is a nice, clean place, if one does not go too far back into the town, but we found our ride through it very interesting. The two-wheeled jaunting car, or Irish cart, attains its highest perfection in Sligo. The driver faces forward; two passengers sit on either side, back to back, looking toward the sides of the road. The seats are directly over the wheels, the footboard a little lower than the hub and a foot wide. If a drunken man falls off, he pitches away from the cart, and is out of danger of horses or wheels; it looks as though the cart and the drunken men were made for each other. For sober people it is jolly riding ten miles an hour over rough, stony roads, with a shrewd, quick-witted Irish driver, who is expert in his wild driving. If you are thrown from the seat, there is but two feet to fall, and it is quickly over and you remount with little effort. If you ever go to Ireland do not fail to take a ride of several miles in a jaunting car, over a mountain road, for it is grand.

On our road from Sligo to Enniskillen and Londonderry we passed some rural scenes of mingled valley, mountain, hill and plain that would bring a golden harvest to an artist who could reproduce them on canvas and make them true to nature. Enniskillen is a grand old town, with much of the past greatness clinging to its old walls, and among the watch towers on the surrounding hills. It is one of the places which has seen some stormy history in the early Hebrew colonization, six to seven hundred years before our era. Londonderry, though an old place, has much of modern life; all the new portion is greatly so. From that point we went to Portstewarts, and there took an electric car for the great wonder, the Giant's Causeway; we were very fortunate in having a bright, clear day, and the tide was out. At first we were disappointed in not finding things looking like the pictures in the school books, but after we went down the narrow, winding path by the cliff, and walked out on the strange formation and viewed the neighboring rocks, the striking and wonderful features began to appear, and the longer we looked the more interesting it became. There are three causeways; the larger one covers about two acres, extending out into the sea 400 feet. Its highest point is 50 feet, and it slopes with an easy grade, terminating abruptly in the water. The blocks

are two to six feet, twelve to twenty inches in diameter, all of them three to seven-sided, concave at one end and convex at the other, fitting as if made by hand as they stand on each other. Each block seems to have been made especially for its place. But the most astonishing things of all are the eight-sided key stones, which are put in at irregular intervals, seemingly as a necessity to keep up the regular adjustment of the other blocks. Everything seems to have been planned and completed with geometrical precision, and we were slow to receive the truth, that it is the result of crystalization. It is little wonder that it was believed to be the work of a lost race of giants. for scattered along each side are immense bowlder nodules of cinder and slag, just like we see at iron furnaces, and there are great heaps of broken rock against the foot of the cliff, as if prepared for smelting and molding. In many places in the cliff and near the water line there are rudimentary blocks mixed in with slag. It is probable that the whole headland is a mass of crystals below the water line, and possibly it is all made of the same material and only covered with earth. Aside from the causeway, the vicinity is interesting. There are wild, rugged, projecting headlands, their perpendicular sides broken and wrecked by the shock of the great waves, or worn into caves and hollow channels, in which the sea roars

and thunders in tones of grand music to the ear which loves the terrible. From the top there is a magnificent view inland over a rolling country, all under cultivation or in grass. Out to sea there are always steamers or sailing vessels in sight, with sea fowl wheeling above and below, and screaming on the wind. One can stand long amid the surroundings taking in the picture, which will be one of the bright ones that we lay away to keep. No American visiting Ireland should miss seeing the causeway, but he should be wary of employing the officious guide, keep clear of hotel runners, use the carriage road from the station, and at the top of the hill take path down the cliff and be his own guide.

From the causeway we turned south to Lake Neagh (nuf), then east to Carrickfergus, a celebrated prehistoric place, then southwest up the bay of Belfast. On arriving in the city, we found a train ready to start to the old maternal home, near Balynalinch, which we boarded, and were landed in the town just before night. The consciousness of being so near the highest aspiration of childhood, to see the home of my Irish ancestors, and of the lost Albanoids, was so all-absorbing that I could not sleep. During the night I recalled the history of my race, and tried to fix in mind the relative locations in our family history, the better to find them the next day. Morning came

with a steady rainfall that was sadly disappointing, but there was a compensating surprise, for as I sat looking out of the window, one-horse carts came driving by and stopping out in an open square not far away. Each cart contained four, nicely-dressed hogs, weighing about 150 pounds. Then came other carts with four to six live sheep standing up in them, looking fat and clean. These were followed with more carts, with six to twelve nice, white pigs, all squealing and wriggling in a lively chorus. Then came companies of ten to twelve sheep driven slowly along; then five to twenty head of all kinds of cattle. All this was decidedly interesting. Upon inquiring of our hostess what the demonstration signified, we were told it was the monthly fair for the county (County Down), and that it always took place, rain or shine, and that what we saw here was a sample of all such fairs on the island. I borrowed an umbrella and went through the grounds among the hundreds, who, in spite of the rain, were there to buy or sell. It was interesting to see and hear the shrewd, sharp trading and sallies of Irish wit, that came as natural as the breath. As in other places, the women were the sharpest and most persistent traders. Their adroit maneuvering showed them, in many cases, to be far ahead of the whisky-drinking, tobacco-smoking men. The cattle and sheep were equal to the

best in America, and the pigs were the finest I had ever seen. There was a new industry, which seemed second to none in importance—the sale of second-hand clothing from America, with some from other countries. There was a large quantity on hand, and much of it was sold. Most of it was good, and was bought very cheap. This is succeeding well, and enables many people to dress comfortably at small cost. In this connection it is interesting to know of the many presents of clothing that are sent from America to Ireland by Irish-Americans; when a native re-visits his home he always takes presents to the "Old Folks." In my journey through the country I inquired of hundreds of grandfathers and grandmothers among all classes, and I did not find one person who had not relatives in America; there was not a single grandfather who had not more grandchildren in America than in Ireland or any other country. Statistical home rulers say there are more Irishmen, Irish people, in America than in Ireland. Nearly every boy and girl grows up with the ambition to go to America some day. This spirit of emigration is disastrous to the business of the country, for no one seems to be settled for life. I can say that I have never been in any corner of the earth but there was Irish blood there.

The second morning was bright and warm; I

was up at daylight and away across the hills to find the first traditional landmark of my ancestors—the old burial ground and ruined church. It was easily found, on a hill top a mile from town, and covered about two acres. It was still enclosed by a portion of the primitive wall, and a part of the old temple wall built 1600 years ago, and some of the tomb stones are still standing. Near by I located the Albanoid village that existed 2600 years ago, and was one of the prosperous communities. Nothing now remains but fragments of slate and building stones. Four miles away I found the well-defined outlines of a small city, whose history goes far back into prehistoric times, though well recorded in Albanoid tradition. It was counted a strong city when the first Hebrew emigrants came to Ireland, 900 B. C. This temple was built and burial ground enclosed at least 2500 years before Christ, but how long the Albanoids had been there before it was built, tradition does not tell. This much is evident: their civilization and arts were in advance of the Hebrews in the days of Solomon. In their tradition they claim to have come to Ireland from the West, and describe their original home as being identical with Atlantis, the lost continent of the Atlantic. Whether this is a myth or a true history, their civilization was not European, Asiatic or Egyptian in its origin. Modern

or Christian tradition says that St. Patrick turned the old "Heathen" temple into a Christian church, which was used for many centuries.

I will be pardoned if I say that my enthusiasm reached the highest point when I really found myself standing amid the graves of my lost ancestors, for with my glass I located the two beacon hills, from whose tops in ages gone had flashed out the signal lights by night and pillars of smoke by day, as signs of danger, at the approach of an enemy or coming storm. Not far to the southwest stood the great watch tower to which the villagers retired as their stronghold in time of trouble, as well as to the temple and its surrounding walls. As in the ages past, the beautiful hills were still clothed in grass, and thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs were grazing, while the smoke was ascending from the stone chimneys of hundreds of cottages, showing that humanity, with all its hopes and fears, was still there. But I was carried away in a vision of the past that was overwhelming in its revelations, for once again the veil of "second sight" was drawn aside, and the hurrying scenes of thousands of years appeared before me. All the fearful past was there in living light, which came rolling down to my very feet, and was too overpowering for my mind, strength and spirit. I had to cry to God to close the vision; though the

future might have been revealed, I was too weak to bear it, nor do I crave to know, for it will go down to its predestined end. My race may vanish, but the Lord will call his chosen Israel from Ireland, as well as from the whole earth, in the final restitution.

When that vision closed, it seemed again that my life work was done, my highest hopes of earth had been realized, and my heart seemed satisfied. The remainder of the day was spent in walking over the hills and in visiting the old stone house in which my grandmother was born. It had been standing 200 years, and it looked as though it would stand for many centuries more. It was built, like many others, of solid masonry and a tile roof, which earthquakes alone will destroy. But now as I walked the hills I saw a double vision, as they were, and as they had been; each vision was alike real. The object of my visit to Ireland now seemed accomplished; I went once more to the old ruin, and as I stood in the midst of the burial ground a feeling of inexpressible sadness came over me. I was probably the last of the now nearly extinct race who would ever see, or care to see, that silent and lone spot, and I turned away with a strange mingling of sorrow and joy, sorrowful at thought of the lost race, joyful that I had been permitted to stand at last among their graves.

Later on in the day I was slowly returning to

the town, full of deep thought, when I was suddenly startled by a new phase in experience. At the foot of the hill, at a turn in the broad highway, I found myself surrounded by eighty-two large fox hounds, trotting along the road. One huge fellow looked me in the face with a friendly bow-wow and wag to the tail, which removed my fear of danger; at the same time a much be-buttoned and uniformed keeper spoke, saying there was no danger from them. I had seen droves of all kinds of domestic animals, geese, ducks, turkeys and cranes, but not dogs, so I was curious to know something of the new industry, and learned that some of the landed gentry were going to have a grand fox hunt in a few days, on an estate not far away, and the hounds were being sent on in advance, to be in running trim by the day of the hunt. I wanted to know how much it would cost to keep one of those dogs, and was told as much as would board and clothe an ordinary man. Upon returning into the town, I made inquiry as to the number of children who lacked bread and clothing, and the landlady said there were at least two hundred. This was an item among many others that I noted through all my travels, in contrasting the two extremes in the world of humanity.

We left Balynalinch in the afternoon for Belfast to take steamer for Scotland. While awaiting the

steamer, I gained additional information from the Historical Society, which is making interesting discoveries in the seemingly-lost history of Ireland. Among the most so, is the authentic account of the early Hebrew immigration, the coming of the prophet Jeremiah when he fled from his rebellious brethren in Egypt with two of the king's daughters, the ark of the covenant, the coronation stone, and other sacred things. They, also, affirmed the authenticity of the Milesian tablets, and many lost records, all of which show Ireland, when fully understood, to be a most important historical country, but in a biography like this, such things are not in place.

We took the steamer for Scotland, and crossed during the night, landing near Glasgow. Early next morning we went by rail to Bonnie Loch Lomond, then took steamer for the head of the lake. It was a splendid ride and the scenery surpassed Geneva, Como, or any other lake that we had seen on the continent. The hills on either side are almost mountains, and come to the water's edge or look down on it from rugged cliffs and bold headlands, giving a touch of dark, romantic grandeur to many of its shadowy ravines. There are numerous islands and narrow passages, which are constantly adding new charms to the scenery. We stopped a day at the head of the lake, and walked several miles up the

roaring, rocky river that comes down through the mountains. We passed a succession of falls, up which the mountain trout were leaping, and at one place they would clear a fall of five feet with a single spring. Most of them made it the first effort, others had to try the second and third time. It was a beautiful scene, for the glen was shady, deep and dark, hid away among the hills. Ben Lamond is almost a mountain, as he stands among the smaller hills in bold relief, calling up much of the legends and songs of the past, such as, "The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond," or "The Campbells are coming from Ben Loch Lomand," etc., etc. These in turn brought to mind incidents in Scottish history and tradition, which furnished food for thought as well as delight for the eye.

We returned to the lower end and took rail for Dundee, on the east coast, by way of Sterling, Dunblain and Perth, through a fine, green country, over and among rolling hills and beautiful meadows, equal to the rural scenes in England, all in a high state of cultivation. From Dundee we traveled over the celebrated Tay railroad, one of the wonders of engineering skill. It crosses the Firth, and was the scene of a fearful disaster a few years ago, when a span of the bridge fell with a passenger train, and all were lost. I could not realize the height of the bridge

until I saw a three-masted ship sail under it. It was a grand, but rather airy, ride over the broad expanse of water. We continued southward through a charming country, and came to Edinburgh, where we crossed the last and greatest achievement in bridge building over the Firth of Forth. It is a combination between the cantilever and suspension bridge, the longest and highest of the kind in the world. The going over these two bridges filled the measure of our ambition in one direction: we had passed through the two longest tunnels, the Mt. Cenis and St. Gothard's, and now the two greatest railroad bridges; while at Port Costo, Cal., had floated on the largest ferry-boat, or boat of any kind, ever built by man.

The stop in Edinburgh was full of interest; we were in motion most of the time, riding, walking and looking at the noted historic places which have figured for so many centuries. The wonderful castle of Edinburgh was considered almost impregnable until the invention of heavy guns, now its castles and towers would not stand a single day's cannonade from the top of Arthur's seat. I was especially glad to see the almost forgotten grave of John Knox. Everybody could tell where the house of John Knox was, but not one in ten knew where he was buried. It was too simple a thing for curiosity, no chance to collect a sixpence for showing it, so it is generally

unknown. It is marked by a bronze tablet a foot square, which is inserted in the pavement in front of his old church, and carts drive over it without a thought of who is buried there.

We went by rail from Edinburgh to Annan, near the celebrated city of Gretna Green, over the border, to see the largest nursery in Scotland, owned by Mr. Holms. John Van Lindley had met the proprietor in America, and he gave us a cordial welcome to his home, and a very pleasant day was spent in rambling over his extensive grounds. He had just returned from a business trip to the United States, and could talk of home events. Adjoining his grounds was the ruins of one of the strongholds of Robert Bruce, and a secret passage had recently been discovered by which the garrison could go down to the river under ground, both for water and to escape. From Annan we crossed the country to the eastern coast at Newcastle, and from there returned to London by way of York, arriving August 24th, 1892.

Our work was done, our travels were ended; we had finished our program on time, had been in all the countries and capitals of Europe, had seen and accomplished more than ordinary tourists, had escaped from all danger, seen and unseen. We had met with but few losses or crosses, but our minds were growing weary of the long strain and tension and

needed rest. John Van Lindley wanted to see his wife and little ones, and be with his extensive fall work in his nursery. As I was cut off from my trip to the Caspian, Persia and Babylon by the cholera, I too was ready for home. We spent a few days in London with our kind friends, John B. Watts and family, then bought tickets for New York by steamer "Ethiopia," Anchor line, and proceeded to Glasgow, where we went aboard and started September 1st, 1892, at 5 p. m. The passage down the Clyde amid the long line of ship yards was most entertaining. The steamer was towed by two powerful tugs, one in front and the other astern. In rounding the bends and points on the river, it was amazing to see the precision with which the signals were given, and the promptness with which they were heeded and executed by the tugs, each one pulling to an opposite point from the other, thus swinging the great ship as if revolving on a pivot. It was a display of perfect marine science and skill. It was refreshing to look into the bronzed, but noble, honest faces of the clear-eyed, cool-headed engineers and seamen, who seemed to impart life and intelligence to the crafts beneath their feet. We crossed the channel through the night, and ran down the Irish coast to Movill, to take on passengers coming up the bay from Londonderry, in small coasting steamers. At 3 p. m. the

second of September, we sailed out of the bay with over four hundred passengers headed for America. Soon after the last cape disappeared, a strong wind began to blow, and increased steadily all night. Next morning a heavy sea was running, and the ship rolled and plunged so violently that walking on deck was very difficult for landsmen. All day the gale increased, and the second night was dark, cold and rainy, so that few passengers ventured out. On the morning of the third day the gale grew worse, and became a regular storm; many were quite seasick, the worst sickness that men ever have, but the least dangerous. During the day the ship made slow headway against the violence of the storm. All hope of a pleasant voyage was given up, and the passengers began to settle down to the situation, and to cast about for some way to pass the time; but at 7 p. m. all were suddenly alarmed by the engine stopping and the ship falling helplessly into the trough and rolling violently. Great anxiety seized the passengers; each one wanted to know the cause, the extent of the accident, and the possible danger. Word soon came that the main shaft of the propellor had given way, and it would take several hours to repair it. The ship was unmanageable, and began drifting before the wind. The rocking and plunging of the sea was so great that standing or walking was very difficult; signs of alarm were seen on every face.

That was a terrible night on those suffering with seasickness, and one of anxiety to those who were well. I had no sickness during the whole voyage and was able to be out all the time, taking note of what passed. I could stand at the stern post an hour at a time and look out over the grandly sublime and terrible surroundings. When the ship was thrown aloft on the crest of the great swells, the eye could take in the perfect scene for miles around. A landsman has no language to describe it. Indeed, it would require something beyond words to convey an intelligent idea of such a spectacle, but this can be said—everything on earth grows small when compared with a first-class storm at sea.

At 10 a. m. on the 4th, the glad sound of the low boom of the engine in motion sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of all, and the ship came around and once more headed westward. We had drifted thirty-two miles eastward, but were in the lane of the steamers on the Glasgow route. Though the storm still raged and we were in a rough sea, we were glad to be in motion and feel the ship under control. But, alas! in a short time the shaft again gave way, and a second time we were at the mercy of the waves. To add to the gloom and sadness, it was soon known that the main shaft was broken, and it would take many hours, perhaps days, to repair

it. It was now impossible for many to suppress fear or conceal terror. Pale, sick faces looked up with sad, imploring eyes, yet the lips were closed; mothers nestled their little ones; stout-hearted men, who had hitherto looked brave and reliant, showed signs of nervousness and fear, though they seldom spoke. The morning of the 5th came with the same dark, stormy sea, slowly drifting us helplessly away, this time out of the lane, where we might not be found for many days, if succor was sent from either end of the line. During the afternoon the storm increased, and the night came on dark and terrible, filling the bravest hearts with fear for the unseen horrors that seemed to close around us with the darkness. It was impossible to walk or stand up without holding fast to some support. Little children could not lie safely in their bunks without being held; even men could not lie still in their berths in the bow and stern, where the tossing was most severe. The mothers, among the emigrants, sat down on the floor and held their children across their laps to prevent them from being thrown down. There were several ladies aboard who suddenly developed into grand, Christian characters. They went among the emigrants and encouraged the mothers who had little children to care for, and whose strength was failing and faith almost gone. Where least expected, there were scenes

of sublime trust and Christian heroism, as well as abject fright and despair. One picture, the grandest of them all, was a middle-aged mother with four children. The infant was bound to her breast securely with a shawl, so that in death they would not be parted. The two next older ones were lying on either side, with their heads in her lap, holding tightly to her, and she to them. With tears slowly falling, she was gazing into their little, upturned faces, while by her side a girl probably eight or ten years old was clinging to her arm and looking at her mother, saying: "Mamma, don't cry; you know the Lord will not let you drown. He is too good for that; you know He won't. Now do not cry, mamma." There was a supernatural, yes, a divine light, in those childish eyes, and her face was like the face of an angel. I felt in my heart, and said: No ship will sink with such faith and innocence aboard. There were many other touching scenes among the seemingly poor and lowly, giving evidence of true, Christian faith that put to shame the contemptible cowardice of the wide-mouthed unbeliever when he found himself near to almost certain death. Still another incident will be in place. In a room amidships was a lady with two bright little children, four and six years old. They had been confined to the room and in the bunk most of the time by the storm, and the mother had shed

silent tears while watching her children, who at last fell into a quiet sleep. When they awoke they looked up into the mother's face and began to sing a child-like, cradle song. I had not slept for two days and nights, and was alive to all that was transpiring. When I heard the song of the children it seemed like the voice of angels from heaven telling me that all was well—in spite of the storm and the dark waves around us we were safe.

During all this time brave men—the engineers and assistants—were down in the hold of the ship working with tireless arms and sleepless eyes on the broken shaft. Steel bolts had to be drilled and cut out, great iron bars and plates must be removed before the work could be done. While others were suffering with terror or courageously awaiting the end, I was, part of the time, quietly but eagerly listening to the whir of the drill, the heavy thud of the maul and the sharp, quick stroke of the hammer on the chisel, which sounds came up a ventilating pipe with the distinctness of a telephone. In this way I knew the extent of the damage, the difficulty to overcome, and the extreme danger we were in if the cargo should shift its place. In the depressed and excited condition of many of the passengers, it would have been disastrous for them to have known what the pipe was telling me, for it would have caused a panic that could not be controlled.

About 3 a. m. on the 6th, I went on deck to see if there was any prospect of the storm abating. Everything around was awe-inspiring, yet grand; we were wallowing in the trough of the waves and rolling so that the deck would almost stand perpendicular, and I seemed to be hanging against a wall instead of standing on my feet. Twice it seemed impossible for the vessel to right itself when struck by the heavy seas. A part of the cargo was pig iron, which was put in the bottom, the bulky part on it. This made the center of gravity down near the keel, so when the vessel was careened and began to go down the keel sank the fastest and righted the ship every time, and this it was that saved us. But it was trying on the nerves to stand on the deck under such circumstances and see death, as it were, at arm's-length and coming right in. Heart, nerves, faith and courage have to be well drilled, or nature will recoil under such circumstances. At the end of two hours the wind began to slacken and I could stand on deck, and the shock of the waves was less violent. By 6 a. m. the weather had so moderated that the rolling of the ship was greatly lessened, and the strong and active could walk about. This seemed to revive the hopes and courage of all, especially the weary mothers, whose bodily strength was well nigh gone. Soon cheerful conversation was heard, pleasant greetings

and anxious inquiries made for friends in different parts of the ship, and to still more revive the weary hearts and hands, a young lady in the afternoon gave some cheerful music on the organ, but when she arose from the stool a sudden lurch of the ship threw her down with such force that she was seriously injured. That evening the table was set and several ventured out, as regular meals could now be resumed, though the racks had to be kept on the table to make it possible to keep the plates and cups in place, and with the greatest precautions there were many amusing mishaps of spilt coffee, tea, soup, gravy, etc. etc., causing much merriment, notwithstanding the serious surroundings.

The morning of the 7th was dark and gloomy. The wind freshened for a few hours and another storm seemed near, but by noon the clouds began to break away, and through the rifts broad streams of sunlight flashed, lighting up the waves with dazzling brightness. During the afternoon the wind ceased and the sea went rapidly down; the continued showers of sunlight were cheering and reviving to all. The next morning was dark and rainy, but the rain soon ceased and the sunlight came out, and there was now a long, heavy roll, that was not unpleasant after so much violence. The passengers came out on deck with pale, but happy, faces, glad to feel safe after

the hours of peril, and ready for a bath of warm sunlight. The little children ran about with tottering steps but joyous faces, happy to be safe once more, though weak from the ordeal they had passed through.

September 9th came in with a beautiful sunrise, and the sea was almost calm. Everybody came out or was carried out, to enjoy the beautiful day, and the children, true to childhood and innocence, filled the air with glad shouts, sweet songs and romping play. To add to the general joy, the captain announced that the last bolt was in place, and we would start in a few hours. A glad cheer went over the water; soon all was life and joy where it had been fear and danger. At half past nine the engine throbbed and boomed, the signal bell rang, and again a glad shout rang through the ship as the regular sounds of the engine were heard. There seemed to be another lease of life; the children ran in high glee, slapping their hands and shouting, "She's started! She's started! Hurrah! Hurrah!" and away and around they ran beyond control. In fact, no one wanted them controlled, for they but expressed the feelings of all ages. In a few hours the young people began promenading and the older ones to collect in groups, talking in subdued tones or sitting in silence in the bright sunshine, looking serene and happy. As I gazed on the beautiful scene which lay before

me, I could but ask: Who, of all the hundreds who were rejoicing over their deliverance, thought of the brave engineers who had toiled night and day through these hours of danger, repairing the broken shaft with unwearied arm, steady hand, sleepless eye and noble souls. Alas! I feared but few. Too often the self-sacrificing toilers are neglected or forgotten in this life, but in that which is to come, when justice is meted out to all, they will wear the laurel crown.

After supper on the evening of the 9th, life aboard the ship was deeply interesting. The rebound in feeling was sudden and wonderful. In the dining room small groups of six to ten were gathered in cheerful conversation; music was heard overhead, which had a more lofty and triumphant tone than before; there was sweeter melody in the close of each rounded refrain. The children's voices were softer and their faces brighter as they discussed their picture books and toys. Among the emigrants there were glad voices, glad songs and glad hearts, and their children breathed sweeter, higher music, for it came from hearts acquainted with sorrow and pain. To me, as I sat silently listening, or slowly walking to and fro, the evidence of joy for our deliverance more than paid for all the anxiety and privation we had endured, for all had come through the wiser and better from the trial of nerve and faith. The Chris-

tian was stronger than ever before; the unbeliever hung his head with a conscious shame for his cowardice in time of danger. He had learned that death to him was but a plunging into darkness, while to the Christian it was passing from darkness to light.

We were adrift, after the shaft broke, eighty-eight hours, during which time the engineers never quit work. The emergency was so great and so many lives at stake they could not, nor did they want to, rest. During the weary hours there were many amusing and ludicrous mishaps constantly occurring that broke the monotony. Sometimes a boastful passenger who tried to defy seasickness, the storm, God and man, would be sent sprawling on deck or cabin floor, or suddenly collapse in his defiance of death, and present such abject terror in his looks that all were either amused or disgusted. There are few situations that will test Christian faith more thoroughly than being adrift or in a wreck in a storm at sea. The dark water has no horror for the Christian; death by drowning is quick and painless, and to the Christian it is but a passing over to where there is no sea, no storm and no more change, while the unbeliever shrinks back from the dark gulf, for to him there is no light or hope beyond. This makes him the more contemptible and pitiable when his animal courage fails.

On the morning of the 11th a gladsome cry ran through the ship, "Sail, aho!" Sail, aho!" and sure enough, not far away the steamer "Circassia" was seen bearing down upon us in majestic style. It was a grand sight to watch it rise and fall on the great swells, with signal flags flying in answer to our call. Soon a boat was lowered and pulled away to the ship, for both vessels were now lying to. All eyes and all glasses were in active use. The "Circassia" was much surprised to meet us in mid-ocean when we should have been in New York. We were truly glad that we were found, and to hear from the far-off world once more, and were gratified to know that our situation and safety could now be cabled to both worlds. At the end of an hour our boat returned, laden with needed supplies, beef, pork, cheese, ice, etc. The ships then steered away, the "Circassia" for Glasgow and we for New York, now 1,800 miles distant. We were forced to sail on slow time to avoid further accident—ten miles an hour—but the remainder of the voyage was very pleasant and enjoyable; music, games on deck, conversation, discussion and controversy on the politics on both continents was indulged in. The weather continued good, with thunderstorms enough to give us some very beautiful sunsets; we also saw the singular phenomenon of lightning strike the waters, once not far

away. There were several western passengers who were nearly always out in time to see the sun rise each morning, and talked much of its beauty. We were greatly astonished one day when an 18-year-old son of one of the first families of New York asked what was meant by "Sunrise." He had never seen one, so the next morning he was called up to witness it. After looking at it for a time with wonder and delight, he innocently asked if the sun always rose that way.

In the forenoon of the 19th we were met by a pilot boat, which had been sent at the proper time, as our whereabouts had been cabled from Glasgow, and, therefore, they knew just when to meet us. The morning of the 21st we sighted Sandy Hook, and were soon anchored at quarantine. When the health officer came aboard he was surprised to find every person sound and well, as far as sickness was concerned, rightly judging that if there had been germs of cholera aboard they would have developed in twenty-one days. On the 22d we landed once more on solid ground, and almost everyone made haste to telegraph home. Finding that I was safe and sound, I did not rush home like some, but came through northern New York and the fruit region of Canada, and thence to Detroit; from there to Richmond, Indiana, attended Indiana Yearly Meeting,

then started for Indianapolis, but was captured by a cousin on the way and delayed for a day and night. I finally reached home, in better health than when I left ten months before, having traveled 32,000 miles by railroad and steamship, beside much by carriage, horseback, street car and on foot.

At home I found another precious little granddaughter, a few weeks old, with which the other children had arranged a surprise for grandpa; this was nicely done, and all was joy and rejoicing. Yet I could hardly believe that it was all reality, but the events of the last ten months were real and not a dream. When I met my friends at Richmond and received their warm congratulations, it seemed past belief that it was I, instead of a more gifted one, who had accomplished the wonderful journey under such unlooked-for conditions. Among my neighbors, with whom I had toiled and struggled through long years of privation and hardship, it was a matter of surprise that I alone should be the favored one and able to succeed in carrying out early aspirations, and this, too, without wealth or outside influence. Yea, it was marvelous in our eyes, and we simply said, the Lord helped.

When a few weeks later I returned to Guilford College to spend the winter, it was no less an astonishment to my old childhood associates that I had

returned alive from what to them seemed a miraculous journey, especially those of my own age, who had remained near their childhood homes. Often when addressing large companies of bright-faced eager children, I felt a strange sensation at my heart when I realized that they looked upon me as a wonderful old man, while I saw myself as one of them sixty years ago.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

Visit to Yucatan and Southern Mexico—Coasting Voyage Around the Gulf—Visit to Chichen-Itza Ruins—In Merida Again—Uxmal Ruins—The National Festivals—The Homeward Journey.

In early life I borrowed and read part of Mr. Stephen's account of his visit to the ruins of Southern Mexico and Yucatan, and afterward when B. M. Norman published his "Rambles in Yucatan," in 1842, I purchased the book, read and re-read it with the deepest interest. Through all the intervening years, everything touching upon that wonderful region was eagerly read and enjoyed; a desire to see for myself became one of life's ideals. Like nearly all other readers of books of travel, I had taken it to be true without question that Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece and Italy held the oldest ruins in the world, and in my early dreams of travel placed them first and those of Central America last on the list. So my life work began slowly and went on through the weary years of toil, disappointment and suffering, as heretofore set forth, until the time came when

opportunity opened up for me to finally realize my last fond dream.

It seemed as though a special Providence had prepared the way for my trip to Yucatan. A niece, Julia L. Ballinger, had been engaged in establishing a Friends' Mission for Girls at Matamoras, Mexico. She had been there twelve years, and had mastered the Spanish language, as well as the Mexican Spanish. She was also conversant with the prevailing diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies, so she could be interpreter and doctor. Upon corresponding with her I found that a time had come in her work when she could and would take a vacation, and that she would be able to start on short notice.

I left Amo, Indiana, the morning of December 19th, 1895. At Indianapolis I took the Big Four Railroad for St. Louis, and from there went by the Iron Mountain route to Little Rock, Arkansas, and to Galveston, Texas, on the gulf, making close connection, but arriving on time after traveling forty-four hours. I was much disappointed to find the steamer delayed by a storm down the coast. When it came, in two days, it had to go to Morgan City and return, causing a vexatious delay of eight days. While waiting for the boat, the time was taken up in exploring the island and learning the history of the city, picking up items of interest along the dock,

listening to sailors' yarns and witnessing the half-barbaric celebration of Christmas, which was in striking contrast to that of northern cities.

On the morning of December 29th the steamer returned and took a large amount of freight for Brownsville, and one passenger, but woe to me! I was doomed to another delay. We were scarcely out to sea when an ugly thunderstorm came up, making it so dark one could not see to read, and soon a hurricane began to blow with a deafening roar that was grand and inspiring, though at times rather violent. The steamer had to lay to and double anchor. All night the thunder boomed, the cordage about the ship hummed like harp strings, the rain fell in torrents, and outside the waves dashed and roared, keeping time with the deep-toned thunder. I began to think I was a lineal descendant of Jonah, for of seven voyages I had made, six of them were stormy. On the 30th the sun rose bright and clear over the troubled sea, the wind was falling, and about 8 a. m. we steamed on again, but kept under shelter of the land until noon, then stood off, for we had bright, cool weather overhead, though the sea was still, chop and rough.

The Gulf of Mexico has its peculiar characteristics. There is not room to get up waves as in mid-ocean, but there is space for the vicious West India

tornado, which comes on with a sharp, shrill scream like the scape valve of a locomotive, whizzing and twanging like a bow-string, blowing all around a person at once, and is as hard to face as a first-class blizzard on the great plains, the driving rain being as blinding as snow.

The sea still being quite rough, the steamer anchored three miles off the bar at Point Isabel, early New Year's Day, 1896. I stepped into the little boat and was carried ashore with the mail bags, through the chop sea on the bar, and landed once more on solid ground. But alas! for me again; the morning train was gone and there was no other till 4 p. m. A pleasant surprise awaited me in my use of the Quaker language. I attracted the attention of a sea captain, who accosted me at once in his mother tongue, saying he was descended from one of the Nantucket tribes. He soon called others, so that shortly there gathered about quite a circle of descendants from Nantucket, Pennsylvania and North Carolina. Many were glad to hear the language of childhood, and all were pleased to talk over ancestral reminiscences, and what seemed still more pleasing and interesting to them was the family genealogy that I could give them, much of which they had not known, and now they could locate some of the lost kinsfolk. So pleasantly did the time slip by that the day was gone

ere we were half satisfied with the unexpected reunion. Among the family names reviewed were Macy, Kennedy, Folger, Worth, Bunker, Barker, Wheeler, Starbuck, Hussey, etc., etc.

Point Isabel is a small, straggling village, built on a sandy point almost surrounded by water, nothing within itself, but historic from being the place where General Taylor started on his invasion of Mexico. The embankments of his fortifications still show. In its streets, and on all the sand banks, I was first introduced to the fan-leaved cactus, which I saw in different forms for two thousand miles thereafter. The railroad across the neck to Brownsville is narrow gauge, and much of it built on piling driven into the marshland, which is partly covered with water. On every side were vast numbers of water fowl, which would sometimes darken the sun when they took wing. It was a bright afternoon, and memories of local events vivid. We passed over the ground where General Taylor gained his first victories in the celebrated Mexican war, the result of which changed indirectly the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. My niece met me at the station in Brownsville. She had come over from Matamoras with several of her friends, who, together with other citizens of good old Nantucket, North Carolina, Ohio and Indiana names, gave me a warm, kindly reception, with the hearty hand-

shake of pioneer days. I spent the night in Brownsville, and at the solicitation of the minister of the Episcopal church, agreed to give a lecture on Palestine the coming Saturday night. The next morning we crossed the river in a row boat, took street car, and were trotted across a low, alluvial soil, one mile into Matamoras.

My niece and Miss Anna Dysart, matron of the Presbyterian Mission, had arranged for me to stop there while in the city. Miss Dysart, like my niece, had been instrumental in building up their missions, and knew all the privations and disappointments incident to work in Mexico. My brief sojourn under Miss Dysart's care was very pleasant and will long be remembered. Through her kindness I was introduced to many of her friends. Miss Ballinger also introduced me to our consul and many city officials, by whose combined kindness I was dined, visited and talked to, to my utmost capacity.

From Matamoras the program of our trip was to be perfected. Accordingly we consulted the maps of the country, the possibility of travel, for be it known that travel in Mexico, other than by railroad and on foot, is very slow, rough and uncertain business. The roads are bad in every sense of the word, often passing over long distances without inhabitants or place of rest, so it requires much planning and a

knowledge of where and how to go. It is impossible for an American, especially one born in the Ohio Valley or Lake region, to know how different the world of nature and humanity is in Mexico from anything he has seen at home, for in Mexico many trees, bushes, plants, vines, grasses and flowers are armed, and there are thorns and poisonous juices and berries, while men are armed with guns and knives. Then, too, animals, reptiles and insects are vindictive and aggressive, so that it requires much thought when you propose taking a trip of a few thousand miles through such a country.

Matamoras being a typical Mexican city with 20,000 inhabitants, I took a few lessons in every-day life while I stayed there. I formed some acquaintance with its miserably poor people, its dirt, dogs and fleas, all mingling in one common herd. While thus engaged Mr. Gorman, our consul, was very kind and attentive in aiding me. He, too, was a traveler, and we had been over much the same ground. He was a fluent talker, a plausible reasoner, and gave me many valuable items for the journey south. I also met Dr. McMannus, who could speak many languages, a traveler and noted chemist, then in government employ. He was a shrewd reasoner and a judge of humanity. He, too, gave me many way marks and suggestive ideas that were valuable further on. My

talk at Brownsville had called up old memories in our past lives, and our adventures and the fountain of memory was unsealed, and we became kindred spirits.

On the morning of January 6th, 1896, we started on our long trip. My niece, Julia Ballinger, completed the details of the journey by many necessary additions to our outfit, in cases of emergency or accident. We took rail and ran up the Rio Grande river seventy-five miles, through a level, rich country, thinly settled, but capable of almost limitless production if properly cultivated, especially in corn.

Then we took stage for Monterey, two hundred miles away. The stage trip proved to be full of interest, hardship and novelty. The coach was drawn by two, three or four mules, as necessity required, sometimes driven by headlong, wild drivers. The stages were clumsy, uncomfortable and rickety; the roads were very rough in places, sideling, rocky, full of deep chucks and gullies. We traveled day and night, on level ground, at a fast trot, down hill at a break-neck run, making the old stages sway and bounce so that it was almost impossible to keep one's seat. On two of the relays of twenty miles there were out-riders used—men mounted on strong, active mules, with twelve feet of rope attached to their saddles and to the end of the tongue of the stage. When the

driver snapped his long whip the wheel mules started, the out-riders applied their spurs, and we were off with a wild bound.

One cool, bright afternoon, the road led across a wide, rolling plain, covered with an immense growth of prickly pear, with the fruit nearly ripe. The out-riders wore broad-brimmed hats and red blankets, which fluttered and flashed in the sunlight as we dashed down the long slopes with shouts and yells that seemed to enter into the spirit of the mules, for they stretched out in a long, steady run, and for the time seemed unconscious of weariness. Such a run of four to six miles down a seemingly boundless plain is calculated to arouse the spirits of any one fond of wild, free life. What mattered it; for the time being we were thrown in all directions and wildly grasped at everything in sight. But we forgot it all and entered into the spirit of the surroundings; yet when it was all over it made us think of Horace Greely when old Haunk Monk drove him over the Sierras.

The larger portion of the staging was across a rich, almost unoccupied cactus plain, capable of supporting a dense population if properly irrigated. The small villages we passed were mostly made up of miserable huts, destitute of comfort, where children, dogs, pigs, and donkeys mingle on terms of friendly

equality. The nights were quite cool, and there was not a single place where we could get warm. Twice a shovel of live coals was dropped on the dirt floor over which we warmed our feet, while half-dressed children were rolling in the dust, seemingly "face all over," as they heeded not the cold. One part of our outfit was a coffee stewer. At the relays my niece would put her coffee and water in the pot, go into a hut and put it on a tripod over the small fire, and while it came to a boil talk to the wondering women and children, who had never seen an American lady do so before, and they seemed to count it an event in their lives, and invariably asked for the coffee grounds after we had used them, out of which they would have a small feast. Everywhere the poor, degraded women had a kind word for my niece at parting. She talked to them in their own language, and they felt in their hearts that she had a pitying sympathy for them. The little dirty, black-eyed children gathered around and looked up with a momentary flash of humanity in their faces.

At Monterey we took rail for Mexico City, 700 miles further on. The route lay, part of the time, through one of the well-cultivated valleys, where there were fields of wheat, rye and barley, and thousands of acres being plowed for corn, but in most places the work is done after the old primitive way

—no machinery, no labor-saving tools of any kind. It was a very interesting trip, as it took me through a new section of the country, giving me a still wider knowledge of our next door neighbors southward. The average American has an incorrect idea of Mexico because it is down in one corner of the map. When seen and traveled over it is a large place, capable of great advancement, and of supporting millions of people.

We arrived in Mexico in the morning, and before the train stopped five dogs boarded and came into our car, eagerly hunting for anything eatable. When we stepped off there were enough dogs in sight to be five each for all the other cars, and beggars more repulsive and thievish than dogs, thrusting themselves forward, and last, but equally annoying, the tricky, treacherous porters swarmed around. We found the home of Dr. Johnson, who formerly lived at Matamoras, and was known to my niece. He and his family bade us welcome, and we had a pleasant home during our stay in the city. Mexico is a wonder within itself, and becomes more so when contrasted with other cities on the continent. In all its general outlines it is distinctively Moorish, and belongs to the time of the Moors in Spain. The railroads, street cars and electric lights are out of place, when compared with its internal structure and the

daily life of its people. Six years had passed since I was in the city. The changes that had come in that time were tangible evidence that there was yet hope of a better day for the Republic. The number of vehicles had largely increased, the fine English coaches had doubled, street cars had trebled, express wagons had become a necessity, the fire department had been improved, the soldiers were cleaner and under better drill, the number wearing American clothes had increased, American residents had doubled, foreigners were treated with more civility, and many of the animosities and antagonisms were disappearing; yet the peculiar type of humanity formed by the amalgamation of Spanish and Indian will continue for many a day. We still noticed fully twenty different physiognomies, and the same number of languages were spoken in the market. The gradation is from the highest type of pure Castilian nobility down to the little, black, dwarfish mountain Indian, whose humanity, in some cases, is but one remove above a well-trained shepherd dog. We were pleased with one feature of city life, as seen on the streets, in the churches and before civil law—the miserable beggar and dwarf Indian are accorded equal rights and privileges everywhere, to go and come, to seek life, liberty and happiness.

To a thinking, observing American, all of Mexico

is interesting, for everything is in contrast to the United States. The daily vocations, and even the tools used, are different from ours. There are five ways of yoking cattle to a plow or cart, and none of them are as we do it. Instead of cutting their grain, they pull much of it up, root and all. They are still using the treading floor and hand flail instead of steam separators; in this way they are like the people of Spain and Egypt. The primitive plows used in the days of Abraham are yet seen in the valleys of Mexico. In the streets of the city the porter goes pacing by with great loads on his back; the little donkey carries the same shaped bundle, has the same rambling gait that his elder brother has in Cairo, Egypt, Damascus and Syria.

There are many things in and around the city such as churches, chapels, cathedrals, shrines and historical places that are very entertaining, but none had so much interest for me as the great National Museum, with its collection of relics of the wonderful prehistoric past, which the government is gathering from all parts of the Republic; the curiosities had visibly increased in quantity and quality. The great calendar stone is the wonder of the wonders; next to it the image of Chack Mull, found at Chichen, in Yucatan, by Le Plongeon, and confiscated by the government; then comes the colossal head of

diorite stone, standing three feet high, which is an object of study to archaeologists. Its history and significance, like the others, is yet a mystery. The scientist and general reader finds in Mexico a mine of hidden knowledge. As we walked among the ruins of the past, the desire to know what lay beyond our reach was constantly intensified by new discoveries that upset favorite theories.

The murderous and treacherous spirit of the Spaniard was imparted to the conquered Indians, and the worst element of the Indian was absorbed by the Spaniards; then this unfortunate combination fell under the influence of the worst characters of the Roman Catholic church, and was doubly poisoned by its superstitions, and this polluted mass vented its venom on the dumb relics of the lost, prehistoric civilization, which destruction now fills the thinking world with loathing and indignation. Many specimens of architectural beauty bear the mark of the sledge hammer, wielded by a blood-thirsty, bigoted Catholic priest, or by his order it has been shivered by gunpowder. When I recall the history of the Spanish race in the past, and see the fruits of its conquests, it fills me with horror. In Mexico they conquered a superior race and left them far worse than they found them. There would be more hope for the people of Mexico to-day were they intelligent

atheists instead of Roman Catholics. It would be far better for the government if every Catholic priest was forever banished; there would be more hope of building up free schools and a stable government, and of arresting and reforming the terrible state of immorality that exist everywhere, for it makes the heart sick to know the amount of wickedness and impurity that can be laid at the door of the Catholic church in Mexico.

Our next journey was by way of Puebla and Jalapa to Vera Cruz, through a beautiful valley and tolerably well-cultivated country. The people were still treading out the rye and barley on the treading floor; shocks of rye were standing thick in some fields, which was harvested two months before, with a month of dry weather still ahead. The whole process of harvesting and threshing was just like I had seen in Spain and Portugal. We stopped a day in Puebla, a beautiful city of 120,000 inhabitants, with a cathedral not surpassed in beauty by anything on the continent. It was very interesting to watch the effect of this imposing edifice upon the poor, degraded mountaineers when they entered the building for the first time. They came from huts and caves where cleanliness is unknown, and where misery and want make up their lives. When they entered the splendid hall with its dazzling beauty, and heard the soft,

sweet music rising and floating away, the scene was to them what a vision or a visit of a convoy of angels would be to spiritual Christians, when engaged in their solemn worship. So startling and overwhelming was the impression made upon them that ever after they were the willing slaves of the priest, who had them under his care; his word was law; to them he was their highest ideal of God.

Nine miles from Puebla is the celebrated pyramid of Cholula, supposed to be the largest structure ever built by man. Knowing that there were doubts about it being an artificial mound, I was prepared to look with an impartial eye, though rather wishing it to be artificial, but in ten minutes after reaching it, the mistake was apparent, for the whole outline of the mound, its relation to other natural hills in the vicinity, was proof of its natural formation. It is the last of a line of detached hills, projecting into the valley from the mountains to the west. The axis of the line comes straight to Cholula, yet it is evident the hill has been terraced and adorned as a place of resort by all the generations of people inhabiting the country for thousands of years. Though I was somewhat disappointed in finding it a natural mound, I could but admire the taste and ideal judgment of all the people of the past in selecting it as a resort or place of worship, for there

are few more charming and beautiful. It is in the midst of a romantic valley, while rising high above the mountain range stands Popocatepetl, covered with perpetual snow, which crowns the scene with a splendor that is almost intoxicating in its effect on any lover of the sublime.

In Puebla we had an experience with dishonest porters, who attempted to extort and defraud, but Julia was equal to the emergency. She bade me watch the luggage while she found a guard, and in a few minutes had the thievish brutes scattered like frightened curs, and all was well. On the way from Puebla to Jalapa we passed thousands of acres of the maguay, or century plant, from which the vile pulque, the national drink, is made. It was in rows from six to ten feet apart, and presented a novel sight. As food, it is as worthless to Mexico as tobacco is to the States. This intoxicating drink is as imbruting to the Mexicans as tobacco to white people.

Jalapa is an old Spanish town built on the side of a hill so steep that there are no public carriages in use, and but one street car line. It is located in the heart of the banana and coffee region, where everything in sight is in strong contrast with the wide cactus plains passed in coming to that point. There we were first introduced to the perpetual green

of the sub-tropical growth. The change was as sudden as it was delightful. We looked with glad hearts upon our new surroundings; every form of organic life had altered, and we seemed to have entered a new world, where vegetable and animal life appear to be governed by new laws, and where humanity merely vegetate. The banana fields on the mountain side, with coffee orchards, form a beautiful panorama. As we wound in many a graceful curve of wonderful engineering skill over and among the evergreen mountains, we drank in the glorious scene until we began to feel as if we were paid for the long journey. As we gradually emerged from the mountain scenery, we had glimpses of the lowland, and were soon going down grade to the tangled forests and impenetrable jungles with which they are covered. In many places the growth was so thick that a man could not cut his way a hundred feet an hour, and nearly all the plants are unknown in the states. We felt that the slower the train the better, for it gave opportunity to take in more of the wonders that were flitting by. Our car windows were all open, and the hot sunshine came in with astonishing intensity, especially when we remembered the zero weather in the Ohio Valley. Amid such surroundings we were hurried across wide expanses of grass land, with cattle feeding on the ever-green

pastures, and stretches of naked, hot sand, stagnant lagoons, until suddenly the wide gulf district and the city of Vera Cruz was before us; we entered and were horrified. I would speak a good word for all places and people, if I could do so in truth, but I can say nothing in favor of Vera Cruz as a city, and very little for the people. It is one of the most loathsome and disgusting cities, more vile in filthiness than the outlet of the Chicago river, more dirty than the market streets in Jerusalem and Constantinople, the stagnant canals of Hamburg, the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, or the fumes of Colter's Hell in Yellowstone Park. Every step we took we smelt a horrid stench, every breath we breathed we inhaled vile odors into our lungs, and at night when the muck was stirred up with long brooms, it became foul beyond belief, and to crown the horrors there are thousands of carrion crows or southern buzzards eating and fighting in the streets, sitting on the gates and roofs of houses, in and around the market house, awning posts, and everywhere there is room for their feet. We soon imagined that the food was impregnated. Foreigners try to overcome it with strong perfumes, but in vain; it persistently asserts itself. ALL, ALL IS VILE.

On the 20th of January we boarded a Mexican coasting steamer, loaded to its utmost capacity in

tonnage and bulk, with a miscellaneous cargo suited to the wants of a thousand miles of coast around the gulf. Its final destination was Progreso, the main shipping port of Yucatan, and we thought it a rare opportunity to see the coast and the shipping business, as we could not go by a direct sea voyage from port to port by the regular lines. After we left Vera Cruz we sailed down the coast southward, and the first important point of any interest was Coatzacoalcos, at the mouth of the river of the same name, at the north end of the Tehuantepec railroad. We arrived that night and made fast to the dock, and for a time all was still, but when morning came we were in the midst of tropical splendor. There were groves of stately palm and mahogany in sight, with endless variety of new and unknown trees, bushes, vines and flowers. The grass grew to the water's edge; pendant vines hung from the trees and waved in the breeze; many new and beautiful birds sang in the forest; cocoanuts, half grown, were seen in great clusters; the date palm was full of growing fruit, and many varieties of nuts, fruits and berries were seen on every side. It was a marvelous contrast to anything ever seen in the States, especially in the lake region, and it is difficult to give an intelligent description for lack of a common standard of comparison. Everything is new, and at first we felt bewild-

ered with the strange surroundings. We knew it was the season of mid-winter, yet we were standing amidst mid-summer life.

The steamer had much freight to land, and all day the derrick was kept busy hoisting this to the wharf. It was afterwards carried off into an enclosed lot and piled up close to a train of cars waiting to receive it. There were no trucks, drays or carts of any kind; all was carried on the backs of men or rolled on the ground. They seemed bent on making instead of saving work. It was an interesting day to us, for both men and nature were environed, developed and actuated by impulses that were entirely new to us. It was our first lesson in sub-tropical life, and firmly fastened itself on the memory. When nearly sundown the ship steamed southward up the river to a landing thirty-six miles inland. The trip was very fine, the air was soft, cool and refreshing; the moonlight gave a charming outline to things on shore, while strange sounds were heard in the dark forests. Small fires were blazing near the native huts on shore to frighten away noxious insects and reptiles; new constellations had come into view in the southern heavens, which enhanced the night scene. Sometime after midnight the ship landed, and soon all grew still and we too lay down to rest and dream of wonderful things. In the morn-

ing there was a grand serenade of cock crowing, turkey gobbling, dogs barking, donkeys braying, parrots screaming, and as the morning advanced the whole forest was vocal with the singing of birds, and to me it was the beginning of a glorious day. The ship was close in shore, the river was narrow and deep, and all the surroundings were more beautiful and inspiring than at Coatzocoalcos. Soon after sunrise canoes began coming down the river. They were some forty feet long and made of a single tree; all were loaded with many varieties of vegetables and fruits. There were large numbers of all kinds of domestic fowls, with a vast amount of eggs in small wicker baskets, palm branches thirty feet long for thatching houses, and rolls of a leaf 6x8 feet, which seemed very valuable, besides other things new and unknown. Soon the local market of the town was a busy, noisy place, where human nature and selfishness were as conspicuous as in other parts of the world. Across the river were grand forests, beneath the dark shade of which were many conical, thatched huts, in which the natives were lazily smoking their pipes and spending their aimless, indolent lives.

Soon after noon the signal was given to cast loose, and we steamed off down the river, making rapid headway, and were ere long at the coast again. The down trip was more than ordinarily entertaining.

With the field glass we could look off into the deep forests, into the fruit orchards and gardens, off among the palm groves, out on the low, green pastures, where there were thousands of fat cattle and hundreds of poor horses grazing. We could also look over the marshlands and see immense flocks of large, white cranes slowly floating about, and other water fowl in abundance. Every turn in the river presented some new object of interest or new scene of beauty. Above, below and all around seemed to have something charming to the eye and impressive to the memory.

When we arrived at the mouth of the river, the vast pile of freight left the day before had been lifted again and packed in the cars, thus doubling the amount of labor it would have taken under proper management. We took on more freight, and just at nightfall we steamed out to sea and turned eastward. The night was at first calm and clear. The outline of the shore formed the horizon on one side, and the quiet, silent sea on the other. It was a luxury to sit in the solemn stillness and breathe the soft, pure sea air, but in the night a stiff breeze come on, and by morning we had a rough, chop sea, that took the romance out of the surroundings. We anchored off the port of Frontera, and awaited the coming out of the mail boat, the sea being too rough to enter the harbor.

After waiting several hours it came, but there was much difficulty in making it fast to the steamer. It rose and fell six to eight feet, and passengers, mail bags and luggage had to be transferred when the decks were even. There was danger, excitement and merriment connected with the work, but after many slips, bumps, thumps and tumbles, the transfers were safely made, and the boat cast loose, and while bounding away like a cork, we again put out to sea.

The next important place was Carmen, on Carmen Island, in the lagoon. It is one of the centers of the logwood and mahogany business; there were many ships in port loading for New York and Europe. The amount of logwood shipped, and the manner of preparing it, was quite a surprise to me. Every part of a tree, even stumps, roots and small branches, are saved. All the bark and sap wood is shaved off, and the whole is cut into short sticks like ordinary cord wood is prepared for market, and bought and sold by the pound. An active man will prepare from six hundred to one thousand pounds per day, and true to their shiftless way, all is done by hand instead of trucks and wheelbarrows. The dealers say it is now used very extensively for coloring wine and other drinks. The mahogany is cut in logs from eight to twenty feet long, lined up and straightened for close packing in ships, and rafted down the rivers and la-

goons to the coast, and there hoisted aboard ships with derricks, quite an exciting and dangerous business.

We went ashore at Carmen, and visited the beautiful Plaza, with its fountains and flowers, one of the public schools, and one of the splendid private homes, with its inner court of rare fruits and flowers. Julia Ballinger's good Spanish created quite a sensation in the school. Teachers and students gathered around with eager looks and questions, to which she could readily reply, and they in turn were willing to answer questions relative to their school system, their class books, the school appliances and their thoughts concerning practical education. While listening to their talk we perceived the primitive ideas, which, with their meager school furniture, left us no longer in wonder as to why they were so far behind in general intelligence. The influence of the priesthood was dwarfing and blighting soul and mind. At the end of an hour we withdrew, for we saw the whole school was completely disorganized and had gathered around the wonderful American lady. One of the teachers could speak some English, and he and I did quite an amount of talking while Miss Ballinger was interesting the school. Later on in the day four bright boys came to the steamer to bid us good-bye, and ask more questions about some points which were

making a discussion in the school. They finally left us in high glee, starting off on a run.

At Carmen we met the Maya people, the remnant of the oldest race in the world, and speaking the oldest language. One of the physical characteristics came at once into view. They are plantigrade, and have prehensile toes; the great toe of the body stands off an inch from the others; with it they can grasp a rope, the limb of a tree, or any small object that they can with the hand. This makes them first-class sailors and boatmen. They are wholly distinct from all other races and tribes of people. Their cleanly habits were so marked that we noticed it at first contact, and we soon recognized and reverenced many lingering characteristics of their lost civilization. We became attached to them through sympathy for a ruined and conquered race, who were once the rulers of all that land.

The natural scenery around Carmen has much of the marvelous and beautiful in it to people from our lake region. The luxuriant sub-tropical growth comes down to the water line in forests of magnificent palms, or jungles of vines and flowers, impenetrable by men or large animals. Sometimes they are all aflame with flowers of yellow and crimson with ripening berries. Everywhere is the everlasting green of perpetual spring time, where frost is un-

known. The song birds were new, as were the multitude of bugs, worms and insects. Some of them were bright and pretty, others loathsome to behold, yet all diligent to fill their brief mission in life, while everywhere, unchanging and singing the same low tune, the mosquito makes himself known.

From the lagoon we sailed for Campeche, taking all night to make the run. We came in sight of land early in the morning, but on account of low tide, the steamer anchored three miles from shore. We were tired of coasting and sick of the dirty cooking, tobacco smoke and general slovenliness aboard the steamer, so we took a small sail boat and came to land after a rough sail among the breakers and hot sunshine. We thought of stopping in the city a few days, but we learned that the railroad train toward Merida would leave at 3 p. m., and as it did not run every day, we decided to go on at once and trust to seeing the city at another time. We took lunch and a walk through the streets, and then to the railroad station, and at 6 p. m. reached the end of the track where there was a gap of thirty-nine miles, which had to be made in a volon, or two-wheeled cart. When we first saw that style of vehicle, we had to acknowledge there was something new under the sun. It was a combination of dray and ox cart, log wagon and mud wagon, such as were

used sixty years ago in the northwest. Hideously ugly, uncomfortable, unwieldy and repulsive, it was drawn by three mules, one between the shafts and one on each side. There was no especial place to get in or out; to do either was like climbing a railroad fence. The trip had to be made in the night to reach the train on the other end of the road next morning, so we mounted a cart, ready for an experience. The driver proved to be unskillful and headlong in his driving, and we had to sit in a half reclining position or lie down. We started on a lively trot over a very rocky, broken road, the cart swaying sideways, endways and all other ways, bounding in the air and dropping into chucks. At midnight we stopped to feed the mules and take lunch where there were many other carts, then on again just behind the mail cart, but in less than two miles one wheel came off our cart and down we went with a bang. The mules took fright and were soon beyond control, but the driver and attendant of the mail cart sprang out and caught the outer mules, and by vigorous jerking and rough yanking, finally brought them to a halt. They were detached and tied up, the wheel found, and by all hands lifted, replaced and secured and we resumed the monotonous trot and jolting over the stones, none the worse for the adventure, but with one more experience.

Though rough and uncomfortable, the cart traveling was not wholly without interest. The bright moonlight enabled us to see the villages and towns on the way, and gave shadowy sublimity to the stately palm groves through which we passed. The dense tangles of bushes, vines and creepers had a softer, sweeter sheen than under the glare of the noonday sun, and now we remember that night's experience with much more kindly feeling than when we arrived at the railroad station at daylight next morning, tired, stiff and sore, ready to think hard thoughts and say hard words about that night's journey. Once aboard the cars in a reclining chair, we were soon asleep and knew little more of the outer world until aroused at Merida at 10 a. m. January 26th, 1896, thirty-eight days out from Amo, Indiana, and 3,000 miles or more travel.

To be in Yucatan, as heretofore expressed, the land of wonderful ruins, was one of the ideals of early life. It was associated with Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, Italy, Ireland, Sweden and the Land of the Midnight Sun in all my dreams of future achievement, all of which I had seen, and now in my old age my last fond desire was gratified; its realization filled me with emotion words cannot express. Of course, I saw things through a rose-colored light and a charmed medium. What to others would have

been of small account, to my aroused imagination might have had exaggerated interest, were it not that the long, devious journey made in getting there had toned down my enthusiasm, I think, to a tolerably reasonable point. At all events, I was glad I was there at last, and thanked the Lord for it.

Merida is a city of 50,000 inhabitants, the cleanest in all Mexico or Central America, with less appearance of poverty, suffering and want, fewer beggars, less drunkenness, less idleness and loafing around public places, I am sorry to say, than our own cities of the same size. The streets are unpaved, but are mostly on solid rock, but like those of all Mexican cities, are narrow, with very narrow sidewalks. Sometimes a sudden rainfall turns the limestone dust into regular brick mortar, which for a few hours splatters and smears things terribly, but as a general thing the streets are clean.

The inhabitants are the greatest objects of interest to be found in the city. Four-fifths of them are pure blood Mayas, and speak the Maya language, which is distinct from the Aztec, Toltec, and in fact all languages. For aught we know, it was the language of Adam and Seth. They are very cleanly in their habits and dress. Nearly all wear light garments; the men light pants, with shirt on outside, confined by the revolver, knife and belt; all go bare-

footed or have sandals. The women wear a flowing underskirt, with the chemise on the outside hanging to the knees, many of them tastefuly ornamented around the neck and wrists, with lace around the skirt; the girls dress as the women. The garments of both sexes are very appropriate for the climate and business of the people. They are clean all over, even to their feet, and this too in spite of the dust of the streets and highways. Many of the high-toned ladies wear slippers when walking out, though they go barefooted at home. The ladies have a charming appearance as they pass in the bright sunlight with flowing garments, every adjunct of which is so extremely neat. In the morning, when thousands of women are in the great market house, the scene is wonderful. The women do all the marketing, and the huge, open shed is a sea of white garments, reddish-brown faces and coal black hair, while the soft hum of voices makes it a scene to be remembered. Three-fifths of Yucatan is almost a level plain, very rocky, underlaid with a coralline limestone formation, but with little tilt in the bedrock of the whole area. The highest point is only seventy-five feet above sea level, the average about twenty-five feet, and what is more singular, there are no rivers or running streams. The water supply is in large, funnel-shaped sink holes, where the water stands at

sea level. All villages have one or more wells dug in the solid rock; they are as inexhaustible as the ocean. This well is to the women and children what the saloon is to the men—the place of general meeting, where all the news and gossip is discussed. They are generally in a shady place; around these fountains of water the natives congregate in the cool of the day. They seem to live a dreamy, contented life, with but little aspiration, and we soon learned to look with kindly interest into their clean, broad faces as they turned them toward us. According to American ideas they are not beautiful, but they are a lovable race; their quiet civility is especially charming, when compared with the Aztecs in the City of Mexico. The Spaniard did not impress as much of his Moorish character on the Mayas as on other tribes, and they have many distinctive, redeeming traits, which have come down from their ancient, grand civilization. The natives proudly say, "We were conquered by the Spaniard, but we never amalgamated with our conquerors, as others did," and to-day the viler elements of society are of the mixed races. The more we mingle with the Mayas, the more convinced we were that they are the parent race of Central America and Yucatan—the cradle of American civilization, if not of the world. There is more evidence that the Egyptian was copied from the Maya than the Maya from

the Egyptian, and just now there is no place better suited to furnish material for plausible theories of the origin of civilization than Yucatan.

Merida stands on the site of an ancient city, and the great pyramid furnished a large amount of building material. The conquerors erected a strong fort on the ruins, enclosing a church and other buildings now falling into decay. The limestone is still abundant, notwithstanding the vast quantity used in the immense ruins. The city of Merida is built of this rough stone; the houses are plastered in the inner courts and chambers, concreted and painted white on the outside. At noonday the reflection from the whited walls is almost blinding to the foreigner, but at night, beneath the brilliant electric light, the effect is magical and the evenings on the great plaza are most enjoyable.

We had letters of introduction to our consul, Robert Oliver, and by him were introduced to ex-consul Dr. Edward W. Thompson, who is making a life work of studying the ruins of Yucatan and adjoining states, collecting relics of the prehistoric ages, and taking casts and impressions of the picture writing and other hieroglyphics, of which he is making a grand success. To have had the privilege of conversing with him and seeing his sanctum, his marvelous curios, such as paintings, photographs and ob-

jects of scientific interest, was alone worth a trip from Indiana to Merida. His enlarged photographs show the ruins with almost the same clearness as if standing in the sunlight before the originals. He did most of the work of preparing the exhibit of the ruins at the World's Fair at Chicago. He has a complete copy of the only history of the Maya race that has escaped the destruction of the Spaniards, and he has succeeded in deciphering many passages in the book.

We spent a week at Merida studying the people. My niece gave a great deal of her time to the language, the pronunciation, intonation, etc., for though the Spanish was the public and state language, the natives spoke the Maya among themselves. Our housekeeping was an interesting feature of our stay. Julia purchased an outfit, including an alcohol stove, for $3.92. The alcohol for a day's cooking cost five cents. Our utensils could all be put into a three-gallon bucket or market basket. We rented a room in the middle of a large building where the heat did not penetrate. It was 24x30, and twenty-five feet from floor to ceiling; it was lighted by a skylight. We bought bread from the baker, coffee ready ground from the mill, Irish and sweet potatoes, small heads of cabbage, turnips, eggs and fruit in the market. We brought with us canned

butter, meat, milk and honey. The rent of the room was sixty cents a day, while our food cost twenty-eight to thirty-two cents per day. The most enjoyable part was watching the cooking on the miniature stove with its tiny, blue blaze. When one came out of the dust and heat of a long walk, this housekeeping was as delightful as camping in the mountains or the plains of the far north. We gathered all the information we could about the towns and villages we proposed to visit, besides taking note of the habits of the people who came to the city market from distant places. Sometimes we picked up items of gossip that were of value to us in other places.

On the 3rd of February, 1896, we started, in company with Dr. Edward Thompson, for Izmal, the end of the railroad, on the trip to Chichen-Itza ruins, one of our objective points. To get there we must travel 120 miles, though as the crow flies it was only 100 miles away. We left most of our luggage in the city, the doctor having made ample provision by the way and at his splendid mansion at the ruins, which are located on his 72,000 acres, purchased from an old Spanish family. The doctor had given us due notice that there would be no soft places on the trip, that there would be rough carting, rough fare, heat and hard climbing all along the way, but the object in view would repay all the privation. The

railroad travel was to be done by day, but much of the carting by night, to avoid the heat and dust. Traveling by night is a national custom, and it is often done from choice. In all our night travel we met or passed more people than by day. Vegetables and fruit are taken to market during the night, the street cars in Merida run until after midnight all the time, and in hot weather all night. Men and mules seem made for night travel in Yucatan, as the Arab of the desert.

We were now down to really solid work, and started out with minds, eyes and ears on the alert for all that passed before us. By this time Miss Ballinger was full of enthusiasm, and in eager anticipation of the things which we were to view in the wonder land. Soon after leaving the city, we ran into a region devoted to the cultivation of the sisal plant, from which is manufactured our light-colored ropes and binder twine of the farmer. There were tens of thousands of acres of that singular plant. In leaf it resembles the century plant, but grows up like a cabbage stalk or dwarf palm, with lanceolate leaves four to six feet long, terminating in a sharp, thorny spike. The sisal farms have a very forbidding look, wholly different from anything in the States or anywhere else. To strangers it looks like desolation and starvation, but we soon learned to regard it with in-

terest, for along the railroad, opposite the large farms, are platforms piled up with bales of sisal fibre like cotton bales. Tram cars drawn by mules run back and forth from the factories in the middle of the farm.

A farm which works two hundred hands will yield two thousand dollars net profit per month all the year. The value of a farm is not estimated by the number of acres of land, but by the number of men employed. Where ten men do the work, the plantation is worth $10,000, and so on; one that requires one hundred men is valued at $100,000, without regard to the quantity of land owned. The estimate is made as to the quantity under actual productive cultivation; one man represents $1,000 of invested capital.

The harvesting of sisal is continuous from day to day. When the long, slim leaves begin to droop and stand at right angles to the trunk, they are cut off with a knife much like an Indian corn knife, bound in bundles, and carried to the factory on the backs of men and donkeys; sometimes carts are used for long distances. The leaves are run between heavy iron rollers to squeeze out the acrid juice, then it goes through a mill similar to a thresher, which cleans the long, white fibre, which is baled like cotton and shipped to all manufacturing countries, and it will soon supercede hemp in the market of the

world. About the time we had become interested in the sisal farming, we ran into a corn belt, where corn was the standard production. Here again all was new, and in contradiction to former ideas or belief. It is not planted in rows, is not cultivated, but is planted on ground so stony that it looks impossible for it to grow. In fact, everything is so contradictory that we hardly knew what to think about it. A body of thick forest land is "slashed" down when in full leaf; in a month or two it becomes dry and is burned off, making a large fire and burning even the stumps. The loose stones are partly calcined and the first shower of rain leaves them white as snow. The lime disengaged with the ashes of the burning furnishes abundant plant food. The corn planter, armed with an iron-pointed staff, goes forth and thrusts his iron spike into the ground wherever he can find a place or it is possible to do so among the loose stones, and into the hole he drops four grains, pressing them down with his feet, and the work is done until gathering time. As there is no need of cultivation, rows or regularity is not a necessity. The first and second years there is a yield of thirty to thirty-six bushels per acre; the third year a few weeds and bushes appear, and the yield is twenty-five bushels; the fourth year the bushes are thick and strong, and twenty bushels is the yield.

After that they are suffered to grow into a forest, and then "slashed" again, and so it has been going on for centuries, and so it will be while present civilization continues. There is no necessity for cribbing the corn; it ripens at the beginning of the dry season, and will keep in the field as well as in the crib. If it falls down on the dry, naked stones it does no injury, so the natives get their staff of life with little effort and naturally grow indolent.

Although we delighted in watching the affairs of rural life by the wayside, other things thickened around us and attracted our attention. Off in the fields and looming up out of the tangled forests, great pyramids were seen standing alone or in groups. In the stone walls that enclosed the fields and village gardens, in the houses of the towns, we saw fragments of carved stones, broken columns and ornamented pillars, parts of mutilated statues and other remains of ruined buildings, all of which told us we were among the scenes of prehistoric life. In one place we passed a group of seven mounds from twenty to thirty feet high; then a mile away the glass revealed a pyramid in the midst of another group. A break in the forest showed other still farther away on the other side. Sometimes the road was cut through a mound, showing the peculiar construction and durability. The thorny jungle and tangled forest was

filled with trees, vines, flowers and berries in every glade and cove, while rare birds, with beautiful plumage and songs, were everywhere seen and heard, and all were new to us.

Dr. Thompson was familiar with the road and the surroundings, and in a few brief words could give a whole volume of information, in well-chosen contrasts with countries and things we had both seen, for he, too, had been a traveler, with eyes to see and ears to hear and a retentive memory and fluent tongue, with a perfect mastery of the Spanish and other civilized languages, as well as of the Maya, spoken by the free tribes of the interior. Before reaching Izamal, sixty-two miles from Merida, I learned the signs that indicated the neighborhood of great ruins; all the loose stones of a certain size and shape were picked up in field and forest, sometimes for miles around. It was 5 p. m. when we landed at Izamal, the end of the rail, too late to make any tour of the neighboring ruins, so we took an early supper and were ushered into a long, narrow room, thirty feet from paved floor to the ceiling, which consisted of joists of large, peeled poles covered with a net work of small branches, which in turn was covered by a concrete roof nearly a foot thick that was proof against rain and heat, and as time went on it became hard as stone and had a metallic ring when struck with a hammer. Ham-

mocks were swung across the room too high for fleas to jump or for the dogs to rear up and smell our faces. Into these we climbed and wrapped in our blankets, slept until the clock in the old cathedral struck four, when we arose and had early coffee and were out by daylight. Dr. Thompson went to look for a cart, Julia and I to explore the surroundings, going first to a very large, fortified cathedral built by the Spaniards with material from the ruins in and near the town. It is a very massive building, surrounded with strong walls and enfilading towers, which could have stood quite a siege against the guns of that period. It is now falling into decay, only a small portion being used for service. The lookout from the battlements showed the town and its vicinity. From there we walked across the town some distance to the great mound of Izamal, which rises up from the plain in proportion and approaching in size that of Cholula. It is mound-shaped, with a projection from the center extending westward. The body of the mound is solid concrete, cased with hewn stone. The extension is not so high, and is an immense pile of bowlders laid solidly together with mortar or cement, and about eighty feet high. The ascent is by rough stone steps at the west end of the projection, and very much broken. We walked along the center to the main mound,

which we ascended by steps, not so badly broken, a hundred and twenty feet. On top we found a level area, paved with large, well-dressed flag stones, with grooves running across as if to convey water. The rough climbing and singular construction of the ruin took our attention so completely that we forgot to look around until we stood upon the summit. Then we became oblivious as to how or by whom it was built, for the scene was so grand that we lacked words to describe our emotions and for a time stood in solemn silence. We looked off in every direction over a boundless expanse of living green, like an ocean suddenly hushed to silence and rest. It is truly one of the world's beautiful pictures. Scattered over all were little white villages as on a map, but four-fifths was an unbroken forest, save where green mounds of trees rose up as islands out of the water, marking the sight of other ruins hidden away in the great forest from the outside world, possibly all as large as the one on which we stood, which covered three or four acres, while many seen on the horizon's utmost verge seemed even in the distance higher and more vast in extent. We gazed long, with eager eyes and active memory upon the dazzling scene, bathed in the sunlight of the early morning, thinking, thinking, thinking, then with glad hearts descended and made preparation to meet the ordeal of

the cart ride of forty-five miles that was allotted for that day's work.

At 9 a. m. we mounted the rough cart and rumbled off over the uneven road, going southeast, and every mile the road seemed to grow worse and the heat and dust greater, but fortunately the wind was in our faces, so we escaped most of the blinding dust. The timber grew taller and thicker, the large, funnel-shaped sink holes became frequent, and many held water; the country was more undulating. Immense lizards were seen running across the road or looked at the procession from the jungle with brilliant eyes, while new trees, flowers and birds continued to come into view. At noon we reached the relay and stopped an hour for lunch. The doctor stretched a hammock for me, while Julia prepared hot coffee, and in five minutes I was asleep like a tired child and had a good rest. After lunch we rumbled on through an ever-changing succession of contrasting contradictions. At 5 p. m. we came to the end of the cart line, worn and sore. We spent the night in the native village in hammocks, and slept soundly till early morning, when the doctor was astir so as to have an early start. He had horses prepared for the trip, with two native footmen and a pack horse. By 5 a. m. we were in the saddle and moving out in single file along a nar-

row, pack-horse trail, through deep woods, the doctor in front, then Julia, then I came with the footman as rear guard. The trail was winding and rough, over ridges, loose bowlders and tangled thickets, and alongside a few corn fields. For several hours it was a delightfully romantic ride. We were in touch with nature in a multitude of new forms, and we realized more and more that we were beyond the frost line amid perpetual green. At one place, swaying in the wind from the tree tops, were nests of the tree ant, shaped like a large hornet's nest, with the big end downward, while close beside the path were many giant sisal stalks, one sixty feet high supposed to be fifty or more years old. On the side of trees were wasps' nests, shaped like birds with one wing extended and wing feathers so perfectly imitated that at first we thought they were birds as big as crows. All along the path and in the woods are holes in the rock and openings into caves of all sizes and shapes, while occasionally we would come unexpectedly on some relic or reminder of prehistoric life, where all was now silent and desolate.

Toward noon we stopped at a Maya hut for lunch and to rest. It was in the midst of the forest and by a deep-water hole. While looking at the hut and its lonely situation we were startled and amazed to see a Maya woman sit down by the side of the door

and begin to spin thread just as they did in Egypt in the days of Abraham. She had a wooden spindle about nine inches long, which she stood in a small earthen cup; then she drew a thread of cotton fibre out about a yard. She held it to the spindle and twirled it with the fingers of her right hand very rapidly. When the thread was twisted the spindle was reversed and the thread wound on it. This continued twenty or twenty-five minutes, when the spindle was full, as in spinning on a big wheel in the old days. The woman then stood the spindle between her toes and reeled the thread into a skein on her hand, running the surplus twist back and correcting all blemishes and defects. The thread was as perfect as the best machine thread of the commerce of to-day. She could easily have spun six cuts per day, as our mothers used to count. To find this lost art in a Maya hut in the forests of Yucatan was more than we, or even Dr. Thompson, expected. I had to think more than once and handle the yarn with my own hands before it was set as a fact of real life. The doctor had the woman spin another broach, and then purchased the whole outfit for his museum at Chicago. As the woman sat spinning in that door way, she looked as though she might have been the model from which the paintings in Egypt were taken four thousand years ago, and she was the perfect

living picture of Maya women painted seven to ten thousand years ago in the inner chambers of Yucatan and Campeche ruins. We resumed our journey with new thoughts and strange emotions, for it seemed as though we had seen a vision of the buried past and our minds were being prepared for revolutions in thought, which were near at hand. The afternoon was oppressively warm, and I became quite tired, but held out until nearly the end of the trip. Then I dismounted, turned my horse loose to keep his place in line, and being in my native element on foot, I walked on with little inconvenience. The doctor and Julia protested against leaving me behind, but seeing I moved all right, they rode on. In ten minutes I came in full view of the castle pyramid of Chichen-Itza ruins, one of the grandest of all. The sight of it took the weariness out of my limbs, filled my head and heart with new life, and in due time I reached the Hacienda. Though I had been tired, hot and hungry, I was far from being spent, and a good hot supper and native coffee set me all right, and we had a very pleasant evening amid fine surroundings.

In the cool of the morning we started out with Dr. Thompson in the lead. In passing over a rough ridge we could hear the picks of eight men underground, excavating sand that was very white and

chalky, but of great value in plastering. The first ruin visited was a long, massive building, tolerably well preserved. Its many low, dark chambers were covered with hieroglyphics, giving it the name of the House of Dark Writing; it is massive and gloomy, though of great interest. The next was the House of the Nuns; in 1842 Norman called this the House of Cacique. It is a huge building of peculiar form, and elaborate in its arrangement of chambers. On the outside it is ornamented in a marvelous manner. The angles have been tastefully carved and adorned with stone hooks and rings; raised lines of drapery run around the sides; over the doors are beautiful female figures, surrounded by a variety of finely-executed borders, encircled with wreaths. Some of the figures have head dresses of feathers and tassels. Many of the facades are highly decorated with square blocks of stone, apparently cut with the most perfect instrument. Other ornaments are attached to the wall by a shaft. The body of the building is made of solid concrete, cased with finely-hewn slabs of limestone, some of them highly carved. Their outer casing adheres to the concrete as firmly as if they were one and the same mass; the concrete seems to be imperishable.

Every part of the ornamentation of the building is different from anything of the kind seen else-

where. The wonderful beauty of the cornice and exquisite molding is original, and belongs exclusively to Yucatan. Nowhere in the world do we find more perfect architecture or more refined ideals. In saying this for the House of Nuns, I say it for all others. On the north side is a flight of small, stone steps, which leads to the top, forty feet from the pavement. The area of the summit platform is an oblong square, one hundred and seventy feet long; in the center is a range of chambers occupying two-thirds of the space. They are twenty-five feet high. These rooms are cased with carved stones and plastered inside with a very fine, white plaster, covered with paintings, symbolic and hieroglyphic writing. Though many of the rooms are now much broken, yet the fragments give evidence of their marvelous beauty when they were perfect.

Near the eastern front of the main building are two small, single-room buildings, both elaborately ornamented with original designs of people, birds, wreaths and flowers, everywhere interlined with hieroglyphics. In front of these buildings are pillars, while all around for many rods are heaps of hewn and broken stones, sculptured work, such as carved images in sitting posture, others broken and fallen. In fact, the whole forest is full of wreckage of once beautiful buildings; we cannot turn over a slabstone

but fresh beauties meet our eyes. No one can walk among such scenes without learning new lessons of humanity.

We next passed a large ruin with a central dome rising high above a mass of broken walls and crumbling chambers that once must have been a marvel of architectural beauty and originality. Further on toward the north we passed a very large, deep-water hole, which had been the great central fountain for the water supply of untold thousands; it stood at sea level, and was inexhaustible. We next approached the castle pyramid, the central figure of Chichen-Itza, but we postponed climbing until the morrow.

We crossed the great terrace, covering an area of five to seven acres, in circular form and one thousand feet in diameter, to the temple or Tennis Court, a great ruin two stories high, and with connecting walls four hundred feet long with double rows of chambers. We now went north into the forest to see a recent discovery. At first it seemed a shapeless mass, but many long, hewn stones, with unusually elaborate carving, indicated it was a place of interest. By running a tunnel into the mass, strange things were found. First a stone mortar thirty inches deep, twenty-four across, with a close-fitting, carved stone cover six inches thick, in a perfect state of preservation. It had been filled with something which

the shrewd finder did not see fit to make public. In a vast number of cone-shaped ———, dressed stones eight inches in diameter at the large end, tapering to a point, and three and a half feet long, were found standing on end, packed closely and covered with a mass of concrete; above this had been a circle of chambers. What this stone safe, as we may call it, contained, and why those conical stones should be so securely hidden away, are mysteries we cannot know until further discoveries are made.

From this strange spot we went far into the dark forest to a secret fountain, where living human offerings were made to the rain god in cases of extreme drought. It was a deep, dark, water-hole, completely hidden by the rocks and forest. There were heavy stone chambers near the pool, where the devotees prepared for the last act. When a sacrifice was deemed absolutely necessary a number of priests offered themselves, then an equal number of virgins also volunteered. On the solemn day, and at the appointed hour, the priests would take the virgins in their arms and throw themselves into the dark pool, and so go down to death; the fall was nearly sixty feet and the water very deep. In this day of achievement, a diving bell may some time make startling revelations from that pool. My niece, Miss Ballinger, and I were two out of three of the only white people who have seen

that dismal spot in more than fifty years, if not for a much greater period, and we could not find it again without much hunting, nor would we under any circumstances abuse the confidence imposed in us. By a break in the dense forest we saw looming up the castle pyramid, and were safe again. We returned to the mansion by another route than the one by which we went. Our hearts were overflowing with silent wonder and thankfulness to the Lord for permitting us to see these things. The amount of walking, climbing and creeping we had done would under ordinary circumstances have been exhausting, but we still felt brave, though somewhat weary. A good hot dinner soon restored our strength and courage.

We lay down for a time to rest the body and arrange the world of new thoughts, impressions and revolutionary ideas that were crowding our minds. We began to realize of how little humanity knows of what wonderful things are in the world. In the cool of the evening Miss Julia and I went out to the House of the Nuns again and examined its chambers and exterior once more, and we again walked over and among the broken and scattered remains of the former tower and temple. Later on we climbed the steps to the highest point of the central chambers to see the sun go down. It was a grand scene; we seemed to stand on an island in

the midst of a green, silent sea, which had no limit but the horizon. As the last rays of sunlight sank into that sea, a solemn stillness fell over the wide expanse, the noise of the day ceased and the hum of the night had not begun—it was a stillness that entered the soul and gave it rest. As darkness gathered around we descended and returned to the mansion, thinking of the past and of the millions who had borne their brief burden of life and departed, leaving these stupendous wrecks to tell their story.

After supper we spent some hours in listening to the doctor's account of his nine years' residence in the country and his many, long journeys throughout Yucatan and other Mexican states, Guatemala and Central America in search of new ruins, examining and photographing those already known; of his adventures, dangers, trials and escapes, his battles with tigers, serpents, savage desperadoes and hostile natives, his sufferings from hunger and thirst on his journeys through trackless forests and tangled jungles, being lost among the lagoons and swamps, barely escaping with his life, etc. Listening to and discussing these adventures made us unconscious of time, and hours would pass unheeded, until Julia, who was always in the chair, would declare the meeting adjourned.

On the second morning we started early while

it was cool, directing our steps toward the Castle pyramid, intending to ascend on the west side while shaded from the hot sun. On the way the doctor turned aside to show us a life-sized figure of a tiger, cut in the surface of the solid rock. From the chiseling, it had been done a long time, and probably marked the spot where the animal had been killed in a fierce battle. Castle pyramid stands on a terrace twenty to forty feet high. As heretofore stated, it is the grand, central figure of the group, and is in the southeast portion of the great circle, one thousand feet in diameter. It is built of concrete, cased on the outside with large, hewn stones, and stands with the cardinal point at a variation of twelve degrees east of our present meridian. It measures five hundred and fifty feet at its base. On the east and north side are flights of narrow stone steps; on the southwest they are broken up by gradations of about four feet, then recede about three feet. The steps on the south and west are much broken, making rough climbing. On the south and west front have been many small chambers, accessible by the gradations in the steps.

The pyramid terminates in a rectangular area in the center of which is a chambered edifice one hundred and seventy feet long, twenty high and forty wide. Around the structure was a broad, level, prom-

enade, paved with solid stone, still in a good state of preservation. Down each angle of the pyramid an immense stone serpent has been constructed true to life, with its tail on the summit and its head resting on a square block of stone, with wide-open mouth and protruding tongue, and double rows of teeth. Sections of these huge serpents have fallen out and lay at the base, but enough remains in place to show the symmetry and perfection of the work. Each side of the four flights of steps, raised four feet high, are serpents with open mouths, as at the angles, seemingly to protect the ascent. Some of these are still in place, some have fallen, and one is gone. The chambers in the crowning building are wonders that baffle all efforts to describe. They are finished in white stucco, in a style not equalled in delicacy by similar work found in any other country, ancient or modern. The stucco is covered with beautiful pictures, finished with a taste and refinement not equaled by the best modern art. These ancient painters seem to have had four additional primary colors to those known to us, or else they had greater skill in blending than we. Though executed thousands of years ago, when carefully cleaned they are to all appearance as bright as when new. The ornamentation on the outer walls is fine; over and around a door on the east there is trace of marvelously del-

icate sculpturing to have been done in rough limestone. The north end was the front, if we judge by the beauty and amount of the decorations. Around and over the doorways is hieroglyphic writing, and it is on this side that there is a receding portico, supported by massive stone pillars about four feet square and eight high. The inner surface of the portico is elaborately adorned with figures and hieroglyphics, and so are the pillars, excepting on one side. There a skilled hand has cut the figures of two men with long beards, wearing the costume of the ancient, Syrian Hittites. There are no other figures in North or South America of ancient date, with long beards and Hittite dress. Who were these bearded men? From whence? When and for what purpose did they come to Chichen-Itza? We know not; but this we do know, that the Hittite empire was in its prime when Egypt was young in years. Here we had an item for memory that was revolutionary in spite of ourselves.

Fortunately, Dr. Thompson has succeeded in copying the most important part of the hieroglyphics and historic paintings for the Chicago Museum. Every square foot of the structure bears a record of the past, ready to tell the story when the key to the sealed book is found. A story which, if ever known, may reverse the favorite theories of the great men of our day, and put to blush the Darwinian craze and boasted light of the nineteenth century.

The scene from the top of the castle is beautiful and inspiring. It enables one to see much farther than from the House of the Nuns, and being there early in the morning the other side of things was illuminated, adding greatly to the sunset view. With the glass we could see green mounds rising out of the vast forest, marking the site of ruins hid away in the impenetrable forest. Within a radius of four miles there are eighty-two large ruins, and within the range of the glass are a hundred more, giving a faint idea of what Yucatan was in her early prime.

West of the castle, and occupying the same relative position in the great circle, stands an immense ruin, called the Temple, or Tennis Court, for want of a better name. It is two stories high, and is more elaborately adorned than others, and probably has the most important records. Its numerous chambers are astonishing to behold. The hieroglyphics seem to have an especially significant meaning, for new combinations appear, the lines are more sharply drawn, the outline and details more perfect in finish, and everything shows that it is something of great consequence. The eastern half of the outer wall of several chambers have fallen, and the stuccoed ceiling of the other half stands solid and perfect. In the morning sunlight it presents a picture that is astonishing beyond expression. The lines of both the

writing and sculpturing stand revealed with such distinctness that we were spell-bound as we gazed on the scene. In the midst of one of the large rooms thus exposed is the most singular object found in the ruins. A block of stone four feet square has been shaped into a table, with top and bottom the same size, the central portion of the mass hewn away to two and a half feet wide and one foot thick. Through the middle of this is a round hole fifteen inches in diameter, worn as smooth as glass. Behind this table is a nicely-carved, stone chair or stool, standing the proper distance away so that one sitting upon it could conveniently write on the table, the top of which, like the ring, is worn smooth. That chamber seems to have been the recording room or judgment hall; the one occupying the stool could thrust his feet through the ring and be at ease. The table and stool escaped destruction when the walls fell; they would be an object of interest in a museum. The whole west side of the edifice is in a good state of preservation, and should be especially preserved until the writing can be deciphered.

Southeast from the castle, and three hundred feet away, a number of small churches seem to have been built around the entire circle, one thousand yards. The chambers were eight by ten or twelve feet, and twelve feet high. In front of them was

a row of stone pillars, making a colonnade twelve feet wide. From the pillars to the chamber walls heavy wooden beams were laid; then the chambers and colonnade were covered with a heavy concrete roof, on which thousands of people could stand by day and sleep by night, while the colonnade and chambers furnished shelter in time of rain for other thousands.

The circle was interrupted for a fifth of the distance on the west side, and a straight wall was built. Running out from the north end of the temple, a parallel wall leaves a level, enclosed space suited for national games of ceremony, hence the term Tennis Court now given it. The walls are thirty feet high, and the inner one thirty feet thick and nearly perfect. East of the castle many chambers and pillars are still standing amid the thick tangle of vines and bushes, but are very easily seen and studied from the top of the castle. The whole area of the circle is level, and may have been used to celebrate religious festivals or public games—possibly both. By digging into the surface the same solid concrete is found everywhere. By a careful estimate, this mass of concrete is nowhere less than twenty feet thick, and where there are depressions it is forty feet. Castle pyramid is not nearly so high as the great pyramid of Egypt, but its peculiar construction makes it look

much higher. Had it terminated in a pinnacle like those in Egypt, it would have been taller than any in the world.

When we think of the work it took to make the foundation terrace, then to build the castle, pyramid, the temple and circle of chambers, we begin to understand what an immense amount of work it cost. Then, too, we must remember that the ancient Maya had no beasts of burden, that all was done by human hands and mechanical contrivance unknown to us. Taking these things into consideration, we realize that more labor and ingenuity of man has been bestowed upon these ruins than any other in the world.

It was in the vicinity of this circle that Le Plongeon tested his assertion that he had the key to the Maya language, and could read the hieroglyphics. He claimed that he had found a secret passage, and upon deciphering the writing therein he was informed that the image of Chack Mool, one of the three brothers who founded the Maya empire, was buried at a certain point and a certain depth underground. He excavated at the exact spot and found the statue, or reclining figure, but while removing it to the railroad for transportation to Chicago, the Mexican government took possession and put it in the museum in Mexico City. It is a wonder, next in importance to the calendar stone. Le Plongeon now conducts his explorations

in secret; he may know something of the conical stones and the secret of the contents of the mortar, but if so, he wisely keeps still. Rumor has it that he read another record at Uxmal, and by it he found the image of a brother of Chack Mool, but that after taking twelve photographs of it he re-buried it before the government officers arrived. He showed the photographs, but refused to disclose the spot where it was concealed. It is quite probable that many secret excavations may be made, for it will be impossible for the government to guard all points. On general principles it is all right to prohibit relics from being removed from the country, though just now it seems rather like acting "the dog in the manger." We hope the time will come when the Mexican government will be able to collect into its national museum many remains of the prehistoric age, for the material is in their country in great abundance.

Our second day's exploration terminated as the first; we were tired, hot and dust begrimed, covered with ticks, hungry and thirsty, hands torn with thorns and briars, and last, though not least, smarting from the bites of ants. Rest and a good supper, and a cleansing from dust and insects restored us to cheerfulness again, and before we retired for the night the doctor gave us another chapter of his life among the ruins and natives, the life work before him, his

aspirations to make his place the model in Yucatan, Mexico and all Central America.

He has built his splendid mansion so as to command a view of all the ruins of Chichen-Itza. From the roof a good eye with a good glass can see the inscriptions and beautiful facades on three of the most interesting ruins of the group. It is his intention to have, a little further on, a village of several hundred families, with a school maintained and controlled by himself.

At a late hour my niece again adjourned the meeting and we lay down, the others to sleep, but my mind was too full for that. As the saying goes "Reading between the lines" to get a double meaning out of a written article, so I was reading between the stones nearly all night of things not seen, things that came out in startling distinctness, so at variance with my former opinions and the accepted ideas of the world, that I had to write a reserved chapter in my memory to await the results that will follow the researches of Dr. Thompson and Le Plongeon.

We had seen with our eyes, handled with our hands, stood on with our feet this wonderful group of ruins, and with the aid of the doctor's perfect knowledge of all their details, we had an intelligent idea of their real vastness, so we determined to return to Merida and rest for a few days, then start

out again. On the morning of February 8th we were astir early, intending to make a forced march to the end of the cart line, then make the ride during the night and take the cars the next morning at 6 a. m. We had an early breakfast, mounted our horses, bade the natives good-bye, and were soon passing under the shadow of the great pyramid, and we cast many thankful looks behind us as we went on into the forest. We observed the same line of march in returning as in going out. In this trip we saw things from the other side, as well as many that were new. In some places the opposite side of the stones were carved, showing additional signs of former life. At one place there was a little black tube like a small hose pipe attached to the sides of the trees from the ground to the thick foliage at the top, constructed by a large, but tender, variety of ant as a protection from enemies and sunlight, for if they are exposed to the hot sun for a short time they curl up and die. We next came to a little smooth path which crossed the road. It was about two inches wide, and along it a multitude of ants were traveling both ways from an ant hill to a large tree. Those coming from the tree carried a piece of leaf from the size of a dime to a half dollar, with which they fed their young. They are called umbrella ants, and are first-class fighters when their nests are disturbed; they are

equally as willing to attack a man as a mouse. There was a deep-water hole near the path, overhung with dark trees. Julia Ballinger wished to look into it, so dismounting she made her way to the brink, then sprang back with a suppressed scream, but quickly called out: "Oh! I thought it was a snake." When she returned she had in her hand what seemed to be a real snake; it was about fifteen inches long, and of brown color. It was a section of a vine that climbs the body of trees and is in snake-like parts, an almost perfect imitation, and they were growing on the trees around the pool. The ride was very pleasant in the early morning, but as the sun rose higher the heat became oppressive and I had to slacken pace. So Dr. Thompson and footman pushed on to have dinner ready, and Julia Ballinger and I moved more slowly, resting in the shade occasionally, and about noon we made the village all right, but as usual, tired, hot and hungry. A bowl of first-class chicken soup revived us, and we rejoiced in making the cart line in safety.

After a few hours we mounted the cart and started on the long, rough ride, in the same cart and with the same headlong driver. We started at a lively trot, to cover as much ground as possible before night. On we pounded for an hour or so, when a rival cart came up and attempted to pass us in the

dust. In an instant our driver's eyes flashed and he seemed on fire. With a long, shrill "halloo," he flourished his long whip, lashed his mules into a dead run, and for a time the race was wild and furious. The two carts were abreast in a road twenty-five feet wide and very rocky. I expected to see the carts wrecked at once, for they bounced and bounded like foot balls, with a deafening clatter. I was sitting by the driver and saw the whole thing. The rival cart frequently bounded a foot high when striking bowlders, and I had to be diligent to business to keep my seat. This continued for several miles, when our driver headed off his rival and took the center of the road, but still on the run.

At last the other cart turned down a fork road with a shrill shout of defiance and disappeared, the mules still running. We soon toned down to a regular trot again, and none too soon for me, for it was taxing my powers of endurance rather severely. It was the wildest ride I ever made on wheels and I do not want a second experience, yet I must confess that when I saw the carts were indestructible and the mules seemed made of steel, I entered into the spirit of the race and wanted our driver to win, almost forgetting my bumps and bruises. After the race we jogged monotonously on, made the relay, took lunch, rested and reached Izamal on time. With the ex-

citement of the race and night coming on, there was little opportunity to take notes on the way. We stayed with the same lady at Izamal that we did going down. She welcomed us back and seemed pleased to have an American lady in her house who could speak her own language, and she kindly prepared an early lunch for us to meet the train. The run from Izamal was made in about three hours, but we were too full of what we had heard, felt and seen to give much attention to things by the way, excepting to see ruins, though all bear the same general outline.

When we arrived at our former quarters we resumed housekeeping and resting for a few days. Notwithstanding we had a rough trip we found ourselves none the worse for it physically, but we began to look at Yucatan in a new light, for it had to us become to the western continent what Egypt and Greece are to the old world. Yea, far more, for there had opened up to our astonished minds a prehistoric past that was revolutionizing all former ideas and shaking our faith in much of modern philosophy. We were also beginning to compare the character of the Spaniard as a murderer and destroyer in the new world, with the Mohammedan of the old, and were ready to decide that if it were possible for either to excel the other in wickedness, the Spaniard was ahead, and would receive the greater condemnation in the final day of retribution.

While resting in Merida we enjoyed the cool evening sitting under the green trees in the plaza, watching the ever-changing scene that passed before us, and in looking into the faces of strange people, to whom a double interest was attached. Sometimes we sat near a group engaged in animated conversation, and my niece would interpret to me. At other times she told me the comments that were made about us. Although they were not always complimentary, yet it enabled us to see ourselves as they saw us. In the market we heard the gossip and news from neighboring towns and villages. All the time the people never dreamed that their conversation was being turned into Anglo-Saxon as fast as they spoke. In this way we gained an insight into home life and the home thoughts of that quiet, simple, civil people, nor did we ever grow weary of studying that wonderful race, whose antiquity we had discovered went so far back into the unknown past, and who have remained unchanged through so many thousands of years, for in their oldest paintings on the ruins the form and feature is a perfect photograph of the living race of to-day. The sandaled foot, prehensile toe, the bare-headed women, their single, flowing garments, the plumes of feathers worn as ornaments for the head on state occasions, are all painted on the stuccoed wall, a perfect type of the living reality. All, all was wonderful.

There were two national festivals approaching, and active preparations for the occasions were being prosecuted. We were much interested in the musical department, though they have music by the military band every evening. Private bands were practicing for the coming events, and in this connection came in one of the strange incidents of my life. I had heard the brass bands in Cairo, Egypt, try to recall the lost melodies of Memnon's harp, the glad, triumphal songs of the Christian pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, and of the devout Mohammedans coming from their sacred shrines. I had also heard the sweet notes of the Dorian flute on the Grecian hills, the wild, barbaric notes of the Turcoman and Cossack of the Caspian, the national airs of all the nations of Europe and from early childhood our own grand tunes, but when I heard the soft, sweet, low melodies of the Maya there was a new revelation, my spirit caught the echo of a lost sweetness that once filled the soul of the vanished civilization. It came to my ear like the sad wail of a conquered race, and called to mind the lament of the captives by the rivers of Babylon when they thought of the lost and fallen glory and beauty of Jerusalem.

In listening to the mournful undertones in their music and songs, and in looking into the faces of those around me, I felt oppressed with inexpressible

sadness. In their fallen, ruined condition there was much that was bright and beautiful. The question came up again and again: What were they in their glorious prime, when tower and temple were new and the glad songs of happy thousands were heard on the soft evening air? It is truly a sad thing to see the crumbling ruins of a once mighty people, and a conquered, broken remnant still lingering among them. It was with a feeling of relief that we turned away from this line of thought and began preparing for a second trip off into the interior, where the doctor assured us we would still find rough traveling and possibly new experiences, but gave it as his opinion that we were equal to the trip and could endure its privations.

In making preparations for our trip to Uxmal ruins, the most essential thing was a well-filled lunch basket, supplies being scarce at that point, as it was near the frontier, where there were many soldiers and much excitement. The distance was seventy miles by rail and twenty-two by cart, nearly south from Merida. We took the train at 2 p. m. and ran down to Ticul by 5 p. m., through a much better cultivated country than toward Chichen-Itza. There were many large fields of wheat, rye and barley, with less ground given to corn and sisal. In addition to the rural beauty along the way, we were surprised to see so

many ruins towering up out of the forests and in the open lands, in groups of five, ten and fourteen, and in every group there was a large pyramid with its square-chambered edifice on top. They were from one to three hundred feet high, many still well preserved but some very much broken. A majority of the pyramids in Yucatan, in the small groups, are from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet high. Occasionally one is three hundred feet in height, but this is where there has been a great center of population. Everywhere they show the same general outline of architectural design. We were scarcely ever out of sight of the ruins, showing that the country had once been densely populated, an almost continuous city, for there were places that half the surface of the country was covered with wreckage of buildings. Nearly all the stone fences are constructed from the ruins; they are made up of carved pillars and pieces of cornice. There is evidence of ancient highways crossing the country. Like the old caravan routes in Palestine and Syria, the solid rock is worn smooth by the bare and sandaled feet of the multitudes that have passed over it. In more than one place entire villages have been built of the ruins of a pyramid on its terraced foundation, where the ancient wells have been found and cleaned out. As successive ruins and evidence of former life were

passed, the thought of the number of human beings who had lived in that country became oppressive, for with each individual had been labor, care, anxiety, pain and death. And the question came: Why had they lived, toiled and died? Had it all been in vain? Is the world better for it?

When we reached Ticul another surprise awaited us. Instead of being an unknown railroad station it was in the midst of the ruins of a once vast city. Far off to the north and west many square miles are covered with ruined heaps, so much so that a great deal of the ground cannot be cultivated. We spent the night with a wealthy man who owned, and was reading, a Protestant Bible, and he and his family were very glad to have us there on account of my niece being able to speak their language. The old gentleman took a long lesson in a better pronunciation of Spanish, while he helped her in the Maya tongue. After that the wife and daughters, with some of the neighbors, eagerly gathered around Julia Ballinger, asking an endless variety of questions about her teaching, the States, and why we were going to Uxmal, etc. She was the first American lady they had seen who could talk with them about home life.

Early next morning we secured the one idle cart in town and began our twenty-two mile drive. We found the road much better than any we had seen

in the country, and what was still more pleasing we had a sensible, practical driver, with a cool wind in our faces, so we made a quick trip, passing over a range of foothills thrown out from the mountains to the west. At 10 a. m. we reached the village, one and one-half miles from Uxmal, took a lunch, watered the mules and then drove on. The first sight we had was of the great pyramid, with its square edifice on top giving it a peculiarly airy look. It is not three hundred feet high, but its form makes it look much higher. A flight of stone steps on the east side leads to the top. These we ascended and looked down upon one of the grandest scenes in the world. Within the radius of a mile are fourteen vast buildings, some of them nearly perfect, others badly broken and crumbling. They stand on the edge of a green forest, lone, silent and desolate, so vast in extent and representing such an incalculable amount of human labor that it impresses the mind in a way words cannot express. Beyond those near at hand the glass brought to view about one hundred more, which were shut off from examination by the impenetrable jungles. We stood long in wonder, gazing on the bewildering and sublime view, for the longer we stood the more impressive became the feeling of utter desolation that hung over the ruins. Somehow this scene of wreck came to us in a way that, with our feelings

of sadness, there was also one of joy and thankfulness that we had lived to stand on that spot and we involuntarily ran over a list of our friends whom we would have been glad to have had with us, that we might have looked into their faces and read their thoughts.

The pyramid had a smaller edifice on top than usual, and its chambers and walls were rapidly falling into a shapeless heap. On the western face, twenty feet below the top, are two chambers running back into the body of the pyramid, which seem to have been held in high estimation. They are more elaborately sculptured than others and the approach is well guarded. The steps and doorway are but little worn by use, showing them to have been objects of special care. From their doors we looked down into the great quadrangle, some two hundred feet from the base of the pyramid. These rooms are nearly perfect; the carving, painting and writing, to a good eye, is still distinct. We next went to the college, entered the open court one hundred feet wide and three hundred long, surrounded by massive buildings one story high, excepting the north side, where there are two stories. The second one is back from the front so as to give a broad promenade. There are numerous rooms on all the sides of the court opening inward. The court is entered by one main door in

the middle of the south front. There are two other smaller doors, one in each end near the northeast and northwest corners. The principal door is really two, with one entrance, and has been closed by massive shutters which swung in stone sockets. Every square foot of the walls facing the inner courts of all the buildings is beautifully ornamented. Some of the designs on the facades are not surpassed anywhere or by any people, which is all the more astonishing, as the work is done in the rough limestone of the country. The tracing of vines, wreaths of flowers, fruit and figures of men and women, birds and serpents, are so life-like in design and so perfect in finish that our astonishment was ever on the increase. Across the west facade are two plumed serpents carved in stone, but so true to nature that, seen from a distance, they seem to be living types. They are twined together in such a natural position that no painter has since equalled them, and they were carved thousands of years ago and are yet nearly perfect in all their parts.

The college is surrounded by massive walls which extend out to smaller buildings, and to raised terraces on which may have been tents, arbors, awnings, or wooden buildings that were perishable. The connecting walls are fifteen to twenty feet thick, and on a level with the floor of the inner court. The two

most interesting walls connect the governor's house with the college, which stands about fifteen rods south. The two walls have been twenty-five feet high, and had many chambers in them opening into the avenue. These walls are badly broken, but must have formed a beautiful passage-way in their perfection, and one can easily imagine students occupying the room while attending college.

The governor's house (for lack of a better name) is one of the distinctive figures among the ruins in America, both in its structure and the immense labor it has taken to build it. First, there is a solid mass of concrete 400x500 feet and sixty feet high, then in the center of this is another mass of concrete 200x350 feet, raised six feet high, the longest way being north and south. On top of the central terrace is the governor's house, 300x60 feet and fifty feet high, with walls six to eight feet through, with a flat roof eight feet thick above the points of the highest arches. Through the center of the building, running lengthwise, is a solid wall eight feet thick at the base, but increasing in thickness as it goes upward until it fills all the space between the chamber, which is lengthwise like all the others; thus there is a central mass of immense density. We must remember that this building is concrete, cased on the outside with hewn stone and stuccoed inside, and we get some

idea of its solidity. Through the center, east to west, is a hallway with a pointed arch, though not so high as the chambers. The two doors to this hall have been profusely ornamented, especially the one facing the east, which must have been dazzling in its splendor before the brutal Spaniard destroyed it. Beautiful fragments still lay in heaps before the doorway. The west door, in like manner, was blown to pieces by gunpowder, and the very stones seem to appeal to heaven for retribution on the destroyer. The north end, facing the college, is finely decorated, and the high doorway to a square is quite imposing; the chamber seems to have been a public place, as the doorways and walls are much worn. The main body of the building is laid off in chambers forty to sixty feet long, twelve to twenty wide, and thirty feet high, terminating in pointed arches. There is but one door to each room, six by eight feet, with no other opening for either light or air; this is the case with the rooms in all the ruins. There is a singular arrangement of stone rings and hooks around the walls, with cavities where strong, wooden beams have extended across that would have been capable of sustaining much weight.

Some of the most perfect and marvelous paintings are found in these long, dark, high chambers. This house confirmed my opinion that the ancient

Maya understood electricity, and lighted up these otherwise dark chambers with it, as the appliances for using it are there to speak for themselves. When Dr. Thompson and Le Plongeon copied the paintings they could not get light strong enough from oil or gas, so they had to arrange a system of reflectors to throw the sunlight into the dark corners, which brought out the marvelous coloring, and drew aside the veil for a moment which covered the past in obscurity. A few hundred feet southwest from the governor's house, and connected with the lower terrace by a massive wall, stands a flat-topped pyramid, fifty feet higher than the house. In one side of the connecting wall there are chambers, some much broken, others perfect, but covered with bushes and rubbish. The wall and pyramid is overgrown with trees and vines, though an ascent can be made by broken steps on the east and west side. Beyond this pyramid, and connected by parallel walls, forming an avenue, are two other large edifices in a fair state of preservation, and elaborately ornamented with new and ever-changing designs.

North and west from the college extends another line of ruins, massive and grand, varied enough in form to keep up a pleasing variety in the whole group, while all seem as if designed by one mind, there is no monotony. From the top of either pyramid the

view is grand, and cannot be described for lack of words and standards of comparison, for everything is wholly different from ruins of any other part of the world, or any other age. The effect on the mind and eye of the giant ruins rising up out of the forest in lone, silent and desolate grandeur defies description; it cannot be put into words. Go where you would to take a view, it was always the same—immense, overwhelming and vast in extent. From every side, from every object came to us a conscious reminder that we were gazing on the ruins of a civilization once possessed of wisdom and refinement more glorious than our own, that with these ruins there perished a knowledge that may never come back to men; the highest attainments of the nineteenth century are but the alphabet of the ancient Maya.

It was with feelings of regret that we had to pass by so many beautiful objects that would be highly valued by college and private museums, but the government has forbidden their removal and there is little chance to have them handled carefully. The natives value them no more than other stones, so we left them where they had fallen, possibly to look up into the faces of tourists for generations to come. While we were wandering about and climbing over the wonderful things that strewed the ground on every side, we were aroused by the rumble of distant thun-

der coming from the west, and soon dark clouds came drifting over the hills and we had to hurry to the house in the village. We had arranged to make a night trip back to Ticul, but the storm, coming on with heavy rain, compelled us to stay with the natives. We were near the hostile borders where there was much excitement and many soldiers in camp. The situation was dangerous and we had been advised not to stop over night in that vicinity. As darkness fell wild-looking natives came in and watched all our movements with eager curiosity, and finally I became uneasy about our lunch basket, and possibly our money, for there was evident excitement among them. My niece smiled at my fears, saying if they did take our lunch we were only twenty-two miles from supplies, then added: "Uncle, just sit down and be easy; after supper I will teach thee a lesson of William Penn Quakerism, and show what can be done with these fierce-looking natives." "O, ye of little faith."

By this time it was nearly dark and a circle of faces was seen gazing in through the door. Julia Ballinger stepped outside right into their midst, and began talking to them in their native tongue. She asked them about their work, the corn planting and the common things of life, and told them how the same things were done in the States. They were

at first dumb with astonishment, for they had never before heard a white lady speak their language, or one who would notice them at all. After their surprise was over they were eager to ask questions. Who are you, and why are you here alone? Why do you travel without a guard? Your driver tells us you go unarmed, is it so? How do you manage to travel that way? This is a sample of the character of their questions.

Julia told them we trusted in the Lord to take care of us; that He had promised to protect all who put their trust in Him; that I had traveled many years and in many lands, always unarmed; that the Lord had taken care of me, and would continue to do so. This was a revelation to them; they had never heard such teaching before, never seen a man who was not armed when away from home. They shook their heads in bewilderment and could not comprehend it, but the wild look left their faces and was replaced by one of kindly astonishment. Without being conscious of how time passed, she talked for nearly an hour and then bade them a kind good-night, and the impressive lesson was ended, one that I shall always remember and these natives will never forget. We slept in hammocks that night with no thought of fear.

Next morning when the cart came around for

starting the native men were standing in line, ready to bid us good-bye and to look with wide-open, kindly eyes into the face of the "wonderful" lady. They called after us as a parting blessing, "May your lives be happy," and we were soon out of sight on our return trip.

The storm was the first of the approaching rainy season. It cleansed things from the accumulated dust of several months, cooled the air, revived vegetation and loosened the tongue of the song birds among the trees. We felt so refreshed by the change of air that we walked up the rocky side of the foothills, and enjoyed the pounding and bouncing over the stony descent and the trot back to Ticul. We spent another night with our kind friends in the town, who were so pleased with Julia's talks with them that they refused compensation, and gave us a standing invitation to stay with them if we should come again.

An early train next morning landed us in Merida once more. This time we went to the Presbyterian Mission, the native minister in charge having invited us to make our home with him; his wife could speak some English, and she wanted to practice. We stayed several days and were pleased with the prosperity of the mission. We attended some of their religious services and, at their request, gave them talks on my travels in Palestine, Julia interpreting.

Many of their questions were at first a surprise. One thing they wanted to know was: "If the hole made by the cross of Christ was still there, and if blood was still coming out of it and running down the hill." This they had heard from early childhood from the Catholic priests. The new converts in particular were much astonished to hear me say it was a falsehood.

We now applied our minds to the question of where we should go after the coming festivals were over: if we were going farther south it was time to be moving, for hot weather was near at hand. We felt that our personal visits, together with what we had seen in Dr. Thompson's photographs and charts, had given us a tolerably clear idea of the ruins of Yucatan, and we would visit some others on the homeward trip, so the question was whether we would go south or not. Just at this juncture news came that the outbreak in Nicaragua was more serious than expected, and would probably interrupt travel for some months. This settled the question, with little regret on our part, for we had seen more than we expected, and much of it was so novel and wonderful that we would suffer no loss by digesting it, and we trusted to going south at another time, for it seemed that the more we traveled the more instructive our discoveries became. As we read up the subject, and the more we

talked with American and English residents, the more amazed we became to find such astonishing things so near home, and yet so little known, even by professed scientists. Every day's experience only added to our conviction that Yucatan has more of the truly marvelous than any other country.

While on this subject I wish to say that I was so fortunate as to meet Clayton Byers, of Orizaba, Mexico, who is a national surveyor, employed by the government to locate old Spanish grants, and to lay them off in sections, as was done with our public land. He had been through the Mexican states and South America, and had visited and studied the ruins. He is a man of close observation, discerning mind and retentive memory. He unhesitatingly confirmed my opinion that Mexico and Central America have more interesting ruins than any other part of the world. He, too, had taken the bearings of the meridian on which they were built, and gave it as twelve degrees east of the meridian of to-day; with imperfect instruments I had made eleven degrees. He further stated that as far as he knew, there were no ruins built on a meridian west of the present one.

When I studied Burritt's Geography of the Heavens I learned that Thuben was the polar star 2300 years B. C., so it is evident that the ruins were built long before that time. If we run our pole back

through Thuben until it is opposite a point twelve degrees east of the present pole, where will we be? Is it not possible that this would confirm Le Plongeon's suggestion that the Maya race was in Yucatan 18,000 years ago, as he thinks the records will prove? Startling as this may seem, the record has been engraved in stone by skillful hands. From my observation and reading, I agree with Byers in his assertion that, nowhere in the world have ruins been found built on a meridian west of the meridian of to-day. Investigation along this line will settle the question as to how long man has been a builder. I am convinced that the architecture in Yucatan originated there, that no part was copied, and that people lived in Yucatan centuries before the first foundation stone was laid in Egypt, or before the Hittite became a nation. The most astonishing thing is that the oldest ruins are the most perfect. The Maya civilization had no infancy; it came from the hand of the Creator and had its beginning before war was known, for there is no trace of a defensive wall, citadel or fortification. This remarkable fact had astonished Clayton Byers. All the other ruins of the world have walls and battlements, citadels and defensive towers showing they were built by men of war, and not of peace.

The first of the two national festivals was Mardi

Gras, introduced by the Spaniards, and conducted much after the style of our southern states. It consisted mainly of hideous burlesque and buffoonery that took some odd shapes and frightful hobgoblins peculiar to the Catholic superstition. It lasted two days, the second being called the battle of flowers. The first day was mostly nonsensical and disgusting, but the second was beautiful and exciting. Great towers, domes, pyramids and triumphal arches of flowers were mounted on hacks, carts and express wagons and drawn through the streets amid the shouts and greetings of thousands of delighted people. Hundreds were in coaches and in other vehicles bedecked with garlands, and as they passed they threw handfuls of natural and paper flowers into the faces of the crowd, who in turn showered flowers over the vehicles and the faces of the passers-by; one never knew when a handful of flowers would be dashed into his face. During the four hours this noisy and delightful pastime continued, hundreds of boys and girls were going through the crowds with baskets of flowers on their heads, thus keeping up the material for the sport. In an hour after the festival closed there were scores of men and women on the streets sweeping up the great masses of crushed flowers and scattered paper, which was carted off to the dump ground, and by night there was but little sign of the day's frolic. Though

short-lived, the populace looked upon it as a grand success, and all were happy, especially the children. While it lasted they shouted with unrestrained freedom, covering themselves with fallen flowers and gathering loads to take home. A pleasing trait of Maya character was shown in their thoughtful care of the children, exhibited by old and young, male and female. Of the thousands who ran wild and headlong through the streets few, if any, were hurt.

The other festival was the great Maya national dance, which has been kept up for thousands of years with unerring regularity. In all the vicissitudes of the country that dance has been celebrated somewhere, either in a cave or on a mountain top. It generally lasts two days, or a night and a day. It was held in a large building with an open, central court, in which stood a temporary music stand. Only full-blooded Mayas take part, and all are bareheaded and barefooted, with their simple garments of spotless white. The ceremony began with music, the bands rendering into modern meter some of their ancient national melodies, which seemed to be full of life, hope, patriotism and love. Then there were tunes of more recent times, but which had that mournful under-tone of lament, as if wrung from the sad heart of a ruined, conquered race. Finally they pealed a stirring festal melody, that aroused the vast

throng from the hush that had covered it; then the performers came out into a large, smooth and paved hall in pairs. For several minutes all stood still, then a few began stepping out with a slowly-measured, but graceful motion; others joined in the same slow movement, like a huge wheel starting an endless line of shafts and wheels, and so on until the whole mass, as if by one common impulse, began unwinding, and deployed through the corridors and chambers until all were gone. The music fell to a lower key, then back into the low, sad melodies, as though the scene was ended but suddenly it would rise to brighter, higher tones, and the head of the line of vanished dancers would come in sight, keeping time in the same swaying, graceful motion, and again wind up in the great hall, as at the beginning. Then another, though different, evolution would be performed; then they would unwind and disappear again; and so the ceremony went on until after midnight. It was wonderful to witness the agility displayed, especially that of the young women. Being without shoes, their light footfalls were scarcely heard on the polished floors. In some of the more active turns they seemed floating in the air, a waving, swaying mass of humanity.

There were thousands of people looking on, but all were still and seemed bound by some unseen in-

fluence. The inspiring music and the flutter of the bare feet was all that broke the silence, giving the scene a strange, unreal character; it seemed like looking through a glass on an invisible world. It was an interesting vision of young life, with all its youth and beauty, though we were saddened when we thought of the superstition and degradation that rested on them like a dark cloud. The second night the dance continued until daylight, and those who saw it reported that the music did not loose its magic melody, nor the young dancers grow weary. They closed with a grand triumphal refrain, which rang out on the morning air like a shout of glorious exultation. Four-fifths of the participants, male and female, were laboring people, a majority of the women were house maids and working girls, and the men were engaged in every variety of labor common to the country. To strangers it seems impossible for working people to have such natural, graceful motions and skill in evolution in this intricate ceremony. The chief amusement of the children is to play dance, and as we looked into the back yards and inner courts we saw them practicing; girls from eight to twelve years of age were marvels of perfection in the art. Thus we saw that they entered into the spirit of this national pastime from childhood. Miss Ballinger would often exclaim: "Oh, what a field for Chris-

tian work, with such good native ability to work with; think of those beautiful girls growing up in ignorance and degrading superstition; it makes my heart sick to think of it."

One day when we had been to the outskirts of the city we came up behind the old cathedral fort, where men and women were excavating in a portion of the great ruin out of which the conquered Mayas had been compelled to build the cathedral and fort. We were surprised to learn that they had been compelled to construct a tunnel underground as a secret passage to a large cathedral three-fourths of a mile away, in which and through which many dark deeds were done. The passage is still there, but is not used.

Merida seems to have been a noted place in past time, and many of the old highways radiated from that point; especially eastward and south it appears to have been as near the coast as any of the large cities. All the great cities were built inland, seemingly to avoid either something belonging to or coming from the sea. It is strange that they were not a maritime or commercial people, as the nations of the world now are. This strengthens our belief that they lived in a day when the human race had not filled the earth, and were all of the same language and kindred, and had not learned war and did not need to be on the defensive.

The romantic story of a "hidden nation" existing on the border of Yucatan, Chiapas and Guatemala is not a myth, as some suppose, for there is a remnant living in an impregnable valley in the mountains, which has been held as a last retreat from the early history of the Maya race. Through all the wars, conquests and vicissitudes that have come to them, that stronghold was a last refuge, and has never been taken by an enemy, nor can it be so long as the present race holds it. That remnant is pure-blooded, and they still speak the original Maya language and hold their ancient religion, supposed to be idolatrous, though for many centuries no one from the outside has ever entered the valley and returned; they do not suffer their brother Catholics to go there. They come out to trade, sometimes go to neighboring cities and attend festivals and gala days. They seem to be a finer, nobler-looking race than those outside, who have been conquered by successive enemies, yet living for so many thousand years in that besieged valley they have lost their civilization and history.

The man named Furguson, who with a good glass peeped into the valley from a mountain-top, said it looked to be thirty miles long and twenty wide, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs two to three thousand feet high. It was a paradise of beauty,

thickly dotted over with white villages, surrounded by gardens, fields and orchards. It seemed to have been especially formed for a last refuge in the hour of danger; their numbers are variously estimated from 50,000 to 40,000. Forty years ago, when a large number of Catholic Mayas rebelled against state taxation and church abuse, the "hidden nation" came out to the help of their brothers and were such shrewd, fearless fighters that they soon over-ran two-fifths of the state, and the rebellious tribe still holds the territory, but the idolators returned to their stronghold, simply claiming the right to cultivate a part of the free land.

There is but one natural entrance to the valley, to the northeast. It is very narrow and between cliffs one to two thousand feet high, and one thousand men could defend the pass against all the world, for it is beyond the reach of the heaviest gun, beside the poisoned arrow from a hidden archer would bring down an enemy like the pestilence that walks in the dark. These people speak the oldest language, and possibly they are the only pure blood in the world. There is one thing settled beyond a doubt, they will never accept a Christianity that has any connection with Roman Catholicism, for they have a perfect hatred of it and believe all the outside world their secret enemies.

The time came for us to bid adieu to our kind friends, so we left the pleasant city of Merida and came to Progresso, its shipping point, by rail, anticipating the arrival of a Spanish steamer bound for Vera Cruz; it came in a few hours after our arrival. While waiting for it we took another lesson from the natives. A porter, with wife and five children, was sitting in the shade. My niece hailed him to carry our luggage down to the landing, and at the call he and all the family arose and came. The price being settled, we started, the porter in front, we next, and the wife and children following, discussing as they went as to how they would spend the fee, thirty cents in our money, so all could have something to eat for their noon lunch. It was interesting, yet sad, to hear their simple, innocent reasoning and planning, and it seemed to be an ordinary event in their lives, with no brighter future before them.

A low tide and chop sea compelled the steamer to anchor well out, and we had a rough trip through the breakers in crossing the waves. When I reached the ship my head was so dizzy I could not walk for a short time, and others stronger than I were in the same condition. The steamer was thoroughly Spanish in all respects, with Catholic bigotry predominating, which was intensified by the Cuban war and Cuban refugees aboard going to Mexico, as a tem-

porary place of safety from want and danger. There were a few English and American passengers already on board, and their presence was rather irritating. The conditions were favorable for bad feeling, especially towards Americans, and on Friday Miss Ballinger brought things to a head. There was no meat of any kind on the table for breakfast; she called for beefsteak. The waiter replied rather haughtily and scornfully: "This is Friday, if you do not know." She replied: "You may have all the Fridays you please, but I am not going to be hungry on account of your senseless superstition, understand that." This was spoken in Spanish, and some one instantly interpreted it into English and French. In an instant there was a cheer all through the dining hall from the English, Americans, French and unbelieving Spaniards. The effect was astounding to the bigoted Spaniard. All parties joined in praising the brave little American lady, and they had quite a jollification. We had an abundant supply of chicken and other meat for dinner and supper, and the pompous waiter was very polite the rest of the voyage. The honorable Englishman leaned back the more on his dignity, the American increased the cloud of vile tobacco smoke by at least one-half, while the Frenchman was all a-wiggle with his gesticulations whenever the American lady's reply was under discussion.

We had a pleasant voyage, landing in Vera Cruz in the forenoon. Soon after noon we took the train and ran out to Orizaba, taking another route on the return, so as to see more of the country. Orizaba is one of the beautiful cities in the coffee region. We stopped there over night and until 11 a. m. next day, and enjoyed the grand mountain scenery around. It is a grand summer resort for people from the lowlands or from any part of the world, a place not to be forgotten by tourists.

Next day we took the train for Mexico City, where we made a brief stop and went by rail to Montara. There we had a glad, sad parting. Glad that we were safe and well, up to that point on the return trip; sad to separate after so long companionship amid such grand and wonderful scenes. We both must now go back to labor, care, anxiety and responsibility.

Miss Ballinger took an outgoing stage over the same route we had traveled in going, and had much the same kind of a rough trip, but finally reached Matamora safe and well, where she was received with joy and rejoicing by her friends, especially by Miss Dysart at the Presbyterian Mission. She found her school in good shape, and taking it altogether it had been a happy outing for her, and an opportunity for her young lady pupils to try their skill in teaching.

I returned by Laredo, San Antonio, Little Rock and St. Louis, arriving home safe and well with memories that will not pass out of mind, and with pictures among the brightest and most beautiful of all my life, and my heart was full to overflowing of all gratitude to the Lord for bringing me home safe, as He had promised, if I would do His will in my simple way of dealing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before Him in my journey.

THE CLOSING CHAPTER.

(By his daughter, Ida Coffin Doan.)

In loving remembrance of my father, Addison Coffin, who was born in Guilford county, N. C., first month, 22d, 1822, and died fourth month, 16th, 1897, at my home, Amo, Indiana.

On the forenoon of a late winter day there was a sudden and unexpected commotion in our household, and three little girls were seen flying through and around the house into the front yard, banging doors behind them or leaving them open to save time, all the while making such an outcry that no words could be understood. At last it became one glad shout of: "Grandpa has come!" Then grandpa could be seen, the girls about him, holding him so that he could scarcely walk; the youngest, a three-year-old, held the place of honor in his arms. Older people had no opportunity for a word, though we felt something deeper than joy over the safe arrival home once more of our dear father.

At the earliest opportunity the horse and cow joined in the joyous welcome, each confident of an extra bit to eat or a loving pat. Even the cats purred,

arched their backs and rubbed about his feet, in anticipation of attention. The regular routine work for the day was much neglected in our eagerness to see and hear everything at once. Although worn and weary with his journey, he was ready to answer our many questions. For several days it was very difficult for him to keep warm, as the change of climate had been sudden and very great. It was only with the coming of the warm spring sunshine that he ventured out to work in the garden and among the young trees. A sort of friendly rivalry existed between him and some old men about his age as to who should have the nicest garden and yard. Who won the honor will remain one of the unsettled questions, for each one was proud of his own work. Certain, it is, that my father became so interested in his growing, out-door family that he was at home almost all of the summer, enjoying himself only as one with a contented and happy spirit can. When he was not doing self-imposed work out of doors he was reading or writing, or in some sort of friendly "row," as they call it, with the girls about some of their carelessness or mischief.

He made some short visits among his friends near by, but attempted no long trips. His open-air work brought him better health, the best he had enjoyed since his attack of grippe in the spring of '95.

He attended nearly all the sessions of Western Yearly Meeting, and was much interested in the proceedings. There he had the pleasure of meeting many friends, both young and old. During the fall and winter he had quite a number of calls for talks on his travels, as he called them, before Farmers' Institutes, and in different neighborhoods, mostly in Western Illinois and Eastern Indiana. Such work seemed to cause him some weariness, but he maintained his strength better than we anticipated. While school was in session he was frequently called upon to talk to the children about things of the far-away countries which he had seen. They seemed never to weary of his stories. In every sense he was the friend of children, in tender memory of the dear little ones who had gone away from his own family so early in life. He felt that in his childhood, child-happiness was too much neglected.

The last trip he took visiting and talking was in and about Carthage, Indiana, among relatives and friends, being gone about two weeks. Upon his return home he told of the pleasure given him during his visit by the thoughtfulness and kindness of those with whom he mingled. It was early in March when he came home, and he appeared in usual health and spirits. The severe cold winds occasioned him much annoyance and disgust with the variable climate of

Indiana. Before the end of March those who were with him most discovered that some sort of a change was coming over him. He was unlike himself in being dull and listless, often giving little heed to what was about him. It was with an effort that he aroused himself to work in fine weather with the things in which he was usually much interested. He was easily tired and would soon come in to rest. On the morning of the 10th of April he called me, and I found him lying on his bed in a severe nervous chill. At first no serious thought was given to this sickness except that he was unusually weak. The next morning he appeared better and the medicine was having good effect, yet his strength was gone. We all felt hopeful until Tuesday night, when he became decidedly worse. One lung was showing signs of pneumonia, though not apparently of a serious character. In the inability of his system to throw off disease, lay his danger. He appeared in a vague way to realize his condition, and manifested his desire to get well in many ways. In the delirium of his last forty-eight hours, many names and various places were spoken of, some of days long gone by. He often wished to go home, though he was unconscious of the meaning of the words and of the nearness of that better home, where he would enjoy grander things than he had known here. He peacefully passed away

on the 16th, into the portals of "The New Jerusalem," where there were many more of those he loved to greet him than he left on this side of the Valley of Death. Not many weeks before he went away, in a revival meeting, he spoke more truly than he knew when he said his work was done and that he was only resting and waiting.

He did not need to give a farewell testimony in regard to his future, for his life through many years had given assurance of his abundant entrance into the City of God.

Thus ended a Christian life begun more than half a century before in the old New Garden meeting, in North Carolina, through the preaching of Nathan Hunt. It was upon Easter Sunday, a beautiful day, that we laid him to rest in the little cemetery near Hadley, Indiana, and not far away from the place he always called "home," in Indiana. It was Nathan H. Clark, grandson of him who gave my father inspiration for right living, that stood above the still form of his old friend—himself an old man with dim eyes and white hair, and gave out words of comfort to the living. He spoke of God's gracious companionship and help toward those who love and trust in him, and the faith which gives us the victory. The face and form is gone, but the benediction of the life is still with us.

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